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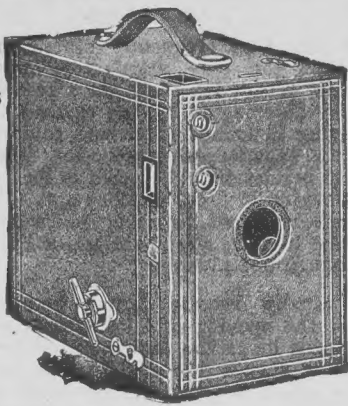
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIV.

Published Monthly

No. 5.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash, or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

A WELL known British journalist who visited the Canadian West last year, writes us in the following cheerful way: "I have become quite an admirer of the Western Home Monthly. It is edited well, made up and printed in first class style. Even to a man like myself, to whom the average magazine is a bore, it is full of live interest."

It is very fine to receive letters of this description, especially when they come from those who can be regarded as first authorities. We always delight to hear from our readers, even if it be in the way of kindly criticism, for almost every criticism that reaches us is in this form, and accompanying it are generally some useful suggestions. Here is a kick from this morning's mail. "Why do you put so many pages in the W.H.M.? I wish to wade through it, but find that time will not permit." Still another writes by the same mail to say that he is truly sorry when he comes to the last page, that he could easily attempt

improvement on anything that has gone before. Its fiction and illustrations will be in keeping with joyous summer season, but there will be no neglect of the more serious affairs of life. Fourteen years ago the W.H.M. first saw daylight and from its slender infancy up to its present rugged manhood, it received a warm and enthusiastic welcome from Western Canadians. It is in their interest it is published, and everything that could be relied on as tending to the well-being and development of this western land has had and will continue to have its best efforts and earnest co-operation. A large number of people throughout Canada read it and prize it. We want the rest of them to become acquainted with it, and we depend on our friends the club raisers to make the introduction, not only because they like the W.H.M. for itself and are glad to win new friends for it, but because they will secure for themselves a handsome premium and cash commission also.

Advertise in the publications read by women. Women believe advertisements. Women are talkers—they talk about what their magazine says, and the whole family believe what mother says. Millions of mothers and millions of wives are the family treasurers and give out the money to the husband and the sons and tell them what is best to buy. Give me a mother's good will or a wife's influence and I will have the trade of the men and boys in that family.—"Judicious Advertising."

The truth of the above remarks can be vouched for by the hundreds of advertisers who use the "Western Home Monthly."

another 100 pages of similar interest. We do the very best we can with all suggestions that come to us, for this magazine is planned and edited to be pleasing, interesting, helpful and educative to its readers. This is its only mission, and with the kind co-operation of its subscribers we have reason to believe that it has not failed. It would appear that the coming season will be one in which the sphere and influence of the magazine will be very widely extended. Every mail brings its large numbers of new subscribers, men and women to whom the magazine had been shown by those who had been receiving it for some time. In this manner thousands of new names are added yearly, and the fact that a very small percentage discontinue their subscription, shows that the magazine is more and more appreciated. We ask of every reader who is pleased and instructed by our magazine to pass the word along. This issue of The Western Home Monthly is, we think, filled with extra good things. We give the biggest dollar's worth on the continent, and if we are to be guided by our "mail bag," we certainly give the best. Leading writers are treating interestingly and instructively with many great questions, while we think our friends will admit that we have not failed from an artistic point of view. The large portion of this magazine that is devoted to women's work is meeting with special appreciation. Every branch of activity that women are now engaged in has from month to month the best thought of leading women journalists. The June number, the Editors tell us, will be a decided im-

Securing subscriptions for this magazine is easy, pleasant and dignified work, because the sample copies do the selling. Let a person look through its pages, and hardly a word need be said. He or she will recognize that here is a chance to secure a valuable assistance at a price which is certainly a bargain. The W.H.M. contains features of interest to every member of the household. The "Woman's Quiet Hour," The "Young Woman and her Problem," The "Young Man and his Problem," The "Philosopher," etc., have brought and will bring help in a hundred ways to busy women who manage their own housekeeping. Our editorial comment has a cheerful note that comforts while it instructs. In every way the magazine caters to the domestic, home-loving man and woman, and such people want it as soon as they realize its mission. When they understand that every new subscriber whose name is enrolled on our list before November 20th receives November and December numbers free, thus getting fourteen numbers of the magazine for \$1.00, they will know that it is the magazine bargain of the year that is being offered them. The present price of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year for single subscriptions, \$2.00 for three years.

Birtle, Man.

Dear Sir: I have a friend in England to whom I would like to send your excellent paper. I am enclosing \$1.00 for one year's subscription. I am already a subscriber myself. Yours truly,
G. F. Martell.

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The Secret of Our Happy Homes

Having seen no response to your request in the December issue, for some one to give a true picture of some of our happy homes in the West, and the secret of it, permit me to attempt it. I know quite well that I cannot do it justice, but if a thought or suggestion is brought out in a way that will make another home the happier, it is well worth the trifling effort. I fear that neither article, "How a Husband Should Treat His Wife," in the October issue, or "From a Husband's Standpoint," in the December issue, was overdrawn, though both were one-sided, but how fortunate for the welfare of our beloved Dominion that we have, as you suggest editorially, thousands of homes which are happy, from which are coming the boys and the girls who are to make our country far greater than it has ever been! You suggest that there is a secret to the happiness in these homes. I believe it to be found in the hearts of the principals—the husband and wife—even before their marriage, in their determination to be, not merely loving, as we commonly use the word, but to be religiously considerate of each other's likes and dislikes, virtues and faults, and to avoid carefully and persistently everything that might cause even a slight misunderstanding. Beginning married life with such a determination, assists very materially in the blending of these two souls and the founding of a happy home—not a mere place to live in. What matters it, whether the purse is well filled or lacks sufficient to provide for the necessities of life! The trials which all are heir to only help on apace the blending process and bring the home makers to realize more and more each day how much they are to each other and what a necessary complement the one is to the other.

The husband may be a farmer and his perplexities connected with crop failures, limited success with live stock ventures, or low prices for his products, but the wife, with her keen insight, knows how to keep up his spirits, and not only sees that his physical welfare is well cared for but nurtures his mind as well. She has always a cheery smile for him, a loving word, or a kiss, all of which helps to keep the heart young, and the purpose strong to overcome the difficulties for her sake.

Neither is the true husband unmindful of the wife's trials. How lonesome and homesick she is at the first, and how artfully she tries to conceal it! How the unfamiliar phases of life and the establishment and management of her own home test her powers in ways they have never been tried before; but the husband sees it and at least partially understands. His manner becomes more tender than he ever thought possible, and he does his utmost to make the new life a happy one for her, continually planning little surprises and noting with supreme satisfaction how well they are received and how, gradually, the new home ties become stronger than all others.

Home becomes a haven of rest to body and mind. If the husband is in the business world and is worried with the many problems connected with such a life, he finds in his wife one who sympathizes with his every trial, and is not slow to show it, and even though she be not able to counsel or advise in all matters, her confidence and trust inspires to greater effort and oftentimes means success to the husband, whereas without that loving confidence from the woman of his choice he would but fail.

Should such a home be blessed with children, how can they be other than loving and considerate of the happiness of others, first in their own home and afterwards with all they meet? Their advent to the home is felt to be a cause for rejoicing, rather than mourning, and the development of young

life is watched with fond interest, which only deepens and strengthens the bonds between husband and wife.

We can scarcely picture such a home without the sanctifying influences, to a greater or less degree, of the Christian religion. Every member of the family recognizes in some way the presence of the Christ, who took upon him the form of man, was subject to his parents until manhood was attained, and then went about doing good. With such a pattern kept before the mind by daily Bible reading and prayer, the children must, even though unconsciously, develop strength of character and purpose that will enable them to be true men and women as they face the sterner realities of life. From such homes are coming the strong men of our nation, who are making its laws, establishing and maintaining the institutions of which we are justly proud, and putting into their lives the spirit of true success, not always recognized by the world, but which brings its reward to every individual.

May the hallowed influences of our happy homes reach out and brighten those which are still darkened by ignorance and selfishness, hastening the time when it will be impossible to find such a picture of home life as those previously presented in your columns.

"Tillicum."

It gives the Western Home Monthly great pleasure to accord this letter a place on the editorial page. The greatest happiness a husband and wife can find is in ministering to each other's comfort and welfare and to the comfort and permanent welfare of their children. In other words, happiness, joy, and peace flourish in an atmosphere of unselfish devotion.

Dominion Aid to Education

Two speakers, one in Western Canada and one in Nova Scotia, have recently given expression to a thought that is worth considering, for it is a thought that, if it issues in action, may mean much for the young people of Canada. According to the British North America Act, education is entrusted to the provinces. This has been taken to mean that the support and administration of education comes under the purview of the provincial governments. The question is now raised as to whether it would not be in perfectly good order for the Dominion Government to make special grants to the provinces for purposes of education, the provinces to have full control in administering the funds. As a precedent it has only to be pointed out that quite recently \$10,000,000 was laid aside for agricultural education, and this sum, divided equitably among the provinces, is administered by the provincial authorities. What is to prevent an equal grant being made for public school education, on similar conditions?

There is a special reason for making such a grant for elementary education. One great difficulty with which the authorities have to deal in the Western provinces arises from conditions forced upon them by the Dominion Government. The foreign-born peoples have been hived in large settlements, and it is next to impossible to introduce among some of these a system of public schools. They are poor, unappreciative of the value of school education, and anything that is done must be on the initiative of the Department of Education. Indeed, the department must be ready to pay for school buildings and their upkeep, and must pay most of the salaries of teachers, if anything really worth while is to be done. So in this matter of

the education of the children of the foreign-born, the Dominion Government might well be called upon to pay the burden.

Apart from this consideration, it is clear that in so far as education makes for morality—and surely the schools do make for such—it is a matter that concerns not only the separate provinces but the life of all the people. Good behavior, intelligence, good taste, manual power in the people, are surely as important as good roads, penitentiaries, army corps and means of transportation. The first concern of a nation is the character of the life in its citizens. In no way can life-efficiency be so well promoted, as through the agency of the elementary schools. Taking one thing with another, there is no branch of the public service today that is doing as much good for as little money, as the public elementary school. The Dominion will be wise when it spends its money in this way, rather than upon a fleet or a standing army.

How to Aid the Railways

\$230,000,000 is a large sum of money. It is what the people of Canada have paid in lands, cash and guarantee of bonds to one of the transcontinental companies—and it is not the company most highly favored. Altogether the amount paid out to railway companies exceeds half a billion dollars. Call it a billion if you like, since it makes no difference to the Canadian people. They are wealthy. In return for all this outlay they own not a siding or a station house. The private individuals own everything. Usually those who put up the money have some share when dividends are announced. It is not so, however, in the case of railroad building. Those who put up the money get nothing, those who engineer the risk, get all. The manifest injustice of this system might be righted in a very simple way. The government might take stock certificates for all that it advances. This would leave the management in the hands of the companies, so long as they put up enough cash to control the directorate, or so long as they prove themselves capable as managers. Think what it would mean to Canada, if it held stock in the present companies in proportion to the amount of aid given. The income would amount to more than one-half of the total revenue from customs duties!

The Tariff Man

The following clipping from an exchange is good enough for further circulation. When we are tired of high living there is a way out. Are you willing to take it?

Don Quixote and his faithful Sancho had been walking a little distance when they observed a large assembly of plain citizens whose faces betokened anxiety and who were muttering angrily to themselves.

"Why are these men so wrought up?" asked the Don.

"Because of the high cost of living," replied Sancho Panza.

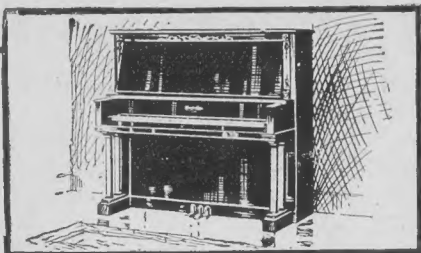
"And whom are they angry with?" asked the Don.

"With the Tariff Man, of course," said Sancho Panza. "For, see you, my master, this Tariff Man puts a tax on Argentine beef, and on New Zealand mutton, and on American fruit."

"I will immediately deal with this gentleman," said the Don.

"Master, of what avail is it to try?" cried honest Sancho. "He will prove to you that high prices are the inevitable result of our

(Continued on Page 70)


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"Little Willie"

Specially written for The Western Home Monthly by Bertha C. Foster. Author of "The Fates of Three." "Rose Celeste," etc.

THRESHING was in full swing. Life on the farm was one big "hum" of work from four o'clock in the morning till after sunset. The tired men came in to supper at seven o'clock, and, after seeing that their still more tired teams were comfortable for the night, retired to bed, to sleep like logs till the voice of Mrs. McBain, shouting from the bottom of the stairs, awakened them in the morning. Then they rose to haul more grain to the station, help with the machine, and do all the usual work connected with threshing.

There was no doubt about it, Mrs. McBain was a hustler. She was of Scotch extraction, as her name betokened, though she was born down East, in Ontario. Her husband had come "fra Scotland" when quite a lad, and had settled in that same village, where he met and wooed the comely Mary. He was a straight, hard-working man, kind and good to his wife and family, but he had not the business capacity that his wife possessed. When they went out West, and settled on a homestead, they prospered, and soon their farm increased in size and value, till it grew to be one of the best in the district. In spite of some bad crops, poor seasons, and all the other drawbacks a western farmer has to contend with, the McBains flourished. Mrs. McBain was wise enough to urge her husband not to put all his eggs in one basket, and they did not depend entirely on the wheat. Their butter won prizes at all the dairy shows, their horses were celebrated, and they owned the biggest herds in the neighborhood. But in the midst of success Mr. McBain died, and Mrs. McBain was left to carry on the farm as best she could. Her friends urged her to sell out, for the money she would realize would enable her to retire in comfort. But Mrs. McBain refused. She loved farm life; her home was comfortable, and hard work suited her. She decided to keep it on till her son—a lad of sixteen, at college in Winnipeg—should be old enough to carry it on. Things went well enough, though she had some trouble with the hired men—but Edna was the real difficulty.

Edna was pretty, undeniably pretty and attractive, and Edna's admirers were plentiful. Moreover, Edna did not share in her mother's love of work. Farm life was distasteful to her. She pined for the town, for all the delights of theatres, picture shows, large stores, and everything else she had enjoyed when attending school at Regina.

Mrs. McBain spoilt her only daughter. She worked and toiled that her girl might be a "lady," and do nothing but amuse herself, and the consequence was Edna grew a very discontented, spoilt young person indeed.

But during the threshing season even Edna had to set to and help, for, though her mother kept a hired girl, with seven or eight extra men to cook for and lunches to send out to the field, there was more than two women could possibly do.

Among the men hired that year, for the threshing, was a tall young Englishman. He was fresh out from the Old Country, and his grip, clothes, manners, all earned for him the rather scornful title of "Dude." The other men promptly christened him "little Willie." He accepted the name with his calm, good-tempered smile, as he did the constant "roastings" of his companions; and after a while they left him alone. Mrs. McBain, who at first regarded him rather scornfully, soon realized that there was good stuff in "little Willie." Edna never has anything to do with the hired men—her mother wisely kept her in the parlor when the men came into the kitchen for their meals; but even the superior Miss Edna noticed "little Willie." At first she laughed at him with the rest, but in the end his unflinching good manners won her respect.

There were several little ways in which he managed to make himself useful to her. When she was churning, somehow it was "little Willie" who was

at hand to draw her a bucket of fresh, cold water. It was "little Willie" who always had time to hitch up her horse when she wanted to drive, though Edna was well able to harness him herself. On Sunday the girl was not a little surprised to see the young man, dressed in exceedingly well-cut English clothes, march into church.

"I guess we'll have to give him a ride home," Mrs. McBain whispered, as they went out, "there is plenty of room in the rig and it seems sort of mean to let him have that long walk."

Edna shrugged her shoulders indifferently, but though "little Willie" went at once to help the two ladies into the rig, he politely refused their offer of a lift.

"Who's your new beau, Edna?" enquired a sunburnt young farmer, with a covert smile in "little Willie's" direction.

Edna tossed her pretty head. "Do you mean our new hired man?" she answered scornfully.

The words and tone were perfectly audible to "little Willie," and the color flamed in his cheeks. He touched the brim of his straw hat and moved away, while Edna's companion laughed.

"Say, I've got a dandy new auto; come for a drive this afternoon, Edna?"

Edna agreed readily, though Jim Parks was a man she did not care much about.

Mrs. McBain said nothing, but she was unusually kind to "little Willie," when he came in to dinner.

It was a warm September afternoon, and Edna, dressed in her best clothes, sailed gaily off in the car.

Harvest had been unusually early in the West that season, and threshing was well advanced. Already the wheat fields were looking bare, with the stocks disappearing, and only the stacks of straw to show where the grain had lately been.

It was growing dusk when the motor car returned, and Jim Parks dropped the girl at the gate leading up the lane to the farm house. To her surprise it was closed, for usually it was open, summer and winter. She fastened it back, and went slowly on towards the house, thinking of all Jim had said during their drive. Jim was well off and had a nice house and good farm, and the auto added largely to his attractions in her girlish reckonings. But she was not at all sure that she wanted to marry yet awhile, and she hated the idea of living on a farm.

Suddenly a shout startled her. She looked round, and close behind her came a huge red bull.

"Run, run, Miss Edna," and she recognized "little Willie's" voice, "run while I try to attract his attention!"

The girl needed no second bidding, she flew towards the building, terror adding wings to her feet.

"Little Willie" had taken off his coat, which he waved at the enraged animal, which turned upon him with an angry bellow.

Edna burst into the kitchen, where the men were assembled for supper.

"The bull," she panted, "the Dawson's bull has escaped, and he has got 'little Willie'—down in the lane."

Seizing broomsticks, pitchforks, anything they could lay hands on, the men hurried out, while Edna burst into wild sobs.

A sickening sight met them in the lane, for the bull had soon got rid of the coat with which "little Willie" tried to blind him, and had the young man down on the ground. Mrs. McBain, who had followed the men out, gave a shrill scream just as the beast lowered his head to gore his prostrate foe. The animal paused, lashing his tail fiercely, and Mrs. McBain screamed again. Two of the men had run for ropes, and while the rest tried to keep the animal at bay, they succeeded in roping him. Very soon he was helplessly entangled in the long whirling ropes, and left to come to his senses. But "little Willie" did not move. Mrs. McBain bent over him and



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gently felt his limbs, while she was conscious that Edna had crept up and was looking down at the white face with streaming eyes.

"He's not dead," her mother said, slowly, "somebody must fetch the doctor, quick."

"I'll go," the girl cried. "I'll put the saddle on Bess, and ride off before the men can get the rig."

"Mrs. McBain nodded, it was no time to think of conventions, and Edna flew off.

When the men returned from securing the bull Mrs. McBain directed them how to move the still figure.

"Fetch a mattress," she commanded, "and we'll carry him into the parlor. Gently now, I guess one of his legs is broken, and the brute gored him a bit down his side. I hope he is not injured internally, poor fellow. He's a brave lad, that's sure."

Very carefully they bore him in and laid him on the floor, where the light from the lamp fell on his blanched face. Gently as his own mother, Mrs. McBain did all she could for him till the doctor came.

It seemed a very long time before he arrived, though Edna had fetched him as quickly as possible.

His face was grave as he rose from examining the wounded man.

"He is badly hurt, but he may pull through, with careful nursing. He ought to go to the hospital, but the journey might kill him."

"He shall stay here," Mrs. McBain said, shortly, "He risked his life for my daughter, I guess I can nurse him myself. Edna must do the other work."

"Yes, of course," Edna agreed, with surprising readiness.

How the next few weeks passed neither woman very clearly remembered afterwards. Edna worked as she had never in her life worked before. Her pretty hands got hard and discolored, her face lost some of its dainty freshness, but she did not utter a word of complaint, and the discontented look vanished. She went to bed tired out every night, and rose at four to get the men's breakfast, as her mother had done, till at last the threshing was over, and all except the two regular hired men had gone.

Meanwhile, Mrs. McBain was nursing the invalid back to life. For a while she almost gave up hope, but in the end unflinching devotion prevailed, and the doctor declared that "little Willie" would live.

"I guess he'll be all right," he declared, "thanks to you, Mrs. McBain."

"What about yourself, doctor?"

"Poof, I did nothing! It was just nursing that saved him."

The first time "little Willie" was able to sit up Edna went in to see him. She was horrified to see how white and thin he had grown.

"I hope you are better," she said timidly, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see the outstretched palm.

"Thank you I am doing splendidly, and shall soon be able to move about again."

"I, I want to thank you," she began.

"Please don't," he interrupted, "Any other fellow would have done the same, it was nothing."

"You are very brave," she said, her pretty face aglow.

He did not answer, and his eyes looked away through the window where the October sun shone in the clear, frosty sky.

"I want you to forgive me for being so snippy," she faltered.

"You were perfectly right to remind me of my position," he smiled, and this time he took her hand, "But I did not forget it, you know."

And then, somehow, they both laughed.

A few weeks later "little Willie" left. He was profuse in his thanks to Mrs. McBain and to Edna for all they had done for him, and refused to take a cent of the wages he had earned. Edna herself drove him to the station.

"I hope you'll come and see us if ever you are near here," she said, at parting.

"Thanks, indeed I will," he replied, wringing her hand. "But I am returning to England very shortly."

"Then I suppose we shall never hear of you again?"

"Oh, indeed you will," he replied, with a strange little smile.

Six weeks later Edna received a newspaper from the old country with a small paragraph marked with red ink.

"The honorable Renold Kenyon has returned from a prolonged stay in Canada, whither he went to study the conditions of the country, with a view to establishing settlements in different parts, for young Englishmen. He had some amusing experiences on a farm, where he worked as an ordinary laborer, and incidentally, was nearly gored to death by a bull. He declares the West possesses unlimited possibilities for any man not afraid of work, and speaks very highly of the kindness he received. He hopes to revisit the Northwest at no far distant date, but declares he will not return as a hired man."

On the side was scribbled, "Please forgive."

Deadly Dull.

A group of New Yorkers recently got back to town after a long tour through the South. During that tour their mouths had cankered in responding to toasts at the Commercial Club banquets. If you woke one of them up suddenly in the smoking car, even before he got his eyes open he'd be saying something about "your beautiful little city."

"So," said one of the bunch, "let's get together and tell the truth, now that we're back home."

They did. They sat in one corner of the club grill and conscientiously went through the post office list. Every time a Southern town was named, they moved that burg to the very center of the griddle. By and by a stranger who had been sitting quietly in the corner yawned, stretched himself and started out.

"Any of you fellows ever been in Selma, Ala?" he asked.

No one had.

"Well, said he, "there's just three things in Selma—morning, noon and night."—Exchange.

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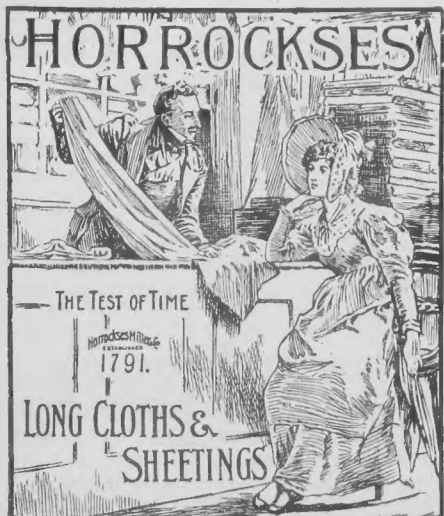
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The Real Rogers

Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly by Madge S. Smith.

HE was a very homely dog and he had a homely name. They called him Rough, and he was rough also by nature to the world at large; his master being the one exception that proved the rule.

This master called him by many another name not to be set down by a polite pen, and Rough took no exception to the most lurid of them from the mouth of the one being that entered into his calculations at all. From all others, the tenderest of blandishments only provoked a surly rumble, as he went about his doggy affairs, stump up, neck bristling, the tips of two pearly canines just showing in an ugly scowl under a crinkled and hairy upper lip.

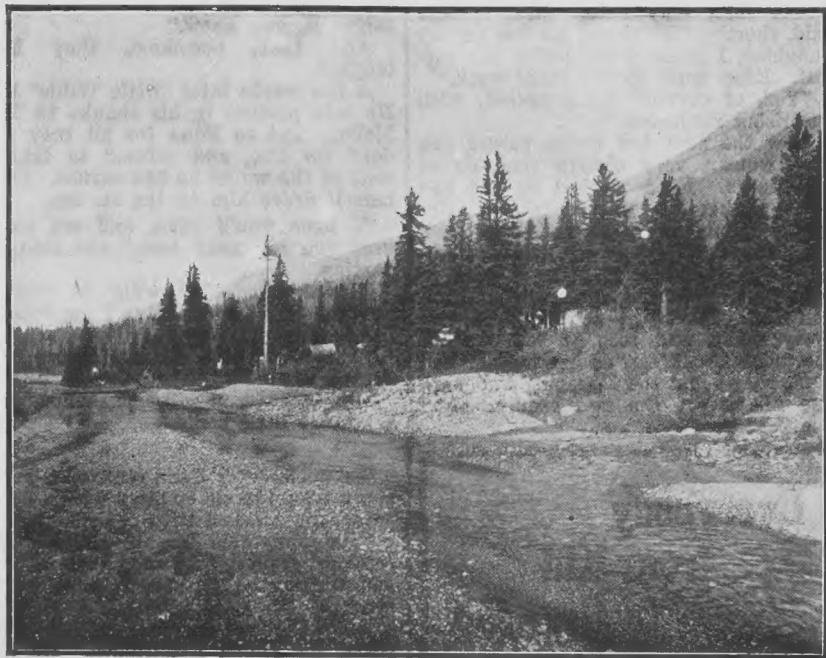
Very few, dog or man, cared to try conclusions with Rough. He minded his own business, and expected the rest of the world to do the same.

His business was to take care of Rogers, and he minded it all his waking hours. Not often was he seen asleep, and even when deep in the enjoyment of forty winks stretched at Rogers' feet, that might awaken him with a kick only to awaken a quickening of love, I

would take him. And we may also infer, since Rough went everywhere that Rogers went, that, if the Devil has any use for shaggy dogs with torn ears, Rough was going to the Devil too.

Outside the Alexandra, you might see Rough on guard, nose up, nostrils twitching alertly, an anxious dog.

He was not tolerated inside. He had no introductory quarter. Only when anxiety became unbearable, between midnight and morning, he had been known to storm the position, jostling his way through the screen-doors to the private room where Rogers was making a night of it with his cronies. The bar-tender didn't care to interfere with him. A threatening rumble deep in his throat warned all and sundry that he was not a dog to be trifled with. There were times when he wrongly estimated the progress of his master's jag. At the right stage of development, a determined tug at a trouser-leg, or the flap of a pocket, might be relied upon to recall the wanderer to a sense of the direction of home, and the inevitable clock-hands working round to the hour when the office opened. Should he have



Camp in Mount Robson Park

think he dreamed of taking care of Rogers.

He was shaggy of coat, an Esau among dogs, a big-built, heavy-boned fellow, with a slouch in his gait, and an aggressive angle to his heavy jaw that bespoke the Britisher. Rough was an imported dog. He had crossed the Atlantic with Rogers six years ago, a shaggy pup, all legs and head. He had crossed Canada with Rogers, and been with him in all kinds of tight and queer places. He never went back on Rogers, and never told tales out of school. A dog is the best of pals for the ne'er-do-weel. It would be hard to say whether Rogers loved him, there being no other loved animate object about for purposes of comparison. Possibly he went on the lines of the old proverb, that says:

"A woman, a dog and a walnut tree, the more you beat 'em, the better they be."

He certainly handled his gun with more caresses on its smooth barrel than on Rough's wiry sides. Rogers' regard for the flowing bowl was only commensurate with the regard that Rough showed for his master, a perpetual state never long absent from his thoughts.

Rumor had it that when Rogers wasn't having a drink, or on the way to have one, he was cursing his luck that he was without the "introductory quarter." He was a "sociable" person, and one of the few men in town whom the introductory quarter at nine in the morning would keep going till noon. Rogers, so said rumor again, was going to the devil as quick as a successive run of "jags" and "jamborees"

passed the point of benefiting by such a gentle reminder, there were generally those in the company in a fit state to lug him out to the side-walk and set him on his feet; whence, aided by a friendly policeman, Rough would escort him respectfully to bed.

If anxiety led him to interfere too soon, however, it was a matter of sore ribs at the best. Rogers, drunk, was a bit of a fool and a decent fellow, half-drunk, they said he was a devil. Which was a pity, for as Eileen said, "he was such a nice boy when he was all right."

Not many people in Diamondville were in a position to contradict her, inasmuch as Eileen was one of the very few people who had seen Rogers all right.

It was as a convalescent after typhoid that Eileen made a special study of The Real Rogers, and the circumstances were possibly more abnormal than she realized.

Rogers came to her father's roof after a very narrow squeak for his life, came with a new leaf between finger and thumb, as it were, clean-shaved and short-cropped, with hands soft and white as a girl's, and a nice delicate pink in his cheeks.

He really was a nice boy for the time being. He had almost forgotten the old Rogers that Diamondville, and Pincher Creek, and a dozen other Western towns knew so well in turn. Rogers the frequently interdicted, Rogers, the crooked, Rogers of many changing occupations, cow-puncher, pen-pusher, harvest-man, and finally culminating with fluctuating success as Rogers, Real Estate Agent.

Typhoid laid him low in the midst of certain negotiations, which, being thus abandoned half through, landed him in an unfortunate position.

Several dubious transactions came to light, during the unlucky eclipse of his illness, and Rogers was disposed to put off the unpleasant ordeal of facing the music by prolonging his convalescence as long as his hospitable host would stand for it.

Curly Carlton's home was a pleasant place to repent in. You could keep cool and comfortable there in the hottest and dustiest of summer days, and Eileen managed to make enforced teetotalism positively pleasant with harmless iced beverages, and little cool snacks between meals, that kept him going between the very substantial diet that his returning appetite appreciated very fully. Eileen said he was so long he required a lot of building up again. She was a rare cook, was Eileen, and a born nurse. As cool as a cucumber, and as quiet and restful, yet withal as companionable a presence as a convalescent could wish for; and when one is comfortably tired of repenting in a Morris chair, between meals, there is perhaps no nicer way of passing the time, than to sit on one verandah with the nicest girl you ever met, and pour into her sympathetic ear your intentions for the future.

It is very pleasant, too, to relate a Bowdlerized version of your past, with a few embroideries to replace the parts you can't very well tell to a nice girl; and watch her grave, tender face, and her eyes looking at you under dark lashes, and rejoicing soberly as over a brand snatched from the burning. Rogers made wonderful progress. His appetite returned in amazing force, and he did justice to the pies and cakes and bread that Eileen made just like mother used to.

"Guess the late Mrs. Rogers must have been fonder of work than her son," snorted old man Carlton. "For a fellow that reckons to be an invalid, he does mighty well at pie."

"But that's just because he's an invalid, Dad," explained Eileen eagerly. "He said himself that when he's well he hardly eats any breakfast at all."

"You bet that's right too," said her father darkly. "When I see a chap jibbing at his breakfast, and opening an egg as if he expected to find a viper inside of it, I know just how to size that fellow up."

"It seems to me you are very hard to please," sighed Eileen.

She was whipping up egg-water for her invalid's inter-meal refreshment, and the old man, in blue overalls and his shirt-sleeves, was cleaning up the kitchen. He had been used to clean up for his wife—he cleaned now for his daughter. He was of opinion that cleaning floors was no work for women.

While scarcely concurring in this idea, Rogers much preferred the arrangement, which left Eileen at liberty to minister to his wants. He was stretched in the hammock on the verandah, nicely shaded, and out of the Chinook, which was blowing up. Rough, stretched under the hammock, fumbled deeply as Eileen approached, and provoked a kick that felt amazingly like a pat from an unbooted foot.

The stump of tail wagged joyously. The muttered curse did not take the gilt off Rough's gingerbread. Rogers was strong enough to kick again! The kick seemingly exhausted the invalid's powers. Drawing up the extended leg he watched Eileen arrange the egg-water handy with a straw on a little table at his side, and pick up his pipe, magazine, and a litter of mail-matter, from different corners of the verandah. Eileen scanned his features anxiously.

"You don't look so well as you did this morning, your face is looking thinner and your nose is peaky. Something has been worrying you. You oughtn't to open business letters for another week at least."

"Needs must"—Rogers said lightly, "I can't afford to let any more time get past me. I must get around and hustle—right now—tomorrow—or—"

"Tomorrow!" Eileen cried in distress. "Oh, you mustn't think of it. Why, just think how shaky you were, only moving from your room to the hammock!"

"A man never knows what he can do

till he tries," said Rogers, sententiously. "I'm telling you in confidence, Eileen,—you won't think any worse of a fellow for having got into a jackpot?"

"Ah, thanks! That's nice and cool. Got a dash of brandy in it, eh? I thought so. Wonder who'll mix me a cocktail tomorrow, when you've forgotten my existence?"

"I—I shan't forget," murmured Eileen.

"I know you won't. Eileen, I've had a regular snorter of a mail. The fact of the matter is, if I don't want to turn over that new leaf of mine in the pen, I shall have to quit Diamondville pretty sharp. I'm going tonight."

"How dreadful!" cried Eileen. "Is it so very serious, then?"

"I've been playing the fool, that's about all there is to it. It's up to me to cut all that out, and make a fresh start."

"I know—oh, I know you'll do it!" breathed Eileen. "Dad says you've lots of sand in you if you'd only pull yourself together. And it's such a waste for a good man to be lost for want of trying."

"Sure thing, I'll do it," Rogers said, taking a long pull at the straw. "When you see me again, Eileen, you'll see me in a very different financial position. I'll make good this time or bust. Is that your father going across lots?"

Curly Carlton "raised no kick" when he heard of the departure of his guest. Rogers announced that he was starting on a protracted tour, vaguely directed to "points east," the points in question being left to the imagination for obvious reasons.

"But he's coming back, Dad, when he's made good. He's coming back before long!"

Eileen was rosy and happy. She was not a good hand at keeping secrets from the old man. Rogers frowned a warning.

Curly guessed out loud that it was time he got a move on, if he hadn't struck root. Rogers chose to take it in good part. He had a grip in each hand, and Rough was rejoicing dumbly at his heels because they were booted once more.

"Where are you going, Eileen?" demanded Curly with a snap. Eileen had come out with a scarf twisted about her head.

"Only to the depot, Dad, to see Mr. Rogers off," she said.

"Then you go right plumb to—bed, Eileen. Rogers is able to find the depot without you. It's twenty of twelve right now, siree. Hike."

"G—Good-bye!" faltered Eileen.

"S'long!" said Rogers. His grips were in both hands. He neither raised his Fedora, nor heeded her outstretched hand. But he nodded comprehensively. "G—Good-bye, Rough!"

The dog rumbled a surly rebuff, and trotted out into the night.

"You're a d— little fool, Eileen," said Curly but his voice sounded husky and strange, and he kissed her tenderly.

* * * * *

"So you've lost your roomer?" observed Guest of the City police the next day. "Some time before we see Rogers back in Diamondville, I guess."

"Will it?" asked Eileen uneasily.

"I hope so," sniggered Guest. "I wouldn't care to be round when he found out about his dog, you bet."

"What's come to Rough?" asked Eileen eagerly.

"Why, Rogers left him on the depot. I guess he didn't have the cash to take him with him on the train. He left him on guard over a banana skin. That's some dog too, you bet your life. He had the arm half pulled out of the baggage man, and this morning he boarded the Westbound and scared the conductor into a fit. Rogers would be some mad if he knew, but there's nothing else for it."

"But—what have you done to him? Tell me?"

"We roped him in and took him down to the pound, and his waiting to get a nice dose of strychnine at sundown. And a good end for Rough, too, quite as good as he ever deserves."

"Oh, please! Please!" said Eileen.

She opened her eyes wide in appeal, Irish eyes they were, with tears in them, and it would have been a harder-

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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a box about the "1900 Gravity" Washer, that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally:—

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hearted man than Guest that required a third "please."

A little later, the pound gate opened to let out Rough, depressed and resentful with a new steel chain attached to the dingy, brass-studded collar that had seen him through many a fight. He had submitted with a surly grunt to let Eileen fix the chain to his collar, a task the valiant Guest would not have attempted for any money.

"Much best leave the brute to be made away with," he said uneasily. "If he turned on you in earnest, I wouldn't give two-bits for your chances."

"He won't," Eileen said. "He knows I'm a friend."

Rough followed his friend reluctantly, rumbling inwardly in response to her encouraging tones.

"It won't be long, old chap," said Eileen. "He'll come back soon, you know, quite soon, and then we can both be happy, and never growl any more, can't we?" Rough growled incessantly all the way home, he yielded not a wag of his aggressive stump of tail, but Eileen understood his sore heart and refused to be huffed.

It is a great relief to the feelings to tell one's secret hopes and fears, and a dog, even a grumpy dog, is such a safe keeper of confidences. Rough knew a good deal that was a sealed book to poor old man Curly, who thought lovingly that Eileen looked "kinder peaky," and congratulated himself on having got that scamp Rogers out of the way before he began to amuse himself with Eileen. She was still Curly's baby-girl. He couldn't see that baby-girls have a way of growing up.

Very ungraciously, it is true, Rough consented to be adopted into the Carlton family circle. He took up his quarters on the verandah, under the hammock that Rogers had been used to recline in during convalescence, and held that shady spot against all intruders.

He was a rough dog, and I am afraid he had a hard heart, outside his feeling for Rogers. Or how could he have growled and bared his teeth when Eileen pressed her soft cheek to his shaggy head, and told him things that nobody else knew but just they two and Rogers.

Clinton of the Mounted Police, said it made his blood boil to see her wasting kisses on the surly brute. And Clinton only knew what he saw from the sidewalk. He was quite outside those secrets of theirs.

"Rough is getting quite a good dog really," said Eileen. "His bark is worse than his bite."

He's an ugly, ill-conditioned brute," Clinton declared. "He'll be a good dog when he's a dead dog, and not before."

Eileen understood Rough better. She knew, or chose to think, that his indifference hid a wealth of deep feeling.

"When he comes back,—don't growl, old Roughie,—when he comes back, he'll never kick you, or be cross and queer, or like he was that day on Round Street. He'll be quite different, just his own nice self that we love, Roughie. And when he comes, but this is a secret, you know, we're going to build a little home way out on the prairie, at the very end of the new sidewalk. There are no gardens there, you know. You'll never get into trouble with the neighbors for digging up their lawns. You shall have a green kennel all your own, but of course you shall live in the house, and lie on the sofa, and eat chicken-bones on the carpet. You dear, cross, faithful old friend. Oh, but we'll be happy, just we three, Roughie."

Rough growled sceptically.

"Nobody but us really knows what his real, true sober self is like," whispered Eileen. "When he comes back, they won't believe it's the same man."

Rough settled down. That is to say, he made the Carltons his headquarters. He "roomed" there, sleeping under the hammock, growling at the family, submitting sulkily to Eileen's caresses, and turning up his nose at the regal fare she set before him. He preferred to take his meals at the back of the Chinese restaurant, where Wun Lung always had a savory heap of broken victuals available for an enterprising dog.

He was if possible, more taciturn than ever. He still fought on provocation, but mechanically, from force of habit, as it were, without that gusto and clan

that had distinguished him throughout that prairie town as "some dog." He ignored cats, and even the Kilties band, parading by with the pipes, failed to stir him to musical emulation.

Every day without fail, he would trot off, punctual to the minute, to meet the Westbound Flyer, and came away from the depot, silently and dourly, his feelings wrapped in a deep reserve. Eileen understood, and shed tears of sympathy on his rough nose.

It may have been a year; it must have been more like ten to Rough; for dogs—and some girls—count time by heart-beats—when he limped stiffly through his accustomed gap, with a short howl when the bent wire pressed his ribs. 'Eileen was setting the supper-table, and had paused to look across lots towards the depot, where the bell of the departing Flyer was clanging out into the quiet evening.

"Why, Rough? What's the matter? Come here, old dog?"

Rough did occasionally come at request now. Tonight he paid no heed to the summons, but limped painfully to his accustomed spot, and lay still, panting and grunting.

Eileen passed her hand over his body, but could find no severe injury, though he flinched and growled low, at her light touch on his ribs. "Poor old man! He wasn't there again, was he? But he's coming, he's coming some day. Perhaps tomorrow. Keep your heart up. We're going to be so happy, just him and you and me!"

The dour shaggy head dropped on the great paws, and a sharp breath shook out of the black nostrils.

Eileen sighed a little as she went back to her cooking.

Remember that chap, Rogers?"

A little bunch of old-timers had been to supper, and were sampling Curly Carlton's whisky late that evening, Eileen was thinking of going to bed, but she pricked up her ears.

"Sure! Did ever you see a chap as crooked as Rogers? He couldn't run straight, couldn't Rogers! He was so crooked he couldn't lie straight in bed."

"He's running straight now, though. He was right here in Diamondville, to-day. I was speaking to him. You never saw such a change in a man. I didn't know him. Made good, you bet. He was selling dirt in the Peace River country. If I'd had spare bills on me—"

"Rogers running straight! Not on your life!" cried Clinton of the Mounted Police, in derision.

"Well, he's made a pile, anyway. And old Mackenzie's swearing himself into a fit. Rogers stung him over some real estate he didn't value two bits, stung him good, and made a thousand simoleons on the deal."

"That so? Well, I'm real glad he stung Mack. But say, where's he staying. I'll get after him for a ten spot he owes me."

"Sorry I didn't mention it sooner, then. He left again on the midnight for Calgary. Said he was only stopping over for a few hours to collect a few little debts. But he's coming through, sure thing he is. He looks like a chap who's got his whole heart and soul into piling up a stake. He let slip he wasn't pining to meet any Diamondville folks. I guess he was right, too, poor chap. That sort of a chapter's best not opened up again."

"You bet."

Eileen said never a word. She was moving the glasses and empty bottles mechanically, as the men sauntered out, and her father began to pull off his boots.

"Eileen!"

Clinton, of the Mounted Police, stopped on the verandah after the others had gone.

"Eileen, your dog's a good dog now. He's dead."

He rolled the rough body over with his foot, not ungently. Eileen touched him for the first time without eliciting a growl. Clinton came round early in the morning with a spade, and dug a deep grave in the bottom of the garden behind the barn. He filled it in, to please Eileen that same night, and guessed as he did it that he was covering in some wasted tears.

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Contrary to expectations, Rogers did come again to Diamondville. He came back a successful man, full of business, but not too busy to visit Curly Carlton, who once entertained him with kindness and hospitality when he was down and out. He came too late to find Eileen, however, for she was now become Mrs. Clinton, Clinton being late

of the Mounted Police, and now on his wedding-trip to the Old Country, where he had come in for a nice little estate. And we may safely say that to this day, Clinton does not know the story of the short-lived romance, the little dead love that Eileen buried down there behind the barn with all that was mortal of Rough, that homely dog.

Argos Joe

Specially written for Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten.

I was out walking up prairie chicken with the padre this afternoon, and my little brown dog was working away in the grass in fine style. The padre watched her closely for a time, then he said "You'll never get another dog to equal that one, Mr. B."

"No!" I agreed. "She's the best dog I ever had, and I only gave half a crown for her when she was a puppy. She

a good fellow to accompany me into the woods.

"Why not try Argos Joe?" he suggested. "I should like someone to get a move on him, as he's a thumping nice chap if only he'd work. Clever fellow, too. Tried railway engineer and went through the shops, but didn't like it."

I shook my head. "I guess he wouldn't come," I answered. "And the



The Cook in the Exploring Party, Canadian Rockies, G.T.P. Railway.

was an ugly, ill-doing youngster, but I thought I'd give her a chance."

The padre nodded his head, and appeared for a moment thoughtful. "Chance is a fine thing," he said eventually. "There's many a poor chap starves for the want of it."

"Yes, many a one—and I thought of Argos Joe whom I knew years ago in an outlying mining camp away up in Alberta, one of the stepping-off places of civilization, with the slender track of railway connecting us to the world on one side, and on the other the lonely loneliness of the foothills.

I rather fancy Argos Joe had never had a chance till the Lonely Bridge episode came along. He was the adopted child of a foolish old aunt, who sent him a comfortable allowance which he persistently outlived. Any day you went into the settlement you would see him lolling about the store verandah, chatting with the Indians or any white man who happened to be unemployed.

It was the Saturday afternoon before the Lonely Bridge affair, that I happened to be in the settlement, and fell into conversation with a young mining engineer as to the possibilities of finding

responsibility would be too great. He isn't used to the woods."

"It would be a chance," argued my friend. "That's what he wants, and if it doesn't come along mighty quick it will be too late."

Good men were scarce, and in the end I asked Argos Joe. Well, he didn't know. Fires were pretty bad out Loon Lake way, weren't they? He wasn't really keen on the trip, but if I couldn't get anyone else—

I didn't intend getting anyone else, and the following Wednesday would doubtless have seen Argos and me hitting out for the Loon Lake country, had not Fate ordained that Argos was to have his chance in quite a different way.

The weather had been extremely dry, and on Monday morning a wind got up, increasing to a hurricane towards mid-day. The wind, of course, came from the west, but all morning we had seen great flocks of wild fowl travelling northwards and flying high, a sign which made old woodsmen shake their heads, while a few got ready their stampede packs. A little later we discerned great clouds of smoke away to the south of us, and then

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When your system is weakened by worry, overwork,

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Sleeplessness is due to a disorganized

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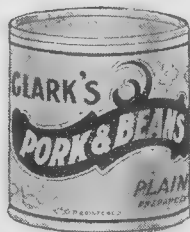
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we knew for certain that the forest fires were well on the move.

"It will just about hit Pibald Gulch," we told each other, and most of the settlement stampeded to the telegraph office while the price of the stuff at the stores promptly went up 25 per cent.

That afternoon the telegraph operator was busy, and every fresh message that came through from Pibald Gulch was chalked up on the board. So far as I can remember they ran as follows, and it was in the same order that we flashed them on to the full-blooded world four hundred miles south.

"2.30 p.m. Prospector reports great horseshoe of fire approaching settlement. Blowing half a hurricane.

2.55. Fire approaching rapidly. Can hear it running up trees, though it must be twelve miles away. Already dark as night. All camps dumping outfit in lake. Expect we shall follow soon."

The next message came about twenty minutes later, and if you have ever clung to your fellow-creatures for months on end only by the slender nerve of the telegraph wire, you will know that it is as capable of cadence as the human voice. In this last call from Pibald Gulch I could denote the tones of a frenzied horror. It ran: "M.Q.—M.Q. Fire upon us. Dark everywhere, and we can't find lake. About thirty of us up here. God help us."

"God help them!" repeated someone behind me. "If they're up at the telegraph

Well we knew the nature of the calamity that had befallen Pibald Gulch. The tiny settlement stood by the lake, with the forests overshadowing it, and often we had said that the place would prove itself a death-trap in case of fire. Now the dreaded fire had come, and for three hours we had been picturing the doomed city—picturing its inhabitants as they rushed pell-mell for the lake with the flames at their heels, picturing them when they reached it—men, women and children, horses and cattle herded in the icy water while the fire raged around them with a roar that would drown the roar of artillery. Now the fire would have passed, for the wind had dropped, but how many had survived those three hours in the lake with the fire scorching their faces, the smoke stifling their lungs, and the cold paralysing their lower members? How many had survived, and what would be their story? This was what we were waiting to hear as we stood together in the tiny shanty, staring with fixed intentness at the instrument.

Again the soft tick—this time stronger and more distinct. "They're trying to tap the wire," whispered Argos Joe—whispered, mind you, lest he should disturb the poor wretches at the other end, thirty miles away. "Hold on, boys, and you'll do it."

"Tick—Tick—Tick—Buzz-z. Settlement burnt out. Not a corner post remains standing. Everyone been in lake since last message. No clothes or shelter. Impossible to take census. Much



Lunch Time in G.T.P. Camp, Pyramid Lake.

station, and the fire's already on them, no one else can."

The operator, however, was equal to the occasion, and, in striking contrast to the message we had just heard, his reply rang out "Turn to the right, keep going, and you'll fall in."

"That ought to hit 'em," said the man behind me. "The main avenue terminates at the lake. I once fell in myself."

For a few minutes the operator was busy on the down line, and the next notice to appear was one to the effect that there would be no train through that night. Then, for three terrible hours no news came to break the monotony.

"The wire's down," said the operator at length, lighting a cigar. "We shan't hear any more for a day or two. Only hope they aren't clean wiped out."

The very next instant he sat up at the instrument as though a voice had hailed him from the grave. There was a soft tick at the key, followed by a vibrating buzz. "It's trying to speak," said the man behind me. "Sounds as though someone's in trouble."

I shan't forget the minutes that followed, as we stood together in the tiny office, waiting for the message to come through. There were five of us—the operator, Argos Joe, a giant Swede, a ragged prospector just in from the bush, and myself. We stood in a silent group, staring at the instrument, and you could have heard a pin fall.

suffering among women and children. For Heaven's pity send relief."

The operator sat back in his chair and laughed. It was not a mirthful laugh, but the sort of laugh a man gives when he has suffered long strain, and feels that strain to be suddenly relaxed. "They're clean burnt out," he said. "But listen to it. For Heaven's pity send relief. How, in the name of thunder can we when half the country between us and them is on fire, and the bridges down?"

"How, indeed?" I repeated the question involuntarily, and at the same moment found myself looking into the clear grey eyes of Argos Joe, who was evidently asking him the same question.

Thirty miles away lay Pibald Gulch, where scores of women and children were shivering in saturated clothing—many of them, no doubt, suffering from burns they had sustained by the fire. They had no food, no shelter—nothing but the wretched rags in which they were stood, and soon—very soon—night would be upon them with its chilling mists and icy draughts from the mountains.

Do you know the nights of the far north—the aurora glimmering palely overhead, the silence, the starlight—the sudden chills that penetrate every fibre of one's body after the scorching heat of the daytime? If you do you will guess what it would mean to lie and shiver in wet clothing while the weary watches dragged themselves out, until the doleful song of the grouse birds started with the first glimmer of morning.

That was the state of affairs at Pibald Gulch, and we knew that unless relief reached them soon many of the fire sufferers would not survive the hours of darkness. But between us and them lay the forest fire—that indomitable fiend of the wilderness which all woodsmen fear with a fear that cannot be mastered.

How indeed? I was still staring at Argos Joe when suddenly he gripped my arm. He led me out of the office on to the station platform, where the scent of fire was pungent in the air.

Argos Joe pointed towards the siding, where an old rattletrap of an engine stood with two trucks attached. Smoke was issuing from the engine chimney and a grimy boy was leisurely stoking the furnace. It was our relief outfit, in case of fire at the settlement, and the old freight trucks had been rigged up with bunks, while a gang of Dagoo working on the line used them as bunkhouses.

"They've got steam up," whispered Argos. "I was wondering whether we could make the trip in her?"

For a moment I thought Argos was mad. Who, indeed, but a madman would contemplate trying to reach Pibald Gulch under the existing conditions?

"For Heaven's pity send relief," my companion whispered excitedly, and in his voice rang the same frenzied cadence as we had heard over the wire a few minutes ago. "Think, man, of the poor wretches at the other end. If we get through we might save twenty lives or more. If we went down it would only mean three men—and one of the three isn't worth much."

"But the bridges?" I cried. "Lonely Bridge, at any rate, can't be standing. And—" but something in Joe's face cut me short.

"Guess I'm game, then," I said, after a moment. "I've been through three big fires already, so I'll risk a fourth."

"Then that settles it," Joe answered, and hurried away to the stationmaster to unfold his plan.

The stationmaster looked at him dubiously. "It's brave of you, young fellow," said he, "but the relief outfit belongs to the company, and I'm responsible for it. Am afraid I can't give you permission."

"Thanks," said Joe with a laugh. "I guess we'll have to do without it." Then he slammed the door, knowing that if we won over the settlement the stationmaster wasn't of much consequence.

FRIENDS HELP

St. Paul Park Incident

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down."

Tea is just as harmful, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W.C.T.U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum."

"Another lady, who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and using Postum. Still another friend told me that Postum was a Godsend, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum."

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book. "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A crowd of sorrowful, dejected looking men stood by the notice board, discussing the painful state of affairs. Most of them had friends, and some had relatives at Pibald Gulch, and the knowledge that at least a day must elapse before they could safely send relief did not tend to cheer them. Joe's clear, educated voice startled them to the comprehension that a fresh turn of events was afoot.

"Boys," he said, taking his stand on a pile of packbags. "If we don't get through to Pibald Gulch tonight I guess we shall be too late to help some of them. There's just one chance—that the bridges are standing, and my partner (he nodded his head towards me) and I have volunteered to try to get through with the relief train."

A mighty chorus of cheers rang out, but Joe lifted his hand. "This is no time for demonstration," he went on. "We haven't a minute to waste. We want blankets, clothing, tents, bandages, grub and a doctor. Those of you who have kit to lend be quick and get it, and pack it into the freight trucks. Those of you who have no kit hand in your bills to my partner, and help him buy outfit at the stores."

The effect was startling. A sudden stampede possessed the crowd. Half the men rushed for their tents to bring blankets, or what articles of raiment they had to spare. Some, indeed, sent their very tents, and slept during the night that followed in the open. The other half mounted the platform, with wads of bills in their hands. I could not take the money fast enough, and bills were thrust into the folds of my clothing, into my pockets, even under my hat.



A group of young primates: Behind the table (from left to right) A Chimpanzee; An Asiatic human type (Samoyede); A European human type; and two Orang-Utans: In the foreground, A Gorilla and an African human type (Nigerian)

In five minutes I resembled a walking stack of bills, whereupon I entered the nearest buggy, and drove like Jehu for the store, the crowd bringing up the rear.

We bought all the tents and clothing and blankets they had in store. We bought bread, butter and coffee enough to keep the fire sufferers busy for three days. We ransacked the settlement for fresh meat, and any little dainties we could lay hands on. Then we packed everything into two carts, and when I got back to the station half the settlement was packing away the goods into the rattletrap freight trucks, while the stationmaster stood by grinning.

Argos Joe was busy with the engine, getting up steam, and running round with an oil can and a spanner. As I have intimated previously, he had been through the railway shops and knew something about motives. I, for my part, superintended the packing process, and it was queer to note that everyone had something to give towards the relief of the smitten city. An old woman, who was known only by a licentious nickname, and who possessed one cow by which she made her slender living, brought a huge bottle of milk and presented it with shaking hands.

"It will come in for the little children," she said, in her husky old voice, and I saw that her eyes were overflowing.

"Aye it will, grannie!" said the boys. "Good old grannie!" and they patted her on the shoulders as she tottered down the line.



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Trinidad Lake

Everywhere was now hurry and laughter, and it was not until Joe put his head out of the cab window that we recalled the real state of affairs.

"We're about ready at this end," he stated, "if you're ready at yours!"

"We have everything—grub, blankets, tents, bandages—except the doctor," I answered. "Guess there isn't one nearer than Little Seal Lake."

A voice in the crowd attracted our attention. "Here he is," said the voice, "here's your doctor." and a nervous little red-haired man in ragged khakis was pushed to the fore, where he stood blinking and grinning.

"He ain't a doctor," shouted someone in the crowd. "He's a prospector."

"I'm a doctor," snapped the little man, grinning and looking serious at the same time. "I was, anyway, before I came into this all-fired country!"

"Well," said I, "are you game to make this all-fired trip?"

"Yep!" said the doctor, and the little man was hoisted into one of the trucks, where he took his seat, grinning, on top of the pile of freight.

I climbed into the cab beside Joe and as I looked through the open doors into the roaring furnace, I realized all at once what we were up against. I realized that it was a hundred to one chance against our getting through; that, in fact, we were going out to meet almost certain disaster. During the rush and excitement of the last hour or so I had not realized this, and it was only now, when Joe and I came to shake

would suddenly flash crimson. Save for these sinister crimson flickers, we might have been approaching a land of night or a thunderstorm, worse than any thunderstorm you have ever seen or dreamt of.

As I leant out of the cab window, and listened to the roar of the wheels ringing over the silent valley, to return, echoing and re-echoing, verberating and reverberating through the silence of the forest, I realized that there was something sinister in the very stillness of the place. It was like the silence that precedes a great storm, save that it was silence more impressive, for it was the silence that succeeds a great forest fire.

We were rattling along at breakneck speed, and once, when I almost fell from the cab, I asked Joe if we weren't going rather too fast.

"We must make good time now," he answered irritably. "Once in the fire belt and we sh have to crawl." Then after a moment, he added: "We're all right, boy. It's surprising how an engine will hold on to the metals when she's put to it."

Next moment we turned a corner in a manner that set the wheels screaming, and which made my hair stand on end, but Joe only grinned.

We could scarcely see the metals a hundred yards ahead, so dark had it become, while the smoke was almost stilling. Joe took the bandonna from his neck and secured it over his mouth, and I followed his example.



Fishing in Circle Lake, East of Winnipeg.

hands with our best chums as they climbed up on to the tender, that I realized it. Some of our chums must have realized it too, for they gripped our hands lingeringly.

At length Joe shook himself free. "Good-bye, lads!" he shouted. "We'll send a message through when we get there." Then he opened the throttle, and the old engine clanked and rattled her way out of the siding and away on the main line, which stretched like a narrow avenue through the interminable forests that lay to our south.

As the old engine gathered speed, and her two noisy trucks jolted and rattled behind her over the uneven metals, something of the wild, devil-may-care nature of our mission began to appeal to me, and I struck up a rollicking hunting song of the old days, while Joe joined in with gusto. Ahead of us lay the single span of metals gleaming in the afternoon sunshine, now dipping down till they bordered one of those wonderful lakes with their countless islands and exquisite coloring, now turning a hair-pin bend and guiding us, with a roar, between gigantic white ridges of rock, which rose up so abruptly that it seemed the very vibration would set them toppling upon us. But each moment it was becoming darker; the sky overhead was becoming more overcast, and the smell of smoke becoming stronger. Far ahead we could see what appeared to be gigantic clouds overspreading the sky, and now and then one of these clouds

Next moment we plunged through a scrap of bush which had been burnt over, and was still smouldering fiercely. "We're on the edge of it," shouted Joe, and he closed the throttle a little. Then, before I could realize what was happening, we had plunged into the fire belt!

Words may be adequate for describing the ordinary scenes of life, but how can one describe a forest fire as we saw it that evening? Overhead, darkness—impenetrable, awe-inspiring. On every side forests—forests which we had previously known to be silent, and beautiful with soft tints, but which were now crimson and terrible—filled here with the soft, creeping rush of flames among the undergrowth; here with the multitudinous crash of mighty pine trees falling to the ground or bursting like the report of a cannon as the heat turned the sap within them to steam. Everywhere around and above us was the creeping, the crashing, the roaring, as though a mighty and invisible army were forcing its way through the brush-wood.

The fire had passed, and there was now no wind, but by no means had the country burnt itself out. As though possessed of new life, a little holocaust would suddenly spring up, creating a superheated breeze of its own and dash on through the already smouldering forests. Hence the far-off whispering, the booming, the crashing, as though the army of invisible giants that were waging war through the woods had not quite appeased their anger, and were

returning, in twos and threes, to finish off the wounded.

Grand, inspiring, memorable as it all was, Joe's and my positions were by no means enviable. We were running between walls of fire. Now we were compelled to drive slowly, as in places the permanent way was smouldering, and superheated currents of air kept sweeping in upon us, forcing us to shield our faces with our jackets, or sending us grovelling down upon the floor plates. The very air was quivering with that sickly illuiveness one sometimes sees in a nightmare, and the choking fumes were almost intolerable.

Suddenly Joe gripped my arm and pointed ahead. I could see a clearing not far away, and knew that there was a bridge there. "Shall we rush it?" queried Joe hoarsely, between swollen and blackened lips.

I nodded. We could do nothing else unless we turned back, and next minute we were safely over the rickety structure, and once more in comparatively cool and comfortable forest. The bridge was untouched by the fire, thanks to the lakes which lay on our left, and which had saved this part of the country from the flames.

I cannot describe in detail every scene of that journey. Now and then, we found ourselves in unburnt forest, then again we would dash into the smoke and heat of the forest fire. Once, I remember, we skirted a lakeside, and on the opposite bank, many miles away, was a sweeping upland—a vast panorama of country glowing like a gigantic furnace and dyeing the sky above it a lurid crimson. Then the view changed. No fire to be seen, but there before us the peaceful lake under a pall of smoke, while the tree tops of its countless islands, their trunks hidden from view, rose like wonderful fairy castles from above the drifting clouds. It was like some wonderful moving picture show, ever changing, every presenting the unexpected.

But though I recall all these things vividly enough now, at the time I was scarcely aware of them, for the work on hand required a good deal of my attention and most of my thought. We had passed over five bridges safely; one or two of them were smouldering, but it seemed good luck had prepared the way for us.

Now we had only five miles to go; we were nearly there!

Nearly there! I had forgotten Lonely Bridge. The one real peril of the journey still lay before us—could not, indeed, be more than a mile ahead.

DOCTOR TALKS ON FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The thought evidently occurred to us both at the same time, for Joe suddenly stepped aside and peered ahead along the line. I followed his example. For the moment we were in unburnt country, but we could see that not far away, fires were raging. And there, across the lake, running parallel with us, stood Lonely Bridge!

Through the dusk we could see it distinctly—a black and charred structure bordering the water's edge, and standing out like some great centipede above the blackness of the forest. Not so very far from it, we knew, stood the site of Pibald Gulch, but the settlement itself was hidden from view. Already they would be able to hear us coming, those poor fire sufferers! Already they knew that relief was on the way, that only the Lonely Bridge stood between us and them.

On we went. We had turned the corner, and could now see the bridge ahead of us, a charred and smouldering structure spanning the roaring creek fifty feet below.

I gripped Joe's arm. "Joe," I said, quickly, "we're done. The bridge is burnt. Wonder is it hasn't fallen already. You'll have to shut her down, and run for safe standing."

Joe looked at me and grinned. Yes, he grinned, and in the grin was all the dare-devil fearlessness that I afterwards found to be part of his nature. He reached out his hand towards the throttle, and jerked it open!

It was a moment or so before I could realize the truth, then I was at his side like a flash. "You're mad!" I cried. "Shut her down! Shut her down! The bridge is burnt, I tell you."

Again Joe laughed, and he might have been on the cricket field or at the theatre, save a certain wild gleam in his eyes. He gripped my hand and shook it cordially, keeping me at arm's length with the other. "If the bridge is gone," he said, "we shall go too. It's only three lives against a possible twenty."

I think it was my turn to go mad now. I don't think I'm a coward, but I'm only human, and life is very dear to me.

I struggled like a madman to reach the throttle, but Joe stood between me and it, laughing into my eyes all the time with that wild gleam of his own.

"Think of it," he said, "three lives against a possible twenty, and one of the three isn't worth much. Besides, you might stop struggling now, as I can't shut her off in time."

I went back to my place at the window and peered ahead. We were travelling hard, for the old engine had picked up in that marvellous manner that only American engines are capable of. Seeing that it was too late now to stop I managed to resign myself, and turned with what composure I could summon to shake hands with Joe.

"You're a brave chap," I told him, "and this is your day, anyway."

Next moment we were upon the bridge. I felt the flimsy structure rattle and swing, and for one dreadful moment looked down at the dark waters, through the rolling clouds of smoke that rose from the lower structure.

Then I felt something give under my feet. There was a sickening swinging motion, a mighty crash, and I waited, with closed eyes, to feel myself fall.

When I opened my eyes again I saw a sight I shall never forget. The bridge behind us was literally crumbling to pieces, collapsing into ruins. The mighty timbers, that a moment ago had sustained for a second the racing engine had now yielded to the strain and were falling apart—but not before the engine itself had passed over.

We were racing on, on over the doomed structure. Behind us we could hear it splitting and crashing, and more than once it began to give way while the weight of the engine was still upon it, for we felt that sickening, grinding, swinging motion.

It seemed like an eternity. Joe and I were staring at one another, and clinging with numb fingers to the guard rails. Each moment we expected to go through, and with what relief we felt, or rather heard, that we were again on solid ground, words cannot describe.

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Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

"We're over!" cried Joe, uncertainty and unbelief ringing in his voice. He leant out and looked back at the bridge. Parts of it were still falling to pieces. Then he closed the throttle and plied the brakes, for our race with death was nearly ended.

"Are the trucks still on?" I queried, and he nodded. I saw that his face was ghastly white, and knew then that it was only by a supreme effort of will that he had faced those awful risks.

"It was only the seed that carried us over," he said quite calmly, but his voice seemed very far away. I think I was seated among the coals, my head between my hands, and had someone come and stood over me with a club. I couldn't have raised a finger in self defence.

There is no need here to endeavor to describe with what warmth and gratitude we were greeted when the old

engine drew up amidst the ruins of Pibald Gulch. It was a busy evening for all of us—rigging up the old freight trucks as hospitals, erecting tents for the fire sufferers over the ashes of their old homes, and distributing blankets and provisions, while the doctor looked after the sick. I did not know till then, that Argos Joe was a bit of a doctor too, for what he lacked in skill and knowledge he gained in strength and kindness.

A few days later I awoke to find that the whole world rang with the story of Lonely Bridge, and that thousands were extending a liberal hand towards the hero who had brought relief to Pibald Gulch. "You'll be a wealthy man after this Joe," I told him. "The subscription on your behalf is already running into thousands."

Joe was a moment silent. Then he said: "What about that prospecting trip of ours?"

To say I was surprised, would be putting it mildly. "Prospecting trip!" I repeated. "But you can't run away, man, in the height of your glory. And besides, what about the money that's coming to you?"

Argos Joe laughed good naturedly, and took my arm. "Money!" he said. "I don't want the money. It's been my curse all my life, and I want to get away from it. I have told my solicitor what to do. The subscription they are getting up for me will go towards re-building the homes of those who have suffered most keenly by this fire. I suppose I can do what I like with it, so now let's get away from all this and try the woods for a change."

And so we went, the very next day—Argos Joe and I, for I saw that at last his chance had come, and he had shown himself to his fellow-men in his true colors.

Lost Dreams

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Jerrold Quam, St. Thomas, N.D.

As I sat there by the window, gazing at the lazy mountains,
Dreaming dreams I used to dream when young,
Then the soul of thought would flutter
Thinking thoughts I could not utter,
Dreaming thoughts beyond expression of the tongue.

Then I saw my past and present, and from them I drew my future,
Planning out events that would be mine,
Till the yellow sun that setting
Warned me I was forgetting,
That the hand of Fate was reckoned with at times.

So I pondered in the twilight till the night grew dark and dreary,
And the stars withdrew behind a fitful cloud;
Still I sat there by the hour, thinking of some unseen power
With which I could overcome the thing of Fate.

So I sat and wrestled with it, sometimes gaining, sometimes losing
Till I saw my precious visions float away
Then I saw and it was seeming, that I only had been dreaming
For the powers that belonged to one alone.

Then I saw I was mistaken, and that Fate could not be shaken,
So I cast my dreams aside and went to work,
For the things of dreams, creation
Are but things without foundation,
And they crumble when they meet the hand of Fate.

Two Little April Fools

Daffydowndilly looked up at the sun,
And saw with delight that the spring had begun;
Her gay yellow bonnet, of satin so sweet,
And her downy green jacket so cosy and neat
She drew on in haste, and glanced out on the street.
And found herself blooming—the very first one!

Little Miss Bessie looked out, and she said:
"Oh, it is lovely and bright overhead!"
So she took her new parasol, blue as the sky,
And her new Sunday hat with its daisies wreathed high,
And the pretty brown slippers she brought home to try,
And out on the street like a fairy she sped.

Dark grew the sky, and like sleet was the rain,
Lashing the tree-tops and beating the pane,
Daffydowndilly tried vainly to hide,
And little Miss Bess, in her beauty and pride,
With hat, shoes and parasol soaking she cried:
"The sun April-fooled us! He did—it is plain."

Trust

Written for The Western Home Monthly by V. M. T.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow,
He who calmed the angry sea
Can still subdue thy wave of sorrow;
Only wait and patient be.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow,
He who healed the lame and blind
Can still ease pain's deepest furrow;
But believe that He is kind.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow,
He who hungry thousands fed
Can still provide and give His children
If they trust, their daily bread.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow,
He who cares for beast and bird
Can still, as we are more than sparrows,
Guide us by His every word.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow,
He whose way is ever best
Can still in His Divine to-morrow
Lead us into perfect rest.



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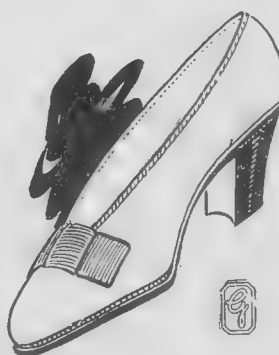
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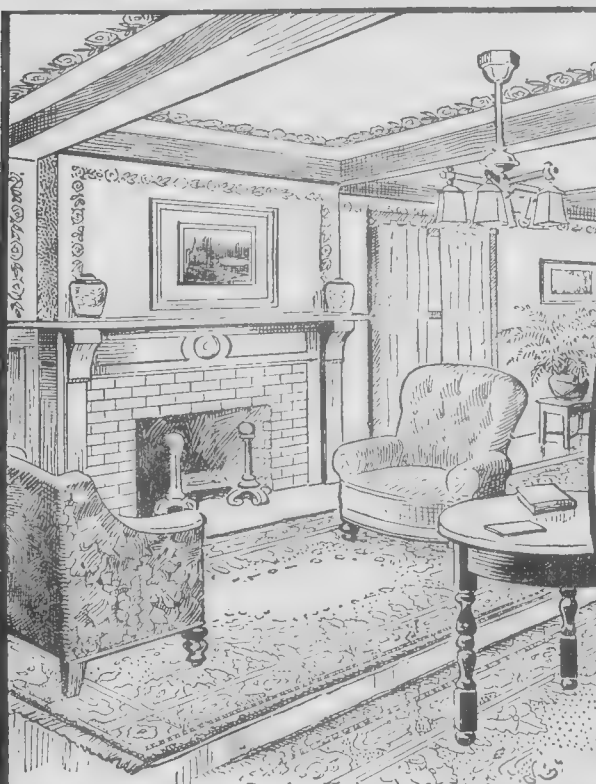
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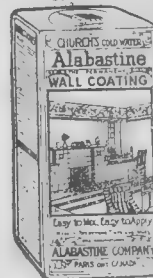


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CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

Both Sides

Specially written for The Western Home Monthly by Elizabeth Forman.

I MIGHT never have noticed the old house at all, as I passed it going to and from my school, had it not been that one evening, as I was on my way home, an old woman who was standing at the gate, spoke to me.

"Are you needing someone to do your washing, miss?" was what she said, "I wash for the two other young ladies who board at Miss Brown's."

I was astonished by the unexpected question, for, while the neighborhood is not by any means a wealthy one, most of the residents consider themselves quite elite. The woman who was soliciting my laundry must have been between sixty and seventy years of age. She was wrinkled, shabby and very grey; yet she spoke with an accent of refinement. Of course, I promised to bring her my washing, and on the following Monday evening, as soon as I could dismiss my pupils and reach my boarding house, the promise was fulfilled.

I did not mind carrying the washing to her, for she lived only a few doors from my boarding house, and besides, I felt a kindly interest in the poor old soul, who was forced, so late in life, to earn her own bread by such hard labor.

I stepped in and chatted with her for a few moments, for she was the kind of old lady from whom one does not easily escape. Not that her conversation bored me in the least; I really found her rather interesting.

She talked a great deal of her son Charles—Charlie, she called him,—of whom she appeared to be very fond and proud.

The house was rather large and seemed about empty. A half-worn carpet covered the front room in which we sat, a single faded picture adorned the dreary walls. Three rickety chairs and a sofa, in more or less advanced stages of decay, completed the furnishings. On one chair I noticed a pile of old, dog-eared music, as though at some time a piano might have graced the now vacant corner of the room.

I couldn't help wondering what manner of man this son Charlie might be. Was he an indolent, lazy ne'er-do-well, or a cripple or an invalid, that he allowed his poor, aged mother to live amidst such surroundings—and wash? My second visit to the place answered my questions. A stale, disgusting odor of liquor hung in the atmosphere. Charlie was a brutal drunkard who allowed his mother to support him by the hardest and most menial labor.

And yet he was the one bright spot in her hard life. She would sound his praises as long as she could induce anyone to stay and listen to her. Whatever his sins and shortcomings, he was her all, whom she loved with a fervor amounting almost to idolatry.

"I wish you could know him," she said to me once, after I had been taking her my washing for some time. "The poor boy never goes out among young people, like he ought to. I wish he knew you."

I could scarcely keep my face from showing the scorn that I felt. "No wonder that he does not dare to show his face among other people," I thought to myself, but I would not have hurt his poor mother's feelings for the world, so I hurried away as soon as possible.

I had often wondered if I could not help her to obtain work more suited to her age and strength. We paid her as liberally as we could afford for our washing, but the other two girls at Miss Brown's, like myself, had their own living to earn, and our generosity was necessarily tempered with economy. Besides, we reasoned, doubtless she only gave most of our extra money to Charlie with which to buy liquor. It was the old case of the just and the unjust. My plan was to find her a place where her duties would be that of a companion or nurse, and let Charlie shift for himself.

I stopped one afternoon, on my way home from school, to ask her if she would like such a place. Under my

arm I carried a treasured copy of Longfellow's poems, which my old friend espied almost before I had seated myself.

"Charlie has one just like it," she said, taking it from me and looking into it almost hungrily. "He is very fond of his books."

For a moment she turned page after page of the book in her hands, then suddenly she looked up and said, "Don't you want to see Charlie's room?"

I certainly did not want to see Charlie's room, but she was instantly on her feet in the door-way, with a pleased, expectant light in her eyes.

"It's the only redeeming thing about the whole house, I want to show it to you," she said, with a trace of pleading in her tone.

I followed her up the dusty, uncarpeted stairs into her son's room, very reluctantly.

The floor was covered by a cheap carpet, a plain bed stood in one corner, but the other entire side of the wall was taken up by an immense cabinet, which contained row after row of books, many of them in costly leather bindings.

There were other articles besides books, too; one was a costly meerschau pipe. There were even some pieces of silver and some rare old china. I could have spent hours looking at his treasures. He was surely a drunkard of unquestionable taste. But his mother plucked disappointedly at several of the glass doors, only to find every one locked.

"He always keeps them locked," she explained.

From the cabinet I turned to the two pictures which alone adorned the walls.

"That's me, when I was younger," Charlie's mother explained as I looked at a painting of a handsome woman, dressed in silks and adorned with jewels. "The other is his father."

When I looked at the other picture I almost gasped. I had seen it before in more than one magazine and newspaper. Then I saw the whole situation in an instant.

To hide her son's disgrace, this woman had dropped her husband's honored name, and buried herself in this remote, quiet neighborhood.

Doubtless the barren appearance of the house was due to the fact that, in the struggle with poverty, everything movable or saleable had been sacrificed.

Every article of value in Charlie's room was under lock and key.

"Of course, he didn't believe in his things being sold—as long as his mother was able to wash," I thought, as I walked home after that memorable visit. My errand had been quite forgotten in my inspection of Charlie's room, nor was it ever mentioned at any other time.

On my next visit to the house I met Charlie—quite accidentally. He came home from work—he really did some kind of work, it seemed—earlier than usual that day.

His mother presented him to me with great pride. I bowed very stiffly, but Charlie was not a person, after all, to escape one's notice. He was very tall and well built, plainly a son of the good old name that he was disgracing.

His clothes, though common and plain, were worn with grace, and despite the life of drunkenness, that I knew (by the oft-repeated odor of liquor that I had noticed in the house) he must live, he had a clean, healthy complexion.

I picked up my package of washing, for which I had called, and hurried out of his despised presence as soon as possible.

I noticed that he glanced curiously at the package, but supposed that he was wondering if I had paid his mother, and how much.

My heart burned, as I walked home, with the injustice of the thing.

What right had he to be straight, and healthy and handsome, while his poor old mother lived in poverty and broke her back over a wash tub!



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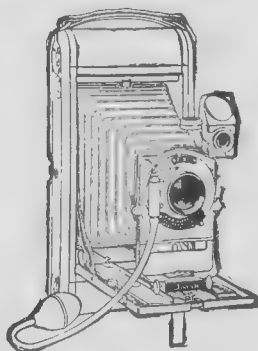
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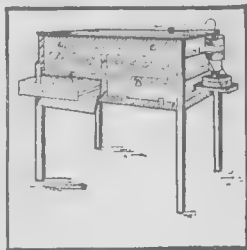
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Why didn't he make an effort to support her, even though he had to lower himself to any kind of work? The handsome, lazy, good-for-nothing!

I thought about Charlie until at last I became angry with myself, because I couldn't think about anything else.

After all, I reasoned, those people were nothing to me, and their affairs ought not in any way to concern me, yet they haunted my thoughts.

After the first meeting I saw Charlie often—and snubbed him on every occasion. He often passed my boarding place, and sometimes my school. Once, unprecedented event! I saw him in church!

But I was always careful to take my washing, or call for it, when I knew that he was not at home, so I was never annoyed by having to speak to him.

* * * * *

But a day came on which I did not escape meeting Charlie. A raw, chilly November wind was blowing, and I was glad to step into the house when I called for my washing. The house itself was dreary and cold, and Charlie's mother greeted me with an old shawl around her shoulders. Her eyes looked red and watery and her hands trembled as I handed her the money for that week's wash.

"Wait just a minute and I'll get it for you," she said, seizing the money eagerly. "I've just got to step out and I'll be right back."

As she spoke she pinned on a dilapidated hat, and almost before I had time to remonstrate or question, she was gone, still wearing the old shawl.

Her behavior puzzled me at first, then it occurred to my mind that she had been hungry, and a feeling of horror passed over me!

Just at that moment, Charlie entered. He looked very much surprised, as well he might, when he saw me, then he glanced around curiously as though in search of his mother.

I was terribly embarrassed. "Your mother has just stepped out for a moment," I said coldly. "She asked me to wait until she returned. I just called for my washing."

"Your washing!" Charlie echoed the words with eyes and mouth agape. "So that's it, is it? I have suspected that she was getting money from somewhere, so, of late I have been staying at home." (truly a son to be proud of, I thought).

"Didn't you succeed in getting any of it from her?" I asked in a scornful voice, but my scorn was lost upon him.

"No," he replied, "I didn't, I never saw a cent of the money, but I saw its damnable effects." A dull, painful flush had overspread his fair face.

"Miss Rowhead," he said, his voice was sad, but it held a strain of righteous anger, "Didn't you suppose that I was capable of supporting my mother without the aid of your washing? Didn't it ever occur to you that the money she got from you might be put to some wrong use?"

"I thought that—I thought—" I began, then stopped.

Ah, that was it! I had thought, and I had done nothing but think. I had never supposed that Charlie might have a story to tell.

"I know what you thought, of course," he said, after a moment's painful pause, "and I suppose I can't blame you, but every cent of the money you have so kindly brought to my mother, has added to her shame and mine. I'm sorry to have to tell all this to you, but I want you to know. Will you listen?"

He looked at me eagerly and I was only too glad to hear what he had to say for himself.

"Yes," I answered, "I am sorry if I have misjudged you."

"Mother inherited the accursed taste for liquor," Charlie began. "Her father died of it. Father kept it from her while he lived, but he died when I was sixteen and then she had things her own way. Father left her a fortune. She gambled and drank and wasted it. At last, one night when I returned from a friend's home at midnight, I found my mother on the door-step dead drunk. I carried her into her own room and told the servants she had fainted at the door. They, of course, supposed that we had returned together.

"After that we came here, and I insisted upon dropping our right name. My father's name was too honorable to be brought to this," he indicated the miserable surroundings.

"Our money was gone," he continued. "The sale of our home little more than paid our debts. I could have taken better care of her had I not had to earn our living. She will not keep a servant, or they will not stay, and as you can see, everything movable or saleable in this house has been pawned off, in my absence, for drink. I have tried by every means known to me to help her to overcome her weakness, but it has been too strong for us. I have not been able to trust her with money for years. If she had any other desire in the world, I would work my hands to the bone to gratify it, but she cares for nothing but drink, and that I can't give her. Does she—does anyone else bring washing to her?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," I said, "two other girls, but I will tell them—"

"Tell them not to bring it any more," he broke in bitterly. "Tell them that I am going to reform, and that I will support my mother, tell them anything but this. Don't, out of pity for me, tell them this. I only wanted you to know the truth about me, because—because I've had the audacity to fall in love with you."

I do not know just what I should have said to Charlie in answer, had our conversation not been broken into by a drunken cry, that was half laugh, half scream, coming from the rear door.

"Please go now," Charlie entreated, holding out his hand to me. "You have been very kind."

"Let me stay and help you, I am sorry for you," I answered, but I gave him my hand. He pressed it gently and opened the door.

"No," he said "Please leave me alone with this." And as I went through the front door, I had a glimpse of a grey haired woman in an old shawl, staggering in at the back. Then I went out and left Charlie alone with his terrible load of misery.

Sympathy is an awful turn-out.

A few days later, as I passed the house, I saw a white-capped nurse pass one of the uncurtained windows, and before a week, a long black crepe was hanging on the door. Charlie's mother had at last escaped from her inherited curse.

After her death he left the city, and took again his own and his father's name.

Before going, he came to say goodbye to me, and I promised—well never mind what I promised, for that was over a year ago. He has written to me regularly since his departure and in a few days I expect to see him again.

For I am going to marry Charlie, and my children will bear the old, honored name—the name that was so nearly dragged in the dust by a weak and unfortunate woman.

Good Tip

"Everything all right, sir?" asked the waiter.

The diner nodded, but still the waiter hovered near.

"Steak cooked to suit you, sir?" he asked again, presently.

Again the diner nodded.

"Potatoes the way you like 'em, sir?"

"Yes."

Another period of silence.

"I hope the service is satisfactory, sir?"

"Are you asking for a tip?" demanded the diner.

"Well, sir, of course we get the tips sometimes, and I've got to go to the kitchen for another party, so"

"So you'd like the tip, now, to be sure of it? Well, I'll give you one."

"Yes, sir."

"Here is the tip; I have a powerful voice that I am capable of using. If anything is wrong, I'll let out a roar. If you do not hear from me, you can know that I am dining in peace and comfort and not in the least regretting your absence, for it's no fun to have to pass verbal judgment on every mouthful I eat."

"But the tip?"

"That's the tip, and a mighty good one it is, too."—Boston Post.

The Joy of Being Fifty

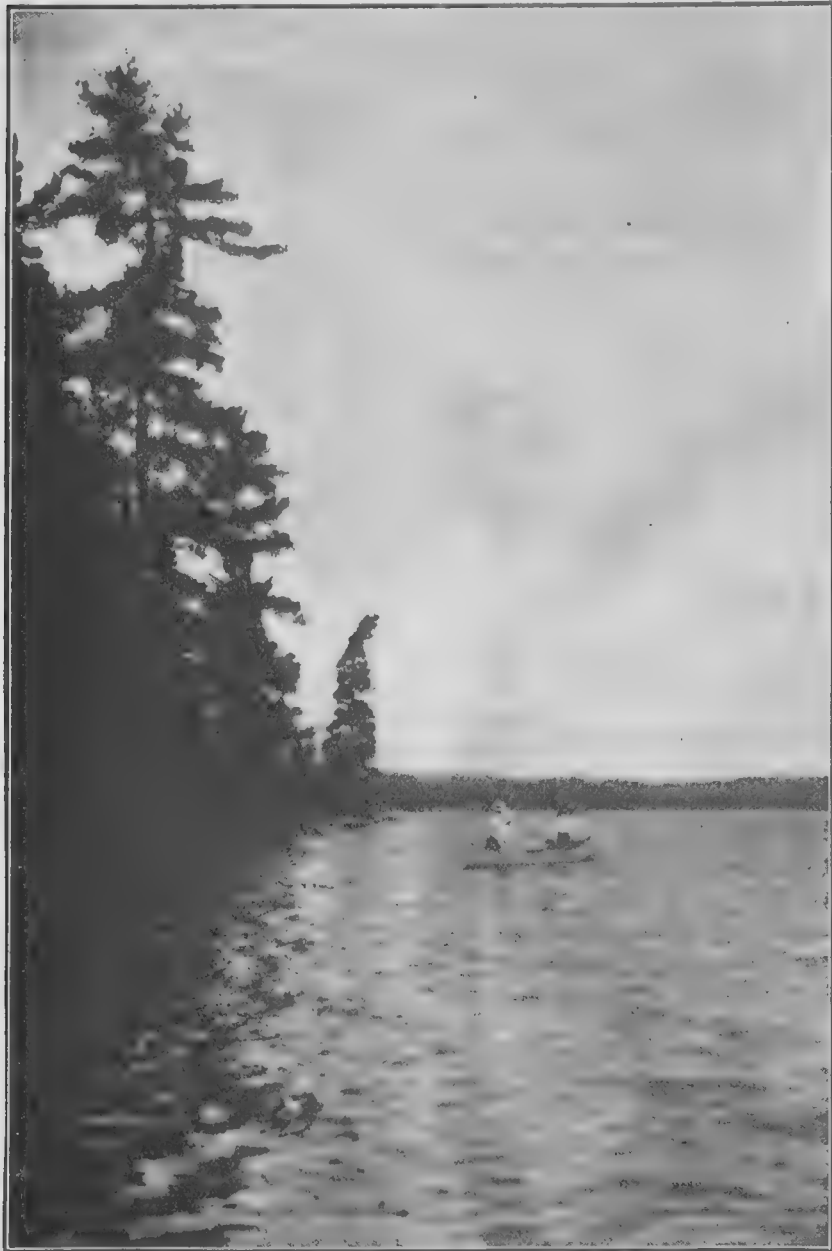
By Elizabeth M. Gilmer.

The most mischievous popular doctrine of the day is the cult of youth to which women give themselves, body and soul. To try to look girlish and to attempt to deceive people into thinking that they possess a few less years than they do, has become more than a fad with them. It is a religion on whose altars they offer up their pleasures, their comforts, their health, and even their lives.

Everywhere we see women growing old before their time by trying to keep young, for the pursuit of youth is a strenuous undertaking, made up of bitter self-sacrifices and hard work and a mental concentration on one subject that is bound to tell on even the most robust physique. Unfortunately, the constitu-

and friends. She goes to banquets where her mouth waters for the rich foods and yet she sits up and heroically nibbles along on a bit of zwieback and a mess of loathsome spinach that are guaranteed not to be fattening. For fit is synonymous with age.

Nor does starvation end the agonies that are endured by these pilgrims to the sacred font of youth. The miseries they undergo in the form of exercises no tongue can tell, for the way to the El Dorado when a woman never gets beyond twenty-five years old, and can wear a one-piece lingerie gown without looking as if she needed to have a public guardian appointed for her, is a hard one to travel.



Looking towards McIntosh from Pine Point, East of Winnipeg.

tions of few women have been built strong enough to withstand the labor entailed by attaining perpetual juvenility and so, everywhere, we are called on to mourn the ravages that the worship of youth has made on its devotees.

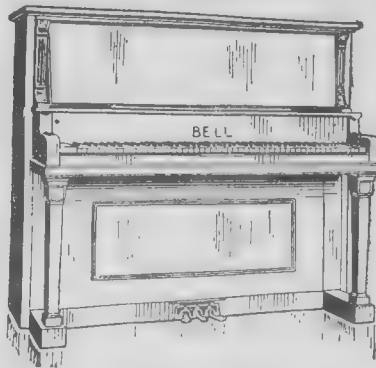
When you observe a woman with a haggard face and a lean and hungry look, and a pained expression, or when you note, with pity, that one walks as if she had some malformation of the hip joint, think not that the hand of affliction has been laid heavily upon her and that she is the victim of some fell mental or physical malady. She is merely trying to keep young. She is reducing. She is encased in a straight-front instrument of torture. She has become a monomaniac obsessed by one idea, the idea of trying to look in the early thirties instead of the late forties.

Weep for her, for her sufferings are great. Her table groans with food and yet in the midst of plenty she is enduring all the pangs of starvation. She prepares delicious dinners for her family

It is the Via Crucis; but women tread it without a murmur. If you could peep into the bedroom of nine-tenths of the fat, grizzle-haired, middle-aged women you know, you would behold them, with the light of a heroic endeavor and cold cream on their countenances, painfully and pantingly, with suffering untold, doing their exercises to keep young just as feligiously as they say their prayers.

Why any woman who has arrived at the age of discretion should see her ideal in a bread-and-butter miss and undertake to understudy her, is one of the mysteries of femininity that nobody can fathom. There is really nobody on earth who is more of a bore than a properly brought up young girl. You can amuse yourself with her for half an hour, watching her little tricks as you would dangle a ball before a sprightly puppy, but after that, heaven help those who must endure her society! Sweet sixteen has no conversation, no knowledge of the world, no background—nothing but hard, tasteless, flavorless youth.

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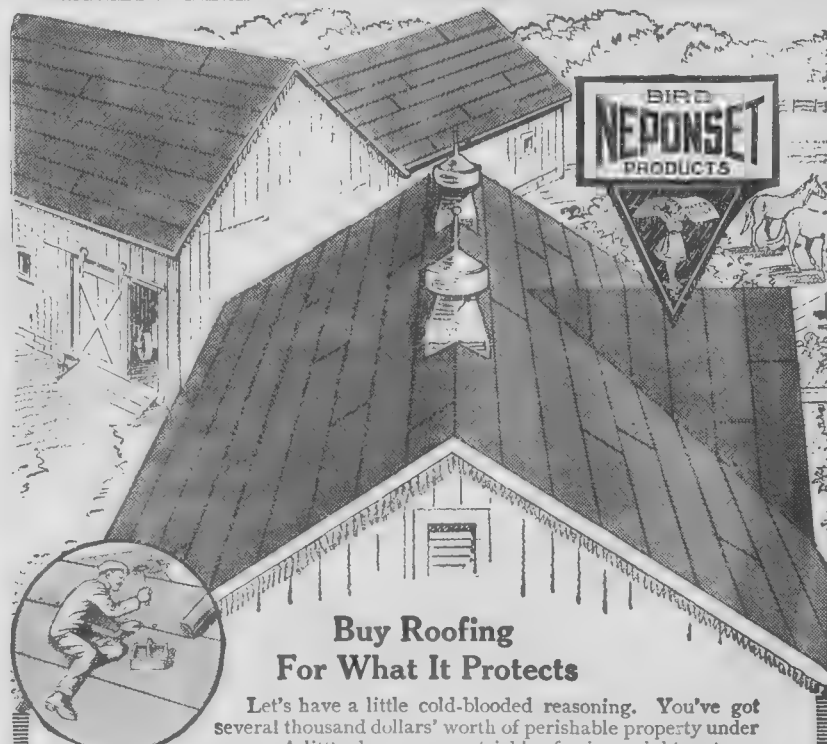
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Still, the fact remains that woman regards youth as her trump card in the gamble of life and the one thing that she stakes all of her chances of winning upon. That is why the coming of her first gray hair is of a tragedy to her and every inch that is added to her belt measure is bedewed with her tears.

Now, there are two pathetic things about this frantic struggle that women make to keep young. The first is that it can't be done. The second is that in trying to appear young, when she is no longer youthful, a woman misses the joy of youth that she cannot bring back, and the peace and happiness of age that she refuses to accept. She literally falls between the stools.

The more fool she, for middle age is the golden period of a woman's life, if only she has intelligence enough to know it. Not youth nor beauty is so much to be envied as the state of the woman who has emacipated herself from the fear of age and who is frankly, honestly and unashamedly fifty years old and wants everybody to know it.

It is a time of privileges, of surcease from struggling, of freedom; a time when one's age justifies one in doing all those things she wants to do and excuses her from not doing the things she doesn't want to do. It is a time to be wished for, longed for, bragged about, instead of being dodged and lied about for twenty years; and way women do not

hug the blessing of being fifty to their souls instead of making a piteous effort to stay thirty-five, passes comprehension.

Just as a mere illustration of the joys it offers, take the matter of physical comfort; for we are so material that we can never be really happy until all is well with our bodies. The woman of fifty, if she is wise, passes into a state of physical ease that no younger woman ever knows, for she can please herself about her clothes, instead of trying to please some man, which is the chief end of woman up to the time that she abandons the idea of masculine conquest.

In spite of all the legends about Ninon de Lenclos and other aged charmers of the past, we all know that no woman is really a fascinator after forty, and no woman of fifty sets men staring, unless it is because she makes herself a figure of fun with her pads and her paint, her dyed hair and her straight-front. Wherefore, then, should the middle-aged woman torture herself by the vain endeavor to do the things that in her soul she knows to be impossible? Women dress to attract men—and no man ever gives a second look at the appearance of a woman of fifty.

The logic of the situation is irresistible. Be comfortable. Take off the things that crib, cabin, and confine. Let out your stays and get a good free breath once more. Come down off the stilted-

heeled shoes that are the modern incarnation of the rack. Eschew the torturing straight front that makes a fat lady of fifty feel as if she had been squeezed into a cast-iron stove. Eat as much as you like, and oh—blessed thought—what you like, once more.

To many hundreds of thousands of suffering middle-aged women it would be a heaven on earth just to have another square meal and to wear a gown that didn't choke the very life out of them—and shoes that didn't make every step an agony. The key to this paradise is in their own hands. They've only to accept their age and to realize that no living man knows, or cares, whether they are twenty-four inches in the waist or thirty-six whether they wear a two and a half A, or a five E, shoe.

Furthermore, the husband hunt is over for a woman of fifty. She has either got one or isn't going to get one and, at any rate, she has got to have some other bait than her looks to succeed as a fisher of men, so she might as well take the comforts to which her age entitles her.

Then, no woman really comes into freedom until she is frankly middle-aged. We must preserve the proprieties and affect the ignorance and innocence of girlhood and continue to blush, as long as we pretend to be sixteen.

It is only after we pitch our "bloom of youth" jar out of the window and let our Titian locks go back to their natural grizzled state, that we can admit to understanding problem plays and novels and travel from one end of the world to the other unchaperoned by anything but our faces. Also, and best of all, being frankly fifty enables us to indulge in that choicest of all mundane pleasures, friendship with a congenial and understanding man, who dares to be as charming as he can because he doesn't suspect us of trying to marry him.

Nor will the woman who is experiencing the joy of fifty lack for friends, male and female, for she is at her best socially. She is worth talking to and listening to, for she is like Lady Kew's daughter, whom Thackeray describes as being forty years old, and having heard all there is to tell. Can't you see her, fat and comfortable, shrewd and worldly, humorous and entertaining, and all because she accepts her age and makes the most of it?

The only way for any middle-aged woman to get the cakes and ale that are her due at her fiftieth birthday party is for her to welcome her age and not foolishly try to bar the door against it. This is particularly true of married women, and there is no other sight in the world so humorous and so pathetic as that of elderly wives torturing themselves trying to keep young, hoping thereby to retain their husbands' love.

Why cannot these poor, silly geese realize that by the time a man has been married to a woman for thirty years he either loves her for something a thousandfold better than a peaches and cream complexion and a lissome form, or else he doesn't love her at all? If a man's affection is a matter of his wife's possessing mere physical beauty, no living woman of fifty can hold a candle to the least pulchritudinous girl in the back row of the chorus and she might as well save herself the wear and tear on her constitution by trying to rival the natural beauty of youth with the handmade beauty of age.

An inch more or less, up or down, or crossways, in his wife's waist-line will not raise, nor lower, the temperature of a middle-aged business man's love one single degree. And if a man doesn't love his wife when they come to middle age, she can no more kindle the flame of affection in his breast with any imitation of youth than she can make a fire out of snow on a cake of ice.

It is one of the blessed immunities of fifty, though, that one's heart has gotten over the brittleness of youth and has become a tough proposition that will stand as many kicks as a football. In youth, love makes up the sum of a woman's existence; but by the time she has reached middle age she has discovered that there are a great many other things in the world beside sentiment, and that one can live and have a very good time even if one is not terribly understood and has missed her real soul mate.

Seam-in-front stockings would seem absurd! Then why any seam

You have kept on wearing stockings with a seam up the back—shapeless, uncomfortable things! because you probably didn't realize the perfection reached by **Pen-Angle Seamless Full-Fashioned Hosiery**. These are hose *without the sign of a seam*—look for the sign of the trademark. As they are being knit they are shaped lastingly to the curves of the foot and leg. *They fit*—they wear better—and the utter absence of any seam at all makes them ever so much more comfortable. No difference in cost—but much in quality, in economy and in comfort when you buy

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for the hosiery with the trade-
mark that insures you foot-ease.



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The young wife tears her hair, and calls on heaven to witness that she is the most miserable of her sex, because her husband fails to come to her ideal of what a romantic hero and a demigod should be. The woman of fifty has laid her regrets for what might have been, away in lavender; and while she admits to herself that possibly her husband is not all that she could wish, she settles herself back comfortably in her limousine and reflects on the value of the law of compensation.

Emotionally middle age is the millennium of life for a woman, because she has lost the poignancy of youth and has not yet come to the deadening of the sensibilities by age. It is the time of philosophical enjoyment if only she could make up her mind to skim the cream of to-day instead of crying over the spilt milk of yesterday.

It is a thousand pities that women do not appreciate this truism. Nobody can be happy and peaceful and contented when living the double life and trying to act as kittenish while their poor old bones ache with rheumatism. Undoubtedly the chief cause of the nervousness and irritability that is so characteristic of the present day woman is mainly attributable to her determination to be young, though old.

The real panacea for almost every ill under which the feminine sex groans, is simply to let out its corset strings, cut an inch off of its shoe heels, go back to regular meals and restore the entry in the family Bible that says that Julia Maria was born on the 25th of March, 1862, instead of on the 25th day of March, 1882, as she has been in the habit of asserting.

Age is a woman's enemy only when she fights it. It becomes her best friend when she receives it with open arms; and for a woman to be admittedly middle-aged is for her to pass into a place full of emoluments and privileges. It brings to her comfort and happiness and a peace that passes all understanding. If women only knew it, it is the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, and there is only one thing that prevents them from entering into their heritage. And that is that no woman has ever yet been found who is fifty years old.

My Heart Is Sae Tender

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by S. Jean Walker, Sault Ste Marie,
Ont.

My heart is sae tender, sae tender the
nicht.

For I'm thinkin' an' longin' for you,
Sae long we've been paid wi' drear
miles between.

But I feel, aye I know, you'll be
true.

Do ye min' the brae word I left in yir
care,

Just "Mizpah," the Lord watch be-
tween;

He'll shelter us baith wi' His wonderful
love.

An' keep our hearts leal, that I
ween.

The Lord watch between us this bless-
ing I plead

That He'll guard thee an' keep thee,
for when

At morn an' at nicht I pit up a bit
prayer,

Yir in : my dear do ye ken.

My thoughts are sae tender, sae tender
the nicht.

An' each heart beat is loyal and
true,

Tho' distance divides us our spirits may
meet,

Gude nicht dear, I'm thinking o'
you.

My nephew, 6 years old, received from
Santa Claus three pistols, a sword, and
belt. Christmas morning he put on his
belt and thrust his three guns and
sword into it. Going pompously into
the room where his mother was, he said,
"Mamma, do I look like peace on
earth?"

Education in Quebec

Written for the Western Home Monthly by William Lutton.

Mr. Langlois, M.L.A., who is not
afraid of the sound of his own voice, said
recently that it was about time the
Province of Quebec ceased to shout on
St. Jean Baptiste Day that it was the
foremost province in Confederation, and
that the French people were the best
in the world.

"The fact is," said Mr. Langlois, "we
are away behind the other provinces. We
are behind Ontario in the matter of
education. While that province spends
\$10,000,000 on education, we barely spend
\$1,000,000. We are behind in railways,
for, while that province has over 8,000
miles of tracks, we have only 3,000; and
a handful of English in Quebec—say,
300,000 all told—control all the great
enterprises, all the shipping, the com-
merce, the industry, the railways, the
finance. It is time we should look the
facts in the face."

Mr. Langlois knows whereof he speaks;
but it may be interesting to glance at
the progress which has been made of
recent years in one important depart-
ment in Quebec—that of education. Su-
perior education in the province of
Quebec was always of a high standard.

It comprised the classical courses. It
was literary and scholarly, or what many
would call "scholastic." It accorded,
too, in this regard, with the French
genius. Senator Casgrain recently said
to a writer: "We will let you have the
commercial education. That is your
temperament. You can have the busi-
ness. We are not business people. We
will have the literary education, which
we prefer. That is not to say that we
despise business, but the French are liter-
ary in their tendency and will remain so.
They are not practical. They can dis-
cuss books in company. Your people
can discuss the dollar and discuss it well,
and make it with confidence."

The higher education comprises a
course which is complete in eight years.
It was and is carried on by the church,
which employs distinguished clerical and
other teachers. It has been, here and
there, asserted that the superior educa-
tion turns out scholars who are never-
theless unfitted for the rough and ready
work of the world. One may be able
to read the classics in the original tongue,
but does that aid in the material de-
velopment of the country?

Have You a Tendency to Catch Cold?

WEAR JAEGER UNDERWEAR

People with weak lungs who have
tendencies to colds run great risks in
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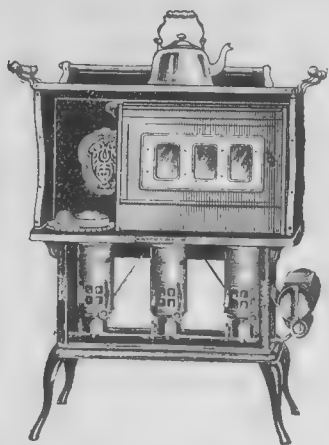
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The setting up by the government of Sir Lomer Gouin of the two great technical schools at Montreal and Quebec respectively, was the answer to this complaint—that the superior education of the province, while it turned out the literary person, neglected the practical considerations which must bulk in a new community in the making.

The elementary education, both Catholic and Protestant, had been for years in a backward state. There are probably some 10,000 elementary schools scattered throughout the province. These are administered by two educational committees which are called collectively, “the Council of Public Instruction.” There is the Catholic committee with the bishops of the provinces as ex-officio members; there is the Protestant committee, which is composed of lay and clerical members nominated by the government. The two committees are supposed to meet together as one body when any large question affecting education as a whole comes up. As a matter of practice, such meetings rarely take place. Each committee attends to the work of the denomination to which it is especially addressed.

The people in the rural parts took but little interest in the education of their children. They objected to be taxed for the maintenance of the schools. The committee had no money of its own to disburse; and fifteen years ago the vote for education was painfully negligible—not more than \$150,000 per annum—that is, exclusive of the local rates paid by the people.

not be allowed to remain hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The province showed, some twenty years ago, over 68 per cent of illiteracy. To-day a great amount of leeway has been recovered. The salaries of the teachers have been improved, although nothing like what they should be. There are still a large but lessening number of young women teachers, getting from \$150 to \$200 per annum; but this scale will shortly disappear.

The technical schools are being availed of by the French-Canadian youth in large numbers. The superior education did not touch the life of the common people. That was its weakness. The age was a commercial and industrial one; the leaders of the people saw how woefully behind the young Canadians were in all that appertained to industrial pursuits.

The educated young man could be eloquent as alderman, or lawyer or member of parliament; but the bulk of the people had no part in the commercial or industrial life of the Dominion.

It will be the office of the technical schools to remove the disability. It has been said that the French-Canadian is a born politician, and it is the case that large numbers have the belief that their living is to be made from the government. There is to be a nice government job—a judgeship, a higher clerkship, at smallest; but something, at any rate, which will be sure and comfortable.

But the wonderful expansion of industrialism in the province has at last shown the majority the necessity for identifying



The Trail of the lonesome pine en route to Pyramid Lake.

Hundreds, aye, thousands, of young girls were taught without certificates. They received between \$70 and \$90 per annum. It was pitiful. The schools languished; the teachers had not themselves been taught; the total attendance in many instances would not exceed a dozen. The distances were great; the roads were impassable in the winter time. A spirit of hopelessness prevailed.

The advent of Mr. Marchand on the scene was like a fresh breath in a faded atmosphere. He was an ardent patriot; he became Prime Minister, and in this position he had a large scheme of educational development in his mind. He meant, for one thing, to appoint a minister of education as Ontario had done. This, he thought, a first and necessary step in the modernizing of the elementary education of the province. He found that he was going too fast. He was obliged to abandon his project. Certain authorities were against the measure. At smallest, he increased the vote to education, making it something like \$300,000 per annum.

This gave an impetus. Succeeding governments have followed in his footsteps; but it remained for Sir Lomer Gouin to inaugurate a modern educational system. He increased the grant to nearly \$1,250,000. He improved the schools; he carried a measure for the uniformity of text books; and he created the two big technical schools, each of which has cost a million dollars.

To add to this, he built the big school in Montreal for higher studies. He has said many times that his people must

h themselves with the activities of the community. There are not enough government jobs to go around. While the system has been inimical to the doings of things, and friendly to the thinking of things, the change is already most marked. The young people in hundreds flock to the technical schools day and night. There is the greatest eagerness evinced to learn the use of the eye and hand and tool in the fashioning of form and body and mould.

The opening of agricultural colleges all over the province is also a movement full of hope. Agriculture has been backward in Quebec. It was a tradition rather than a science; antique rather than earnest intelligence. These new colleges will have a double effect; they will make the soil more productive and profitable, and they will tend, by enlarging the mind and the viewpoint, to make the young more contented on the land. The two together are mutually complementary.

Ontario spends, all told, some \$12,000,000 on education per annum. Quebec has reached the sum of \$7,000,000, that is, for all purposes. Ontario boasts the best public school system in the world; Quebec is making up leeway at a rapid rate under the direction and inspiration of Sir Lomer Gouin who, though he has not been able, so far, to set the seal of legislation upon his full desire and purpose, has given the modern tendency a splendid start in the better equipment and endowment of the public schools, the increase in salaries and the setting up of technical education for the first time in the history of the province.

Some Adventures While Photographing the Salmon

By Bonnycastle Dale

WE were sitting on the pebbles beside a little mountain fed river in British Columbia. The annual "run" of the salmon had begun, and we were hopeful of obtaining a fairly complete set of pictures of the life of this so-called salmon. The shades of evening were drawing down, and all the fish along the banks showed black against the mighty red rocks that formed the mountain side. We were interested in the actions of a wee native lad. He had been spearing the speedy running salmon with all the ardor of a savage. We watched him through the glasses crouched over his spear, then, springing erect he would dart it into a big fish, turn, and struggle shorewards, the flopping, splashing thing at the end of the pole almost dragging him backwards or upsetting him. Once the big salmon was landed on the pebbles, he performed an unholy war dance, and fell upon it and beat it savagely with his killing stick, shouting and yelling all the while like one possessed—suddenly, in the midst of one of these paroxysms, when the full sweep of his ancient barbaric race had control, we saw him become rigid, lay the killing stick on the pebbles and begin to walk slowly backwards towards the high level bank. No sooner did the tall ferns partly conceal him than off he darted along the trail at full speed, up the cliff path he sped and entered the little native house that crowned the eminence. We had hardly ceased to wonder what caused the ten-year-old lad to flee so swiftly when we saw his dark figure passing again along the hill top and down the trail, through the ferns, across the pebbles. Here he fell on his knees, and, raising what we now saw was a rifle fired, "Bang," "bang," "bang," sang the weapon. We instantly "coo-ee-d" in case a vagrant bullet might come our way. The youngster waved his hand, and we splashed on down to him. With his big Oriental eyes flashing—for his people originally came across from Asia—he told us that he had hit a bear he saw salmon feeding, and his brother and he would get the body in the morning. Sure enough they did, as, when we returned to our work the next day it had been carried across the river, and the skin and head removed.

When we arrived on the little meadow beside the river next morning, where we cooked our frugal breakfast the time was running out. All the myriad gulls of yesterday still dozed beside far-off barrier ridges—lulled by the surf. Just the faintest sign of dawn was in the air. The rime of the November night glistened like diamonds on the ferns and firs. Nature is very silent at this solemn moment of the new day's birth. Suddenly, as if the herald had called, a golden eagle whistled shrilly, the kingfishers darted out of their roosting places, the cock pheasants crowed rascally, squadrons of funeral black crows wheeled into view, the myriad salmon in the rivers started leaping, the first of the great gull flight arrived, and lo! the day was fully born.

There were yet some hours before the light of the sun would shine directly into this mere niche in the eternal hills, so we took time exposures of the bear-skin and head, and also of the wee hunter. Now the tide paused in its "run out," and soon started to "flood." The fish crowded pools felt the influence and, as if at a given signal, all the spawning hosts started to swim upwards. The riffles were so shallow that many of the salmon actually squirmed across the dry points of the bars on their stomachs, wearing off the fins and scales; many of the fish were sadly mutilated already. We saw some that had not a single atom of skin or flesh or muscle left on the fins—these stuck out like the ribs of a fan, some were totally blind, yet they urged their way upwards towards the further spawning pools. Some of the fish had worn large holes through scales and skin and flesh.

others were quite freshly run from the sea, sprightly, swiftly swimming fish these. Some, among the countless thousands that were forcing their way up to this four-mile-long-and-one-hundred-yards stream to fulfil the decree

spawning and death—a decree enacted on some half billion salmon yearly on the Pacific Coast, had already succumbed to the weakness engendered by starvation, for none of these fish feed after they leave the sea, even though they urge their way two thousand miles upstream from the ocean. These weakened fish, half spawned, were drifting, tail first, towards the sea, ever fighting to keep their poor blinded eyes and deformed mouths pointed towards that land of promise they would never see—the upper spawning grounds.



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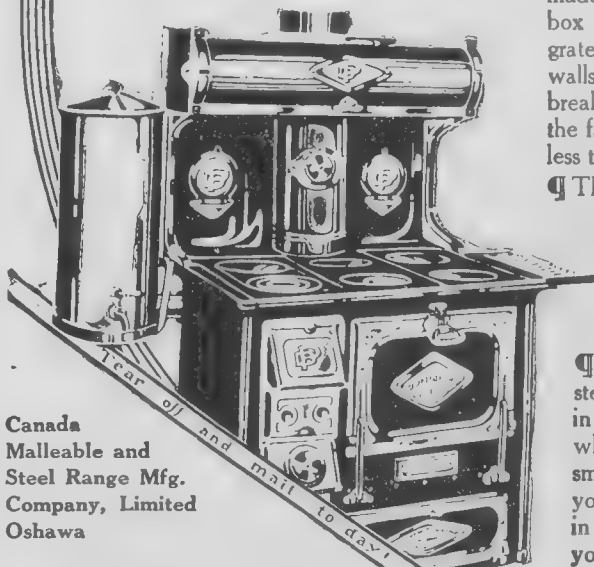
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At last "The Sun" cries Fritz, and cameras are made ready and hopes run high, for a truly wonderful "run" is on. At this moment our Gordon setter Daisy appears on the opposite side of

There was one special spot, at the head of a little rapid, where a perfect vortex of fish struggled. So thick was this churning mass, so awful the mutilation of their fins, that Fritz was act-



the river. Into the stream she plunges, swims bravely enough as long as the salmon avoid her, but the moment the crowded fish must perforce return to her side of the pools she turns tail amid the splashing leaping host and seeks refuge on the far bank. It took a lot of calling and coaxing to get her to brave the crowded channel, and as she did so she kept looking appealingly at us as if to say—whatever is there squirming, nasty things anyway? She was a thoroughly frightened setter when she crept up to us out of the agitated water.

Now, donning waders, we entered the river to picture the "run." Three times Fritz essayed to cross without wetting the camera, and three times the splashing, frightened hosts of salmon made him funk it. At last, by holding the camera well above his head, and by keeping his legs well apart, so that the downward rush of the alarmed fish would not throw him off his balance, he managed to do the few yards of swift water. Now ensued hours of intense delight to those that love the camera. We were literally surrounded, encompassed, by salmon. In some of the lower pools, where the weaker fish had drifted, a thousand gulls fed and squealed and flapped. It was laughable to hear the alarm cry of the glaucous winged hosts as we entered new pools, as nearly as birds may call they cried for help, "Look here" "look here" The greedy things were gorged already, so much so that in many cases we simply shoveled them off a shallow water stone with our paddles, and like the mighty ones of ancient Rome, they disgorged and returned to the feast again.

usually afraid to enter, afraid not only that they might throw him off his balance and give him a jolly good wetting, but afraid that any of the spines might wound him, and the dreadful odor that



prevailed above the spawning ground told too well the condition of the water.

We were much interested in two wee bit fishermen. They were the regular native lads—a combination of lack of

fear and sullen curiosity. These same two laddies, fishing in a summer dried stream, had disturbed a panther-felis concolor from his noonday lair by jerking a stone at a rustling spot in the dense cover. Out into the blinding sunshine walked a seven foot ten inch beast (I well know his dimensions, as his hide serves for an ignoble rug). Did these little native boys flee before the mighty dreaded beast of the fakirs that write penny liners for the magazines? No, they simply dropped down, and seized big creek smoothed stones, and pelted the big cowardly cat into the woods again, and my friend Johnny White came along and killed it for them. Now, out of pure deviltry, they were killing and maiming all the salmon they possibly could. They had a long pole with a gaff hook attached by a loop, so that the moment the fish was gaffed the loop, attached to the pole, swung the fish about currentwise and it was thus more readily dragged ashore. For a hundred yards along this brawling stream lay dead salmon, with their heads smashed in by many a blow from stone or killing stick. The stones were all blood splashed, the lads ditto, and it was only when I bought them for the munificent sum of a dime a piece, to be tripod and camera case carriers extraordinary, that they desisted from this horrid sport.

Time after time we were either thrown off our feet by the rush of alarmed fish—one pool will empty into another in startlingly fast time—or by the treacherous footing afforded by the mossy, debris laden stones. Every place where the salmon had or were



spawning the footing was good, as they simply splashed and "tail-whacked" every bit of weed or deposit off the bottom, until they had all the bigger pebbles removed and the smaller ones nicely cleaned for the so-called "nest." Here the female constantly fell over on her side, exuding, with a convulsive motion a single egg, or a few at a time. Above her hovered the male, he in turn exuding a few drops of milt to vitalize the freshly deposited eggs. Some billion and a half are yearly deposited in this stream. The spring floods throw the pebbles over them, the warm sun vivifies them, the young fish, with egg sac attached, hide for a few days, living on the sac. Then they enter the now shallow stream and by the fall, when they are an inch or two long, they seek the estuaries. Thence to unknown feeding grounds in the Pacific, to return after the span of the four allotted years of salmon life to or near the parent stream—and there spawn and die.

Our day's work was over. The doomed host, still struggling ever upwards, splashing and leaping. Before us a mighty male, slabsided and impoverished by weeks of starvation, watched beside his mate, now, alas! nothing of silver beauty—a blind, hook-mouthed, shredded-finned bit of flotsam. As she drifted currentwise he too followed—wondering at the mystery of it all—the four short years of the life of a salmon.

The Question
of Quick
and Easy
Cleaning
Narrows
Down
to
this



Where He Scored

Mrs. Timothy Talker was an ardent upholder of lost causes, and a consequent ardent neglecter of home and Mr. Timothy Talker.

Now she was reading a certain treatise on electricity, and, after perusing it thru, she removed her glasses, and remarked:

"Wonderful, Timothy!"—glancing at her better-half, immersed in his evening paper. "Do you hear? So— we shall be able to get anything by merely touching a button."

"Umph!" grunted her husband. "Wouldn't do here?"

"Why not, I should like to know."

Mrs. Timothy waited to crush her

spouse with the sledge hammer of an incontrovertible argument.

"Because," murmured Timothy, as he slid to the door, "nothing could ever induce you to touch a button! Look at my shirt!"—Answers.

He Moved Quickly

Colonel Popgun was over in Dublin for his holidays, and found himself with only ten minutes to catch the steamer to England. He hastily hailed a "jarvey," and declared he would give him ten shillings if he performed the journey in time.

The jarvey declared he could not do it, albeit his gee was an old war-horse.

"War-horse!" sniffed the colonel. "Here, give me the reins and I'll do it myself."

So saying he jumped on the side of the jaunting-car, and cried "Charge!" When they got to the ship just in time he cried "Halt!"

Next year he happened to be in the same plight, and told the same jarvey to drive him in ten minutes to the quay.

"Charge!" shouted the man with the reins, and off they went at a rattling pace.

But Paddy forgot what to say to stop the animal.

"Jump, yer honor," he cried. "I've forgot the password!"

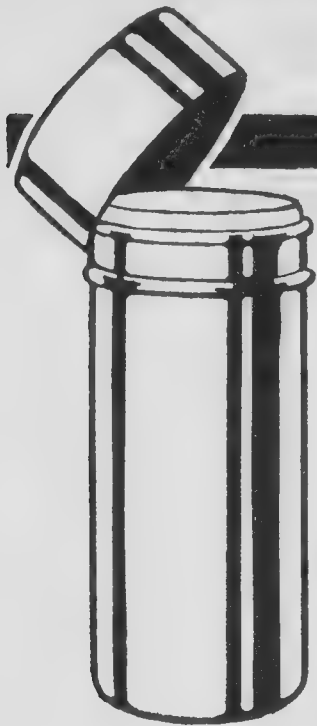
Mothers' "Excuses" to Teachers

Miss Brown: You must stop teach my Lizzie fysical torture she is yet readin' an' figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to jumpin' I kin make her jump. Mrs. Canavowsky.

Dear Teacher: Pleas excu' Fritz for staying home he had der meesells to oblige his father. J. B.

Dear Miss Teacher: Please excuse Rachael for being away those two days her grandmother died to oblige her mother. Mrs. Renski.

Miss —: Frank could not come these three weeks because he had the amonia and information of the vowels. Mrs. Smith.



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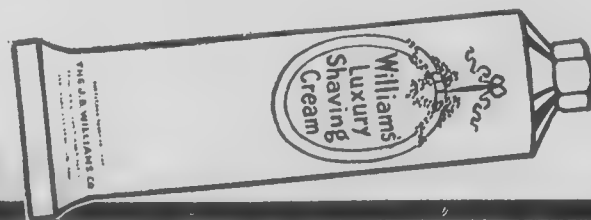
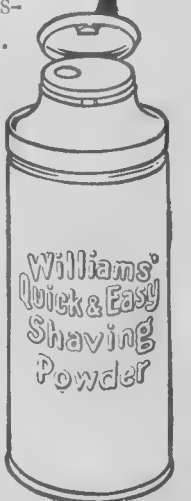
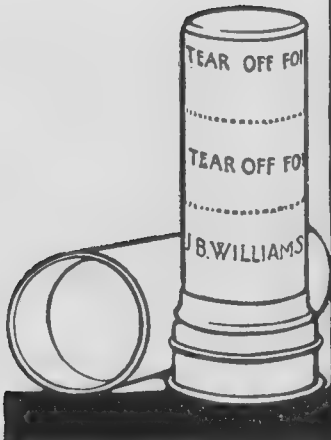
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The London Column

London, England.—It is notorious that the most famous stories in the World's history are never complete. We never have known, and never shall know now, how Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, one of the noblest characters of the Anglo-Saxon Race, really perished, or where he lies buried. We never knew, and never shall, what caused either the Great Fire, or the Great Plague, of London. The sea holds from us for ever the fate of the brave Grenvilles, half-brothers of Sir Walter Raleigh, who passed from our ken in the direction of the North West Passage.

* * * *

Talking of Sir Walter Raleigh, there is another historical tale about this gentleman which most people do not know in all its details. The tale is that Walter Raleigh put his cloak down in a mud puddle for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, so that she should not soil her satin shoes. Additional glory is always popularly supposed to illumine this chivalrous act because Walter was at the time a poor Devonshire squire, without another smart cloak to put on.

* * * *

But the future Sir Walter was a very far seeing man, and would not have dreamed of ruining his only good cloak. The simple truth of the matter is that his cloak was made of sound English Blue Beaver, and the ornamentation was English too, with the result that the whole garment could be—and was—washed through like new.

* * * *

The weaving of cloth is one of the oldest and one of the foremost of English industries, and five hundred years ago, the English weavers were as famous for their scrupulous workmanship and the excellence of their products as they are today.

* * * *

For man's attire the fashionable and the fastidious of the whole World have always looked to the Northern Isles for guidance and the best. Today indeed, they enjoy a greater popularity than ever. And Canada in particular is interested—for a very good reason.

* * * *

That science which professors and learned men term Economics is responsible for many highly curious and surprising phenomena, one of which is, that different countries, alike highly prosperous and with all they want, may yet have vastly different prices for different articles and commodities. How this happens, never mind—sufficient that it is so. Another principle of economics, which really is almost instinctive with everybody, is, all other things being equal, to buy in the cheapest market.

* * * *

Now there is no market in the World so cheap as England for Woollen and Tailored goods, and there is no market so reliable. The conclusion is obvious—buy your clothes in England. Curzon Brothers, Woollen Merchants, Cloth Factors, Canadian and English Tailors, of 60-62, City Road, London, England, have the very pick of this very best market to offer their Canadian clients, and you cannot do better than purchase of them—incidentally at about half local prices. All goods are made to measure and all goods are sold under Guarantee to refund money in the event of dissatisfaction. Send right now to Curzon Brothers, 449 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Distributing Depot only (all orders are guaranteed cut and made in London, England), for new season's super-fine patterns, book of Canadian styles, illustrations and simple self-measure form. Remember the guiding principle of Curzon Brothers' great business is that Guarantee to refund money in the event of your being dissatisfied with your purchase. Head Office—Curzon Brothers Woollen Merchants, Cloth Factors, Made-to-measure Canadian and English Tailors, 60-62, City Road, London, England.

Guarding the Home.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by J. O. Shroyer.

We Canadians are very busy building up homes on the farms of a grand empire. We find a rich soil, and are not worried with the encumbering forests that often beset the earlier settler of the more eastern country. We find a wide horizon around us. Our acquaintances are not limited to the "clearing," as was often the case where dense forests shut out the outer world.

We are yet in the stage when a good, warm house, built even in the plainest of architecture, is considered in good form, but it will not be long until we shall see large commodious homes with all the modern improvements, built upon the great grain farms of Saskatchewan and Alberta, as well as the east.

Most farmers are now busy paying for the land and improvements. Once

in the final establishment of a home. We live in a land where the mixture of races is most unusual. Austrians from south-east Europe, where customs vary greatly from other civilized lands, English from motherland, with most conservative notions and with a regard for cleanliness predominating largely, Scotch, with the staid brusqueness of their native heather, Germans from the land of Emperor William, Danes, Swedish, Russian and American immigrants all land in a cosmopolitan conglomeration, each with the ideals of his own land.

All this mixture is thrown into the hopper of Canadian nationalism, and we are expecting to grind out one of the finest nations the world has ever seen. Did you ever stop to think that there is a very peculiar fact in connection



Mt. Fitzwilliam, Alberta.

these are out of the way, the modern barn and house will come in for attention.

Telephone lines will connect neighbors and towns with our farms and heating plants be established that will make every nook of the home comfortable in the stormiest weather. Then the long darkness of the Canadian winter nights will be illuminated by gas and electric lights, and we shall begin to live in real comfort.

\$500 ought to put in the 'phone, heat and light, and make for comfort, to a wonderful degree. Less than 1,000 bushels of wheat. The 'phone is almost a necessity already, the bigger operations of the farm demand to a larger degree the immediate touch with the merits of trade. If an implement breaks we can order a new piece, a neighbor just passed on the way to town can be headed off in the village by a storekeeper, and bring us back some needed article, the doctor can be called without the long miles of riding; even on a new and unpaid for farm, the owner can afford a 'phone and ought to meet the first efforts to establish it, with most hearty approval.

But there are other things necessary

with Canadian history? We have never had a war worth calling for the name? No great Indian disturbances—nothing whatever, paralleling the United States record of blood and sorrow.

This mixture of the nations of the world, are assembling with a record for peace that has been won by no other country.

Every man and woman seems content to set forward in the establishment of their own home, permitting their neighbor to perform his work in his own way. The slow plodding oxen of the settler on one side of the road, take it as a matter of course to see the swifter walking five or six horse team pulling a gang plow on the other and the horses scarcely lift their eyes as the most modern ten gang steam or gasoline plow throws a wide swath of black at the other end of their own furrows.

Every one is used to these wonderful contrasts, and comment is hardly expressed. Then there is another phase to the home building question. Each family of nations has its own code of morals and manners, and out of all this mixture we are going to construct the

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morals and manners of future Canada. Will we select the best of all and discard the worst, or, at least, the useless?

As we look out across the wide valley in which our home is situated, we can see the homes of a hundred other settlers, in a sense, they are all our neighbors; they will one and all have a force in establishing the coming Canada. In the home of the sturdy Scot, we hear the strains of music, it is set to the songs of the Psalms, and we know that strict discipline and good morals will be asserted; there in the English home we find another degree of worship, and so on down to the home where the only cessation from work is the carousal.

The cities are well supplied with the various phases of intellectual and moral welfare, but the village and country are not so well situated. In fact in most of these places the whole thing has fallen into the hands of those who are somewhat slack.

The dance is given the supremacy over all things besides business. Week after week they meet, and while perhaps there is nothing so very degrading in the form usually followed, there is not a single uplifting feature about it.

Amusement is all right, but there are scores of things that will amuse and at the same time not fail to advance us.

The whiskey bottle seems just a little too much allowable at the dance.

The trouble is that a dancer cannot get interested in any other form of amusement. He will tolerate a program if it is cut short, but the dance is his all. We must have something to strengthen the intellect of the country youth of Canada. He is thrown out of school privileges and the association of educational life. Our schools close during the winter months when the teachers, almost the only element for intellectual uplift, go back to the college or the town and leave the youth outside the school to spend the long dreary months without the encouragement and example they need.

What are we building homes for? The children that live in them, of course.

Canada must provide something more than mere amusement for the winter occupation of the young. We must not forget the spiritual and moral welfare of the men and women who will live in these homes fifteen or twenty years from now.

Sabbath desecration is more wildly committed than you might be willing to admit. This is partly on account of the closing of the churches during the winter season.

The country district that is ten or fifteen miles from town, has no services whatever from October until April or May. The mission has probably kept us supplied with a service more or less regular, through the warm summer months, but then the man who works but slightly if at all disposed to study the deeper problems of spiritual life.

But when winter comes, long, dreary, cold winter, the mission closes, the young citizen is turned loose to do whatsoever his mind dictates.

Consider the outcome of a land where school and church are outlawed or rather outweathered for half of the year.

Can you produce half a man? No, sir, you can not. The other half is so crowded with developing the material, that we entirely forget the best, and consequently the whole year is devoid of energetic work along character building lines.

We transport thousands of transient workmen over the great wheat belt to care for our crops. They come from the city mart as well as the more crowded rural sections of the east. They carry germs of discontent and teach immoral matter to the apt pupils of their few weeks' ministrations.

Among the farm boys of Saskatchewan and Alberta, as well as Manitoba, the wandering slumite is doing his work.

This is probably a thing that we can not prevent. We must have additional labor, and must take what we can secure, but we must beware, we must do what we can to offset this element of discord and corruption. Get busy, you who have the national welfare at heart, you who desire a great and good people to inherit this grand material empire.

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Comfort

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet.

From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee

Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!

And if no precious gums my hands be slow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I

In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth.

To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose songbird seeks the wood for evermore.

Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth.

Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled.

He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

From "Queen's Gardens"

There never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question (the true constant duty of woman) quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the "mission" and of the "rights" of woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of man.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth, that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.

Ruskin.

The Mother Instinct

"Oh, how sorry I am," said a famous woman whom I once interviewed, "to see Teddy bears, instead of dolls, in the hands of little girls. It will retard a child's instinct to her mother and care for something. Give a little girl a doll and she sets to work to sew for it, to care for it, and to furnish a playhouse for it. All this is developing the future mother and good housekeeper in her, and that is what our nation or any other nation must have to succeed—strong efficient mothers who are good cooks and good housekeepers."

Mother's Prayer

By John E. Dolson.

Giver of every perfect good,
O Father who has granted me
The holy joy of motherhood.
Thrilled with high hope I kneel to Thee.

Wisdom and intuition grant
To understand his son of mine
Aright; to see his every want;
To know my work accords with Thine.

Father, I fain would build for him
A body filled with nature's force,
Perfect in contour, poise, and limb,
And healthy through a long life's course.

Lord, help me, make me patient, strong
To guide his untried childish feet
Away from paths of baleful wrong;
To hold his confidence complete.

So that when first he leaves my side,
No habit that my little son
In shame from me would strive to hide,
May sap away the good begun

Help me, O God, to make his worth
All that to-day I hope and plan
The highest, no-lest thing of earth,
That of an honorable man!

A Merited Honor

Many wives deserve, but few receive, such an I.O.U. as that which the grateful humorist Hood gave to his wife in one of his letters (when absent from her side): "I never was anything, dear est, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man since. Lay by that truth in lavender sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. . . Perhaps there is an after thought that whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom may have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence—all that is wifely or womanly—from my pen."

Directing the Child's Efforts

By H. F. Grinstead.

Every day our child is busy the greater part of the time at work or play, learning something new, and using the newly-acquired knowledge for good or otherwise. The things he does, the impressions he gains, are becoming a part of his life. The child likes to imitate his elders, therefore, the way in which we do a thing or direct him, is his guide. He finds far greater interest in what he does if we consider any effort he may make worthy of notice.

"Let your child build mimic bridges,
As his hands move * and fro;
Germs of thought are being planted,
Which in after years will grow.

"Face to face, but never meeting.
Frown the river's ancient walls:
To the far Divine, the Human,
Through the ages faintly calls.

"Banks are fixed but man can join them,
Conquering stubborn space with skill,
And despite Life's contradiction,
Love at last learns God's dear will."

The little child's difficulties are bridged over with the love of mothers and fathers until he can overcome them for himself. The mother, especially, has the power to direct the lives of the little ones about her, and let us seek divine aid to direct them aright; for does not a Father's love bridge difficulties for us?

We can truly aid the child in his efforts only when we know of a truth that it is for a blessed privilege. It is also a duty for which God will give strength and intelligence, if we but seek it. How glad we should be that when a child decides to do a thing, and needs help or advice, he usually comes to mother! Ah! if we could but look ahead and see our children doing well the things that their hands find to do, and know that a part of our time and attention each day had helped to make their lives well worth while!

It is a truly serious thought that we, as parents, must help the child to decide what he is best fitted for, and to help him overcome the difficulties in the way.

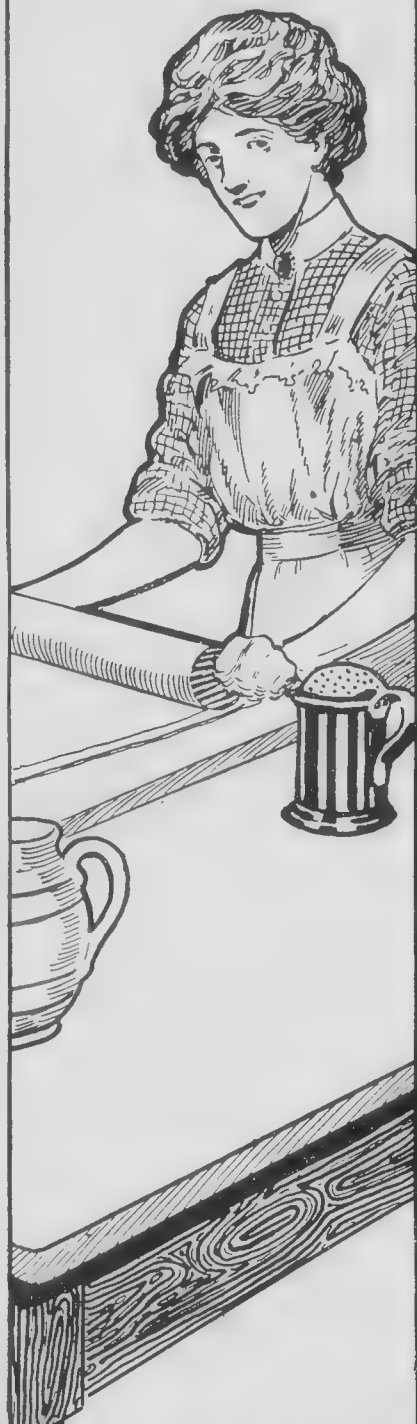
Carrie L. Newman says: "Let the mother, continually feeding at the great source of all truth, all nobleness and beauty, enter into the child's plans, sympathize with all his little fancies and desires; be his bosom friend, seeing as he sees, and feeling as he feels. Then, and then only, can she direct his life into the channels through which God meant it to flow."

The Brief Holiday

Joy is like a bird in flight, which dips in its passing and touches us with its wing. It comes from out of a far coun-

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try, and it tracks its way on high. After that brief hovering it will recover its former altitude, its speed and song. Its throbbing heart passes high over our troubled cities and frozen hills. As we watch that flight of untrammelled wing, we wish that somehow we might capture that blitheness and teach it to dwell among men. Why should it pause but never abide? We would have that joy abide so fixedly that it would become a peace. The holiday season is like that. It stops for a little out of space, draws near our dim earth, and sheds its brightness among men. As swiftly as it came, so swiftly it goes again. And yet each year it draws more close and stays for a longer time; its radiance is revealed to us more clearly, full of grace and truth.

that well-doing in itself is worth far more than the praise it brings, and satisfaction in the boy's improvement and growth should be manifest, rather than pleasure shown in the mere things he does. In its right place, praise will have power to stimulate the boy because it is naturally desired as a reward, and this desire can be developed into the higher one of desiring to be worthy of approval.

But there is Richard, in a neighbor's family just across the way. He is naturally of a distrustful temperament as to his own abilities. He is not hopeful about success. He does not expect to be commended, for he looks for failure in the outset. Praise has a different place in Richard's life. It is an encouragement. Its power, in his case, is in proportion to his need. It lifts him up and

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

AN APPETIZING WAY TO COOK CHICKEN

Cut a large chicken in pieces and put to simmer in 2 qts. of salted water; when the chicken is almost cooked take out the meat and drain, then fry in butter till brown; to the contents of the pot add 1 small onion, cut very small, salt and pepper to taste, and a little flour to thicken, pour this over the chicken in the pan, then split hot baking powder biscuits in two and lay on a platter. Over this pour the chicken and gravy, and serve hot.

HARICOT MUTTON

1 lb. neck of mutton	1 oz. dripping
½ pt. boiling water	1 tablespoonful ketchup
1 onion	1 tablespoonful flour
1 carrot and turnip	1 teaspoonful browning

Pepper and salt

Cut mutton into pieces; brown them in the melted dripping, then remove from saucepan; pour off a little of the fat and brown the prepared and sliced onion in the remainder; return the mutton to the saucepan and add the water. Serve on a hot dish and pour round a sauce made from the flour, ketchup, etc., and the liquid in which the mutton has been cooked. Have the vegetables cut into lengths and cook for 10 minutes in boiling water to which has been added a good pinch of salt. Decorate the mutton with small heaps of these lengths placed around it. The vegetables are sometimes cooked with the mutton, but do not look so well when done so.

BEET SALAD

Cook beets; when cold, chop finely; add a small bunch of celery, chopped finely, to 1 gal. of beets; add 1 cupful or more of vinegar; salt, brown sugar and mustard to taste. If sealed in bottles this will keep for months.

BANANA SALAD

Roll a banana in salad dressing and sprinkle thickly with chopped walnuts. Serve on lettuce leaf and garnish with orange jelly.

The Place and Power of Praise

By Harriette Waters

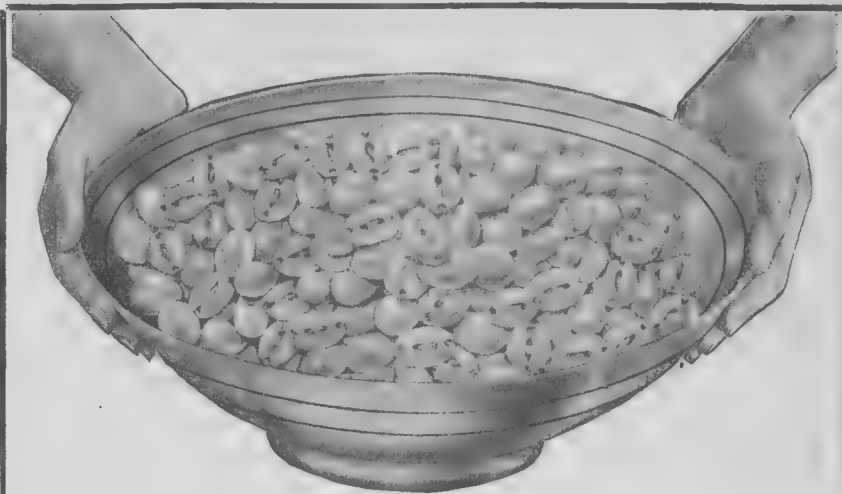
Elmer has a large bump of approbation. He loves to be approved, and to be praised, no less. He really likes to please, but he wishes to be told of it. He has, however, another bump or two. Now, how shall mother turn to the best account Elmer's love of approbation? If she gratifies it unwisely, without proper reason, she will inflate his little vanities to the utmost, and spoil the boy. If she withholds approval and its due expression, she will discourage him. The place of praise, in Elmer's case, is that of a strong incentive and a proper reward. Without exaggerating the value of commendation, mother can build upon this foundation, and lead her boy to understand that praise is sweet only when deserved. It should be deeply impressed

helps him on. Perhaps he really gives like occasion for it. In his reserve, he wards it off, half unconsciously, half defiantly. At least confidence that he intends to do well may be expressed, and praise be given in advance, which will insure it being deserved in the end.

Wedded Musicians

It accords with the fitness of things when great musicians live harmoniously with their life-partners. We like to know that Weber called his home his "sweet nest," that Donizetti and his wife "loved as a pair of lovers."

After Schumann and his wife were married eight or ten years they would sit side by side, and perform piece after piece together, she playing the treble with her right hand, he the bass with



One Man Solved an Age-Old Problem in These Foods

These fascinating foods, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—we don't want to make them too scientific.

Eat them for sheer enjoyment.

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with any fruit. Float in bowls of milk.

Use them like nut-meats in candy-making, or as garnish for ice cream.

These are thin, airy wafers. Each grain is puffed to eight times normal size.

Each has countless cells, surrounded by crisp, toasted walls. And those walls crush, at a touch of the teeth, into almond-flavored granules.

Eat them because wheat or rice in no other form was ever half so delicious.

That's what millions do.

But it's also pleasant to know that, in other ways, these are the most desirable foods men know. So let us briefly tell you the scientific side.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

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The Scientific Side

The age-old problem in cereal foods has been, how to break up the food granules.

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Cooking, baking and toasting broke part of them. And for centuries that had to suffice. But the dream was to break all of them—to make whole-grain wholly digestible.

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He does it by steam explosion—by some 125,000,000 explosions inside every kernel—one for every starch granule.

He does it by applying to the sealed-up grains 550 degrees of heat. Thus the trifle of moisture within each granule is turned to super-heated steam.

Then comes the explosion, and every granule is literally blasted to pieces. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Think of this when you eat them. By no other process can these great cereals be made anywhere near so digestible.

That means you get all the nutrition. And they do not tax the stomach.

For a supper dish—for a bed-time dish—think what it means to have such crisp, brown wafers to serve in bowls of milk.

And the taste is like toasted nuts.

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Entrance to a Clear Water Lake of Red Deer Lake.

his left. Oft n their disengaged arms
were locked round one another's waists.

For many years after her husband's
death Madame Schumann interpreted his
music to the public as only she could.
Before doing so she used to read over
some of the old, old love letters that he
wrote to her during the days of their
courtship, so that, as she said, she might
be "better able to do justice to her inter-
pretation of the spirit of his work."

True Acting

Every woman acts one part in her
life—that of the sort of girl the man
she wants to marry wants to marry.

The First Baby Carriage

"Talk about women's extravagances,"
said the manufacturer, "their love for
jewels and raiment and wine and food,
you can't, for pure reckless determined
extravagance beat the poor woman buy-
ing her first baby carriage. Baby may
have to sleep in a clothes basket, father
may wear boots every day with leaky
soles, mother mayn't have two pairs
of stockings at one time, but wait till
she comes to buy a baby carriage. You
can't show her a cheap one, and she
won't quail at the most expensive in
the shop. When you can get her to

To a Moth

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by D. G. Cuthbert.

Child of the night of summer,
Companion of the star,
With silver-dusty raiment
The lamp too soon will mar.

What highways drenched in moonlight
Have you been journeying o'er,
Which shed their dust upon you
You soft late visitor?

For whose joy were you fashioned
Fair lady of the night?
Dressed as for ball or bridal—
For whose supreme delight?

Are you some maiden's spirit
In whom the warmth and glow
Wake fond, old recollections
And to them you must go?

Have to your form the gladness
Of youth and beauty's grace
Dwindled, as hope will dwindle—
Doth in you end their race?

Are you the object lesson
Of what is human life?
A coming from the darkness,
To gain the light a strife.

Early Hours

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

A girl who wishes to succeed in Can-
ada must adapt herself to her environ-
ment, and be prepared to take the bit-
ter with the sweet. A charming, ener-
getic, capable English, Scotch or Irish
girl will succeed here and will win
friends, but the girl who is looking for
an easy time will fail. A Scotch girl
last month seemed very anxious for a
position as stenographer, and a certain
manager would have employed her, but
when he told her that the office hours
were from 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., the girl
exclaimed: "Oh, I could not possibly
come before nine o'clock." Think of
that girl giving up a good position be-
cause she would have to rise thirty
minutes earlier in the morning!

Then, business men here will begin a
girl at a certain salary, and raise her if
she prove capable. Now this is a
splendid method, because it encourages
a girl to do her work well. But some
girls want to begin at a high salary.
They are not willing to work for a bet-
ter salary. Most of our successful
business men began working with a
low salary, and the possibility of an
advancement was an incentive to them
to do their work well.

The girl who expects too much is
hard to manage. It is useless for any
girl to come to Canada if she is a
failure in the Old Country; the best of
opportunities in the world for an ambi-
tious capable girl are in Canada, but
she must expect to earn her way. A
young English girl with a good educa-
tion back of her course in stenography
has no difficulty in finding a position
here, but the girl who comes without
any experience in any kind of work has
a hard time.

Harvey Roller-Bearing Vacuum Sweeper

immediately and decisively won its way because it is the only real cleaning device of modern age



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the lint, threads, pins, needles and also combs out the nap and makes
the rug or carpet like new. It is the most simple yet practical and
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General Reading

Dying While in Charge of Life

The Men upon whom Public Safety Depends

Two cases of sudden death endangering the safety of a number of people have lately occurred. In one a ship's captain died at the wheel as he was steering his vessel out of dock at Garston, Liverpool, so that the ship crashed into another ship and sank it.

The second case was of a young man who died suddenly while driving a motor-car through Pangbourne. But for the presence of mind of a gentleman in the car, who seized the wheel in time, the car would have dashed, with two people living and one dead, into a river.

The case of the motor-car has brought up again a demand that all men who drive motors should be compelled to pass a medical examination. Drivers of taxicabs, knowing that among them are many men whom no doctor would permit to drive, refuse to agree to this examination, and the lives of the public are endangered simply in order that a number of men may carry on an occupation which they are entirely unfit to follow.

There is one simple precaution with which every motor vehicle should by law be provided. The passengers should have control of the car by mechanism reserved for their use, away from the driver's seat. They need only two things—a plug and handle.

By pulling out the plug they would shut off the supply of electricity to the engine, without which it cannot run. By pulling the handle they would take out the clutch—by means of which power is carried to the road wheels—and at the same time apply a brake which would stop the car. A little tablet bearing directions would tell a passenger what to do.

Some such safety principle is employed upon the tube railways. So long as the driver is well and attentive, he keeps his hand on a control lever. Should he fall ill, or neglect his work by removing his hand from this control, an electric appliance automatically shuts off power and applies the brakes, bringing the train to a standstill. The same life-saving principle might be quite simply applied to a motor-car.

The Festival of the Carts

The making of Sicilian carts is an industry in which many people are employed, and which has been handed down from father to son. Amongst the constructors of these carts there are some who have acquired quite a local fame, and are looked up to as "artistic" in their particular line.

Sicilian carts are tall and very solid, with two large, powerful wheels, well adapted to going over the uneven, stony ground.

The Decoration of the Carts

These carts are designed, made, and decorated by different workmen. The maker is called the "carradore" and he usually has several capable men in his employ. The shapes of the carts, their scheme of decoration, and the subjects to be painted on them, are of the greatest variety, and quite a competition arises yearly in the different workshops as to who will turn out the finest specimen for the Festival of the Carts.

The subjects that are chosen to ornament the carts are legendary, sacred, historical, conventional; the types portrayed are either true to nature or its caricature, but more often the grotesque figures prominently. Subjects, both religious and historical, are frequently jumbled together with utter disregard of period or appropriateness, the one consideration being the achievement of a fine, striking, general effect, which will look gorgeous when put in motion under the rays of the sun.

Some carts, however, are simpler in their conception, and, having one special event or period of national history depicted on them, they are a great con-

trast to those that seem to be the result of a wild imagination to which full scope has been given.

The Sicilian carts are drawn by mules, donkeys, and horses, the harness of which is also more or less richly ornamented, plenty of gilt and copper being used in the costlier ones, while feathers, plumes, and tufts stand erect and waving above the animals' heads.

Formerly, amongst the favorite subjects used to ornament the carts, were the Roman wars the Royalties of France, the Knights of the Round Table, Charlemagne, and other ancient histories, which were replaced in 1860 by topical events, such as the Wars of Italian Independence, with Garibaldi as the prominent and favorite hero. The history of brigands, the events in the chief outlaws' lives, and their conflicts with the police, were also frequently reproduced. The elligies of the various saints and chapters of Holy Scripture have always formed favorite subjects, religion and superstition being linked inseparably together in the minds of the peasantry. When the Abyssinian War broke out, its incidents were reproduced on the carts; now Tripoli, with its palm trees and conquered Arabs and Turks, is a most appealing subject.

The Festival of the Carts: Baptism and Parade

The Sicilian carts have their patron saint—Saint Alfio—and in the village of Trecastagni, which is a few miles from Catania, a great Festival of the Carts is held once a year on Saint Alfio's day, when all the old carts are driven in parade and all the worn and useless ones discarded; whilst the new, freshly painted, and beautiful "young" carts are baptised amidst general rejoicing.

You have to see these carts coming along the white main road, all ablaze with color and light; you have to see the shining harness of the steeds, with their bells and pennants, moving beneath the turquoise blue sky, outlined against the gorgeous vegetation laden with dark-eyed, gaily dressed peasant women, and strong, primitive-looking men; you have to feel the freedom of open spaces, and of lives lived close to nature on the road or in the fields; you have to understand the emotions and imaginings of the children of the South, to picture to yourself Sicilian carts in their typical surroundings; and if you have ever witnessed a Festival of the Carts, with its pompous setting and its innate merriment, you feel you can neither compare it to any other sight nor ever forget it.

How Games Originate

The Ancient Prestige of Games—Their Origin and Early Purpose

In the "Memoirs of Mrs. Delany," a now forgotten book of the eighteenth century, we read that "King George III danced all night and finished with 'Hemp Dressers,' that lasted two hours." "Hemp Dressers" is an old country game now only played by children in some parts of England; yet a king and his court once amused themselves with it for two hours! In Queen Elizabeth's time no frolic or dance was completed without games, and some of the poets of that period have described Diana and her nymphs enjoying the game of "Barley Break," now better known as "How many miles to Babylon?"

The Antiquity of Children's Games

So it was not only children in past centuries who loved a game, but grown-ups too. And it is not an unheard-of thing now for those wanting some amusement to start a game of "Blind-man's Buff," or "Musical Chairs."

Yet it is the children who have always had the prior right to games, and who are as eager and as ready today for a romp as were the little ones of five hundred years ago. The strange part is that most of the games played now were played five hundred and more years ago. When William the Norman landed on English ground, he probably saw a merry party of children enjoying

She's a wonder



is Mrs. Edwards, when she gets going in the kitchen. She pops that home-made Irish soup of hers on the stove to boil, and then sets to work.

Out come all the little bits of cold meat and cold potatoes. Into the stewpan they go. Over them she pours the boiling soup. And in half an hour or so she's turned out a tasty, appetising stew, piping hot and ready to serve; the two-or-three-helpings kind, you know; or you soon will, if you lay in a supply of Edwards' Soup.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

5c. per packet.

S. H. B.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy, post free.

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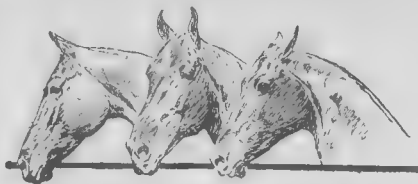
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Spavin Remedy

No better time than while horse is working and sweating—for our treatment; which penetrates both bone and tissue—reaching the cause—and cures without blistering or loss of hair.

OVER 106,000 SATISFIED USERS

A retail druggist in a "live horse town" within 30 minutes ride from New York City, writes: "I am selling three times more Save-the-Horse than any other one Veterinary Remedy; when they want the GOODS that cures they come back for Save-The-Horse."

WHY MEN BUY IT AGAIN

Troy Chemical Co., 148 Van Horn St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed \$5 for another bottle of Save-The-Horse. It is the greatest stuff I ever saw. It certainly does the trick. I thought it might patch him up some, but it has more than patched him. He is as good as ever. At the time I got the bottle, he could not stand on his leg at all, but after the first five days' treatment I put him to work (easy at first), and he has worked every day since, both in carriage and team wagon. He does not show a sign of lameness. It is great stuff. Yours truly,

Barrington, N. S.

HENRY A. WATSON.

Every Minute

Of every day for over seventeen years our advice and treatments have been on the way wherever mails go and horses are.

OUR LATEST DISCOVERIES

Save-The-Horse Book—Is our 17 years' treating over 106,000 horses for Ringbone—Thoropin—Spavin—and ALL Lameness. It is a Mind Settle—Tells How to Test for Spavin—What to do for a Lamé Horse. Covers 58 Forms of Lameness—Illustrated.

This book, sample contract and advice, all free to horse owners and managers only.

SAVE-THE-HORSE is sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

\$5 with a binding contract to refund money or cure any case of BONE AND BOG SPAIN, THOROPIN, RINGBONE (except low), CURB, SPLINT, CAPPED HOCK, WIND, PUFF, SHOE BOIL, INJURED TENDONS AND ALL LAMENESS. No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. Address,

TROY CHEMICAL CO., 148 Van Horn Street, Toronto, Ont.

Also Binghamton, N.Y.

HEAVE REMEDY

Another Success—Another Stride for the Troy Chemical Company. When the claims were made about Save-The-Horse Spavin Remedy the skeptics all said "fool talk," but now this remedy for lameness and enlargements is known and respected in every country where horses are raised. It will prove the same with Save-The-Horse Heave Remedy. We know it is as great a boon to Horse-men and will equal the success now enjoyed by the Spavin Remedy.

IT IS GUARANTEED

Haileybury, Ont., Sept. 20, 1911.

Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:

Gentlemen:—So far as this horse that I treated for the heaves, I will say she does not heave a particle now. Now, I have spent a lot of money on this mare, but never got any relief before; everything seemed to make her worse.



WILTONDALE

BORER CARE FOR AND EDUCATED



"WILTONDALE" STOCK FARM

"Ridges, Sings, Sells, & More"

April 17, 1912.

Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs:—The Heave Remedy I got from you did wonders for my daughter's pony.

Enclosed find check for \$4. Please send me two more packages to Towson, Baltimore County, Md. I want to give one package away and the other to keep on hand.

Yours very truly,

WILTON GREENWAY.

My house is about fifteen rods from the barn, and she has kept me awake many the night coughing. I have got up out of my bed lots of times and went to find her dead after she had been coughing, and my brother begged of me to shoot her and put her out of misery, but I thought so much of her I could not do that.

Now there are lots of people asking me what I am using on this mare. They want to get your address, but there is one more horse I want to get and then I will advertise your medicine. Very truly yours,

MELVIN UBDGROVE.

Cicera, Ind., May 8, 1912.

Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:

Sirs:—After using your Save-The-Horse Heave Remedy my mare has quit her coughing. Before I used it you could hear her cough a square away, and it seemed as if she would choke. Respectfully yours,

GEORGE W. BUCANAN.

Price \$2. Sold Everywhere or Sent by Prepaid Express. This HEAVE REMEDY does not temporarily relieve; it will CURE PERMANENTLY ANY CASE OF GENUINE HEAVES.

If you have a horse with heaves you cannot afford to ignore this. Send at once for this treatment or write us.

Their Origin

In the beginning it is believed these joyous innocent games were savage rites and customs. Marriage by capture, sacrifices to the gods, the laying of ghosts and "pharisees," all have their counterpart in the games our children play today. We all remember that mysterious process, infallibly believed in, which preceded such games as "Hide and Seek" or "I spy"—known as "counting out." "He" or "It" had to be chosen for the responsible part, and such rhymes with absolute fairness arranged the matter for us. One rhyme known to most of us:

One-cry, two-cry, ickery, Ann,
Fillicy, fallacy, Nicholas, John,
Queever, quaver, Irish, Mary,
Stinclum, stancum, buck
O-U-T, out goes he!

is almost identical with the American one, and, except for difference of dialect, is the same as the Romany verse. It may sound gibberish to our ears now. So, too, would the incantation the savage shouts over his sick, or the famous incantation with which "Faust," according to Marlowe, conjured up the god of the nether world. There is little doubt that this and many other rhymes of a similar kind are the remains of charms used for casting lots to find a victim for sacrifice.

Casting Lots

This process of "counting out" varies little in all the countries of the world, savage children and children of the European nations using very much the same words. In Greek and Roman times the soverers employed rhymes not very different from these of our children's games, some of which still retain Latin words that are relics of these people.

The dainty little rhyme:

One, two, buckle my shoe,
Three, four, knock at the door,
Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight,
Nine, ten, a big fat hen,
Eleven, twelve, who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen, maids are courting,
Fifteen, sixteen, maids are kissing,
Seventeen, eighteen, maids are waiting,

Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty!
though not nearly so old as the genuine "counting out" rhymes, has its counterpart in Turkey, Italy, Germany, and Madagascar.

"Oranges and Lemons"

"London Bridge" is the oldest form of the "Oranges and Lemons" type of game, a game in which two players hold up arms to make a bridge, and then sing a long rhyme as the rest of the players, holding coats and skirts, run in and out as fast as they can, each trying not to be "prisoner," always the object of such games. This game is older even than the historic bridge it immortalizes, and is as well-known in other countries as our own. In Italy it is known as "Open the gates," the two capturing players being called St. Peter and St. Paul.

The apparently nonsensical
Here we dance Looby Loo,
Here we dance Looby Light
Here we dance Looby Loo,
All on a summer's morning,

with its actions of "hands in" and "hands out," "feet in" and "feet out," is a relic of the wild antic dancing which preceded every sacrificial or religious celebration in barbarous times.

"I sent a letter to my love," and "I have a little dog, and he won't bite you," are the same games, though the words are different. Both tell of that time when man had to win his bride by some prowess in the field or sport. When won, we can see how very effectually she was his by the refrain that comes in so many games.

Now you're married, you must obey;
You must be true to all you say,
You must be kind, you must be good,
And help your husband chop the wood.
"Blind Man's Buff" is known to the children of every European country, un-

"Kill-Em-Quick"

The Poison That's Guaranteed To Kill Gophers For 1c Per Acre



THERE'S 154 deadly doses of poison in every ounce of Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick. A 75c box contains 13 ounces, or over 2000 death-dealing doses.

For less than one cent per acre you can save fully \$400, since each gopher eats, destroys and stores away about 10c worth of grain every summer, and each pair reproduces 20 to 36 young ones every year.

Why It Is The Most Effective, Cheapest, Best Gopher Poison!

My poison is the result of many years experience as a compounder of medical ingredients, and ten years study of gophers. From actual farm experience I have learned the habits, tastes, haunts, all about gophers.

The sum total of my experience, I offer you in Kill-Em-Quick. You can't compare it with old fashioned—"farm made poison"—can't beat Kill-Em-Quick for price—you can't beat it for quality.

Buy it in boxes from your druggist. It's easy to use. Simply soak grain in water over night, drain the water and mix the grain with Kill-Em-Quick. For instant use soak grain in hot water for 10 minutes, then mix with Kill-Em-Quick. It can't sour or lose its strength. Mix with wheat, oats, oat meal, shorts or cracked corn.

Kill-Em-Quick has a peculiar odor that attracts the gophers. They leave juicy and roots to eat it. And one single dose of Kill-Em-Quick will kill just as sure as they eat it. When a gopher gets Kill-Em-Quick in its mouth he swallows it because the taste is good. They like it and they die in their tracks.

Read what Mr. Andrew Amundson, McClusky, writes: "Your Gopher poison is the best I ever had. It is certainly doing the work." And Mr. P. W. Kinur, Palermo, writes: "Your poison takes the least and goes the farthest." Hundreds of letters like these prove that Kill-Em-Quick is surely doing the work. Get your package today.

Get "Kill-Em-Quick" Now

Kill-Em-Quick comes in sealed boxes. Every box exactly the same—with an individual guarantee that protects you. If Kill-Em-Quick does not kill gophers for less than 1c per acre—I'll have your money returned to you.

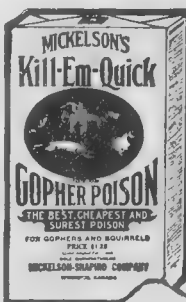
What better proposition could I make? Visit your druggist today, NOW and get your supply. Don't wait another day. The longer you wait the more the gophers rob you.

If your druggist does not have Kill-Em-Quick we will ship direct prepaid, 75c and \$1.25. For special advice or booklet address

ANTON MICKELSON, Pres.

MICKELSON-SHAPIRO CO.

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—This attractive hand leather coin purse—the finest you ever saw. In every box of Kill-Em-Quick there is one coupon. Send two with the one in this advertisement and the purse will be sent you by mail. Get two boxes of Kill-Em-Quick at once. Clip coupon and send all three to us and get the purse free.

Coin Purse Coupon

This coupon and two coupons from packages of Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick, entitle you to one Leather Coin Purse Free. Send no money—just this coupon and two coupons from Kill-Em-Quick packages.

Mickelson-Shapiro Co.

Dept. O. Winnipeg, Can.

der different names. It is "Blind Thief" in Norway, "Blind Hen" in Spain, "Blind Cat" in Italy, and "Blind Cow" in Germany.

"The Jolly Miller"

"The Jolly Miller" is not so well known as many other games, as it is played almost entirely by the children of the northern counties of England. As the words

There was a jolly miller,
And he lived by himself.
When the wheel went round
He made his wealth.
One hand in his pocket
And the other in his bag,
As the wheel went round
He made his grab.

are sung, boys and girls in pairs make a circle, turning as the circumference of the wheel turns to the axle, the "jolly miller" in the centre. At the word "grab" each boy drops his partner's arm, and seizes that of the girl in front. If he is not quick enough, the "miller" takes the girl's arm, and the other has to learn how to make his "grab."

"Poor Mary sits a-weeping" is another courtship game, where "Mary" has unblushingly to "choose the one that she loves best."

An action game (the kind children really love more than any other) is the one known in England as

When I was a young girl, a young girl,
a young girl,
When I was a young girl, how happy
was I.

And this way and that way, and this
way and that way,

Oh, this way went I.

The next verse tells what was done "when I had a sweetheart," then, when "I was married," "had a baby," and "my husband died." All the actions are gone through and the song sung to each. In some forms of the game, when the husband has died, the refrain is still "how happy was I!"

Fives and "Hop Scotch"

But few games are the particular right and privilege of boys, though "Fives" mentioned in Aristophanes 2,000 years ago, is still played in every public school. In the museum at Naples a painted fresco represents a number of goddesses playing this game against a temple wall! "Hop Scotch," now played more in America than England, is known to all the children of Europe, and its religious origin is evident from the name given to the last stage of the game. In England it is "Home," in Italy it is "Paradiso," and in America "Heaven."

Who is to Blame

Sitting in the Juvenile Court to-day, two cases in succession were listened to. They presented practically the same problem. Overworked, tired, ignorant, dull-minded parents. A full-blooded girl, about sixteen, incorrigible, in chronic rebellion against the authority of the parents. Absolutely no sympathy or mutual understanding between them. Two sets of parents, two girls, living in different parts of the city, unknown to each other, but presenting to the court exactly the same complaint, the same difficulty.

"Our daughter will not mind us any more. She gets away as often as she can, and goes with other girls whom we do not know. We try to scold her and punish her, but she will not be guided by us."

The girl in each case says: "My parents won't let me do anything. I have no recreations, no companion. They object to everything I do. I cannot go anywhere like other girls. I have no pleasures. I have to run away if I go."

There you have it? Who is to blame? Let us look into the matter. The parents have to work hard to make a living. The man is up at daylight, eats a hasty breakfast, takes a lunch and is away. He arrives home late in the day tired, stupefied with excessive labor, no mental virility or vivacity. He dozes off to sleep in his chair, or tumbles into bed thoroughly exhausted.

The woman flounders around in the day. The neighborhood is a bad one, miserable hovel which they call home, all squalor and dirt abound on every side.

She washes her dishes, and washes the clothes, does a little outside work for her neighbors, and when night comes, she is in about the same condition as her husband. Complete mental bankruptcy. Neither of them fit for each other's companionship, much less fit for the companionship of their girl.

The girl goes to school. Not dressed as well as the other scholars. Shunned, snubbed, and is obliged to seek poorly-dressed girls like herself for companions. When she goes home she finds groans and complaints, fretting, worrying, scolding about trifles.

She is young. She wants to live. She wants a little taste of that life she gets glimpses of when going to and from school.

She has to choose her own companions. She has no adviser. She has to choose

sympathize with them. Her age makes that impossible. Her view of life, understanding of life, make it impossible. Are either of them to blame?

Of course it is easy to say, "They might do better. They might treat their daughter kindly. She might treat them kindly." It is easy to say that, and easy to see that love for each other would correct the whole difficulty.

But they are not surrounded by conditions calculated to awaken love in any of them. It is a case of grind all day, haggard, perpetual grind. The few shattered sentiments they may be capable of understanding float hazily before their minds. They have never had an opportunity to choose between virtue and vanity, between hopefulness and discouragement. Each day brings all the trouble they are able to cope with.



The Late Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, so well known in Canada in former days through the Red River Expedition of 1870.

those that choose her. The others are not friendly to her.

She knows of picture shows in town, and theatres and concerts, and longs to go to these places. But in order to go she must run away or practice deception of some sort.

Her parents are not acquainted with out any evidence. Over and over again her associates, but condemn them with her parents speak unjustly, untruthfully of her and her companions.

Her spirit is not broken quite, but rebels. The thing has gone on until it has reached a climax. She cannot tolerate her parents any longer. They cannot tolerate her. Hence it is they have brought her to the Juvenile Court to be disposed of by the judge.

Who is to blame? Are the parents? Their poverty compels them to rent a mean house, in a mean locality. Their work exacts of them every ounce of strength and vitality they possess. Their daughter cannot enter into their life or

The girl is entitled to a fuller life. She ought to have an opportunity to see the things and hear the things that society has provided for the instruction and edification of the people. It ought not to be so that she must slink away like a thief in order to occasionally enjoy the recreations so dear to young people. It ought not to be so, but are her parents to blame? Is she to blame? Should the girl be punished? Should the parents be scolded?

It is very plain that this is not a case for punishment, but pity. Not an instance for penal correction.

What is to be done? They cannot solve their own problem. What can society do for them? Had society been able to offer them a proper place to live and a just remuneration for their labor, very likely they would have been happy together. But the continual drag and drudge of their lives have unfitted them for domestic fraternity.

The churches to which these two famil

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"METALLIC" Ceilings are artistic, sanitary and will last as long as the building.

In the kitchen and bathroom they are of particular sanitary value as they can be easily cleaned and are absolutely rust-proof.

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SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family of any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ies loosely adhere, one a Jewish, the other a Catholic church, have not been able to minister to them in such a way as to bring peace into the home.

What is to be done? The Reform School for Girls? Well, that is the least of two evils. But such a remedy does not reach the cause of the difficulty. It is not reform that these girls need, but a chance to live. That is all. It is not censure that the parents deserve, but a chance to live. That is all. Neither of them has had a chance to live. Society has been unable to give them a chance. The church cannot correct the difficulty. The Reform School is the alternative.

This is exactly like giving compound cathartic pills to a man who will not

eat what he ought to, who invites abstipation by bad habits. The pills relieve for the time, but the correction of the bad habits is the only real cure.

The court stands before such cases in the same dilemma that many physicians find themselves. The physician is frequently called to cases where bad habits bring about disorders. The physician is helpless to correct the bad habits. Others do not care. They give a palliative, knowing full well that in a week or so their patient will be as bad as ever and they will be called again. Doubtless there are many thoughtful, sincere physicians who would like to do differently if they could.

So with the court that must judge of

these cases. He is unable to reach the bottom of the difficulty. The palliative of the Girls' Reform School is the only remedy available. So he gives it.

Who is to blame? Shall we blame the parents? Shall we blame the landlord who permits his tenants to live in such poor quarters? Shall we blame the employers who pay such a scant wage? Shall we blame society that permits landlords and employers to do such things? Or are we all to blame, the whole of us? Judge and jury, witness and spectator, complainant and defendant, citizen and official, are we all to blame?

If so, ought not a fellow feeling to take the place of contempt, the genuine heart sorrow instead of incrimination? When we reach this state of mind the

problems of our growing civilization will be much quicker solved, and the frequent injustice of our whole social system will be much clearer understood.

"And There is No God"

Then what of the grand green mountains?
And the sloping valleys?
And trees?
What of the covering skies, and the sunsets; sun-rises?
Ay! what of the skies, and the stars, and the sun, and the moon,
And all things that shimmer and shimmer in the high lake of blue?
What of the clock-like pulsations, and gyrations of Nature?

What of the seasons, their sequence, their birth—out of birth?
What of the germ of the bud, and the bud of the germ?
What of the flowers, and the hues of flowers, and the leaves?
What of the sweep of the seas, and the cascades, and rivers?
And what of the tiny rills, the children of rivers?
What of the essences, scents, and the glows,
And the gleams of the witcheries, aye, of heights and of leas?
What of the dusk and the darkness?
What of the shades?
What of the sedges, and edges of inanimate matter?
What of the quartz, and the stone, and the steel, and the iron?
The gold, and the silver, the copper, and radium?
What of the strata, and veins, and the cross-cuts of earth, and the chasms?
What, too, of animal life?—the lion and tiger.
The laughing hyena, the panther that preys, and the North bear?
Of the load-bearing horse, and the ass that was Christ's steed in Scripture?
What of the beautiful bird-life?—the swan, and the swallow?
The scavenger-sparrow, and web-footed duck, and the heron?

What of the storm-loving osprey, and sea-skimming shag?
And what of the rocks they inhabit, all ribbed thro' and hoar?
What of the thunders and lightnings, and rumblings of sound?
Of the weird-whistling winds, and the sweet-lipped kisses of breezes?
What of the snows and the hails, and the glistening glaciers?
And the rainbow that spanned, and tinted, and sparkled with tears?
Of the everything everywhere every day sees?—
"And there is no God!"

What then of Woman?
What of her figure, her flesh-tints, the crimson and pink?
Her glow and her radiance, her faithfulness nurtured in faith?
Her halo of mind, intuitive instinct, her touch?
Her softness, billowy beauteousness, essence of sweets?
Her tincturing of home-life, and all its divinest conceptions?
Her fostering of childhood, and all the fond smiles of the mother?
Her patience, endurance, charity, sanctified love?

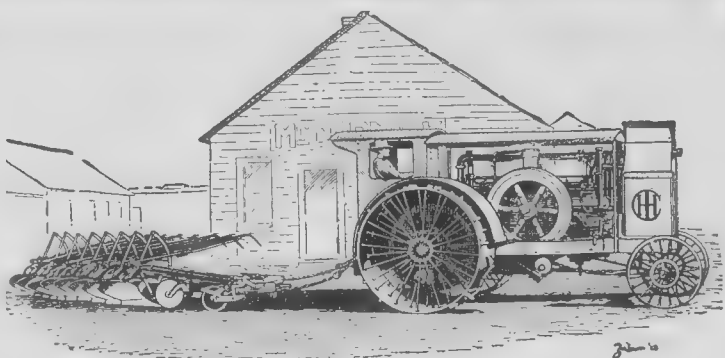
And last, what of Man?
What of his heart beats, his brain throbs, his seeing, his speech?
His sinewy strength, and his grit? What of his hands?
What of his skill in his labors? His learning, his zest?
What of his paintings, his sculptures, his songs, and his music?
His preachings, his teachings,—the thrill and the glow
That ripple him thro' like the eddies that ripple on water?
What of his courage, his daring, his many emotions?
What are these all,
But of GOD?
Prof. E. L. T. Harris-Bickford.

Make Your Work Count

WHEN you start your spring work this season—plowing, harrowing, rolling, seeding, etc.,—you can make your work easier, do it faster and better, and save money besides, by putting an I H C tractor on the job. If your farm is small, buy a small tractor, 12, 15, 20, or perhaps 25-horse power; if large you can use a 25, 30, 45, or 60-horse power machine to advantage. An I H C tractor makes your work count. With it you can plow from two to ten times as much ground in the same time as with a horse plow. You can plow, harrow and roll at the same operation; you can draw two to four drills; at harvest time you can use it to draw the binders. It saves time and money in every operation. Make your work count.

Buy An I H C Oil Tractor

Besides doing the other work at a saving, you can use it also for threshing, hauling grain to market, grinding, road making, irrigating, or any other belt power and draw bar work to which it is adapted. When used for all the work that it will do, the I H C tractor is one of the handiest machines, also one of the most economical, that you can have on your farm.



I H C tractors are made in all styles, and in 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 45, and 60-horse power sizes. They operate on low or high grade fuel oils. I H C general purpose oil and gas engines, which can be used to run any farm machine to which power can be applied, are made in 1 to 50-horse power sizes. These engines furnish the steady power required for use in shop, mill and factory. They operate on gas, gasoline, naphtha, kerosene, distillate, or alcohol.

The I H C local agent will be pleased to give you catalogues of I H C tractors and engines, and to furnish you with full information about the whole line. Or, if you prefer, write the nearest branch house for catalogues and any information desired.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd
WESTERN BRANCH HOUSES
At Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.;
Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.



Put Your Feet in a Pair at Our Risk!

STEEL SHOES

Will Surprise and Delight You With Their Lightness, Neatness and Comfort—Their Almost Unbelievable Durability

We want you to slip your feet into a pair of Steel Shoes—to feel and see and know how much lighter, neater, stronger, more comfortable they are than any other work shoes in existence. Hence we are making this special Free Examination Offer, merely asking a deposit of the price, while you are "sizing up" the shoes. If they fail to convince you immediately you can notify us to send for them at our expense and we will refund your money.

Must Sell Themselves

We ask no favors for Steel Shoes. Compare them with the best all-leather work shoes you can find. Give them the most rigid inspection inside and out. Let them tell their own story. It is no sale unless, of your own accord, you decide that you must have them.

Better Than the Best All-Leather Work Shoes

Steel Shoes are the strongest and easiest working shoes made. There's more good wear in one pair of Steel Shoes than in three to six pairs of the best all-leather work shoes. The leather is waterproof. The Steel Soles are wear-proof and rust-resisting. They are lighter than all leather work shoes. Need no breaking in. Comfortable from the first moment you put them on. Impossible to get out of shape. They keep the feet dry. They retain their flexibility in spite of mud, slush or water. They cure corns and bunions, prevent colds and rheumatism—save doctors' bills and medicines.

Thousands of Farmers Shout Their Praises

The enthusiasm of users knows no bounds. People can say enough for their comfort, economy, lightness and astonishing durability. The introduction of Steel Shoes in a neighborhood always arouses such interest that an avalanche of orders follows. Here is the way Steel Shoes are made: The uppers are made of a superior quality of leather, as waterproof as a duck. The soles and sides are made out of one piece of special light, thin, springy, rust-resisting Steel. Soles and heels are studded with adjustable Steel Rivets, which prevent the bottoms from wearing out. Rivets are easily replaced when partly worn. 50 extra rivets cost only 30 cents and should keep the shoes in good repair for at least two years! No other repairs ever needed! The uppers are tightly joined to the steel by small rivets of rust-resisting metal, so that no water can get between. The soles are lined with soft, springy comfortable Hair Cushions, which absorb perspiration and odors and add to ease of walking.



FREE!

Send for Book, "The Sole of Steel," or order Steel Shoes direct from this ad.

For Men—Sizes 5 to 12, 6, 9, 12 and 16 Inches High

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, extra grade of leather, \$3.50 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$5.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$6.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 16 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$7.00 per pair.

For Boys—Sizes 1 to 4

Boys' Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, \$2.50 per pair.
Boys' Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$3.50 per pair.

N. M. RUTHSTEIN,
The Steel Shoe Man

EDITORIAL NOTE: You are absolutely safe to save time by sending your order direct from this advertisement. Guaranteed money back if not satisfied on this liberal offer. BOOK FREE telling the whole story if you want to wait. Postal gets it.

Overwhelmed by the World-Wide Demand

The success of Steel Shoes is almost startling. Within three years we have established Steel Shoe factories in Racine, Wis.; Toronto, Canada, and Northampton, England. These great factories, running at full capacity, can scarcely keep up with the demand from all over the world. The public is rapidly learning that Steel Shoes are

Good for the Feet! Good for the Health!
Good for the Bank Account!

These shoes are better for the feet, better for the health, better for the pocketbook than heavy work shoes or rubber boots.

You Actually Save
\$5 to \$10 a Year

by wearing Steel Shoes. Figure it out for yourself. One pair will outlast 3 to 6 pairs of ordinary work shoes. They save all repair bills and keep your feet in perfect condition.

Free Examination

And Your Money Back Promptly if It Looks Better Than the Steel! You owe it to yourself to investigate. Get a pair of Steel Shoes for Free Examination by sending the price, which will be returned if you and your own feet are not convinced of their merits.

WHY WAIT? SEND NOW!

No risk! No bother! No obligation! Don't hesitate! Act while this offer is open! Simply state size of shoe you wear, enclose the price and get the shoes for Free Examination. For general field work we strongly recommend our 6-inch high Steel Shoes at \$3.50 per pair or the 9-inch at \$5.00 per pair. For all classes of use requiring high cut shoes our 12 or 16 inch high Steel Shoes are absolutely indispensable.

Dept. 146 Toronto, Canada
United States Factory: Racine, Wisconsin.
Great Britain Factory: Northampton, Eng.

Poultry Column

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

APRIL has come in, so cheerfully with clear skies and warm sunny days, methinks we shall have a favorable season for early chicks, though not to count chicks before they are hatched exactly. I noted a fine percentage of fertile eggs when I disturbed four old biddies to test their eggs on April 9th. Well, if we Manitobans are to save our chicks, when they are hatched from the inroads of those nasty varmints, the rats, we must be up and doing.

Last year they were a nuisance and I predict in 1913 they will have worked their mischievous way throughout Manitoba. There is no freezing them out, I find, under old buildings. As many as 80 to 100 rats have been unearthed in the midst of winter. A good terrier, or even a couple of large cats will do good work amongst them. Poison is effectual but then, the rats will carry crumbs out of their holes and scatter them about the premises, then the finest fowl are liable to be poisoned also, which hardly pays.

I am now using "rat corn," which



good machine, there are several good makes on the market, but I should like to mention a machine, "The Cabinet" which is made here in Winnipeg, built especially for our western climate, which I consider excellent in every particular. I do not believe in buying second-hand machines, as a rule, so few people take decent care of an incubator. A warped up machine of the best make in the world is a poor investment. Of course each maker sends out his directions for running his particular incubator but a few general rules apply to artificial incubation in every case.

Use only good oil in the lamp, a cheap grade of coaloil gives an unsteady flame, chars the wick, besides giving off most injurious fumes. Attend to the lamp at a stated time each day, whilst the eggs are cooling see to the lamp, moisture, etc. It is wise to fill the lamp at night as that is when the strongest flame is required to keep the temperature exact; naturally, a freshly filled lamp gives out more heat.

See the machine is quite level and free from draughts.

Make a hard and fast rule that only one person operates the machine, "too many cooks have baked many a hatch of would-be chicks."

Running an incubator is really a simple task if directions are followed and common sense used. Only a little time



so far seems satisfactory and the makers claim fowls are immune from the poison. There is a preparation on the market also called "Vico" (Parkin Chemical Co.) which seems a splendid thing to drive the rats out of their haunts. This liquid, a powerful disinfectant, is poured into the rat holes and sprayed about the hen houses.

Vico is also a fine vermin exterminator; used as a spray on the fowls and about the coops, lice and mites vanish.

Rats are not content with killing growing chicks, they will sometimes attack hens when setting, cutting their necks almost as a weasel kills his victim.

In the future, vigilance must be the watchword, if farmers are to be freed from this serious pest.

Regarding incubators, first select a



"Manito-lay" Barred Plymouth Rocks

Grand flock of pure bred winter laying utility Rocks, hatched from Pittsfield eggs. Eggs now running 90% fertile (April 4th.)

\$2.00 per 13 10.00 per 100

Special Exhibition Matings—8 pens of the highest exhibition quality obtainable, including all our own Winnipeg prize winners and a number of Boston winners—properly mated. Mating List upon request. Eggs from these pens as they run \$10.00 per 13. Order from this advertisement and avoid delay

FORREST GROVE POULTRY YARDS
P.O. Box 841 M, WINNIFEG

Classified Column

For the benefit of our subscribers and readers who wish to sell, buy, or exchange, we publish this column and hope it will prove of service. The rates are 3c per word per insertion, cash to accompany all orders. Minimum charge 50c

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—25 lovers, birthday, colored view cards 10c, hundred 35c. Also catalogue. Audrey McCreery & Co. Wallaceburg, Ont. 6

MAGIC POCKET TRICK—and illustrated catalogue 6c. stamps. Magic Dept., 12-249 West 35th St., New York. 8

PEDIGREE STRAWBERRY PLANTS—Hardy northern grown, heavy rooted stock. Senator Dunlop, Parsons Beauty, Glen Mary, Clyde Warfield, and other leading varieties. Price \$10.00 per thousand, express charges prepaid, catalogue sent on request. Monrad Wigen, Wynndel, B. C. 5

POULTRY AND EGGS

HATCHING EGGS, from select pens. Barred and Buff Rocks, Columbian Wyandottes \$1.50 to \$3.00 per fifteen. J. J. La Tour, Brighton, Ont. 5

LIGHT BRAHMAS—THE REAL CANADIAN chicken. Eggs from the best laying strain in America. Fifteen eggs \$3, thirty eggs \$5, 100 eggs \$15. Every egg guaranteed fertile. Fred Wimer, Box 199, Canora, Sask. 5

WHITE ORPINGTONS—(Moore and Kellistass Strain) pen headed by imported bird, low down and pure white. Eggs from best pen \$1.50 for 15. Spruce Lawn Poultry Yards. Jacob M. Moyer, Box 47, Campden, Ont. 5

SINGLE COMB BROWN LEGHORNS. Grand laying and Exhibition strains. Eggs \$1.50 per 15. Trio Buff Orpingtons for quick sale. John Fleet, Hanover, Ont. 5

WM. SEARLES, 717-11th ST., NUTANA, SASK. Single Comb Rhode Island Reds, Bantam cochin, Pekin Ducks, layers, prize winners. Eggs of Rhode Islands \$2.00 and \$3.00 per setting. Bantams, \$3.75, ducks \$10.00.

BARRED ROCKS—Eggs for hatching, from pure bred, farm raised birds. \$2.00 per 15, \$3.00 per 30 eggs, \$8.00 per 100. Mrs. M. Vialoux Littlecote, Sturgeon Creek, Man. 6

THE CHAMPION FOWLS OF THE WORLD White Orpingtons—Winter layers, large eggs, grand table birds, purity of plumage, large typical birds. Stock and eggs for sale. Imported White and Colored Yokohams. Will book number of settings. C. Schelter, Ponthill, Ont. 5

DUROC JERSEY HOGS—Booking orders for the great money makers, also hatching eggs from our bred to lay Buff Orpingtons and R. I. Reds. Buffs \$2.00 and Reds \$2.50, per setting of 15. J. and E. Walker, Sunset Stock Farm, Ethelton, Sask. 6

BUTTERCUPS AND BRAHMAS by sailing vessel from China; true blood Brahmas, lay large brown eggs winter, immense size, handsome, tame, two foot fence holds great profit comfort. Buttercups, woman's favorite, large white eggs make best cake. Five other kinds. Write free picture circular. Col. C. Loring, Dedham, Mass., U.S.A. 5

MY ANCONAS AND INDIAN RUNNER DUCKS will lay more, and eat less than any other fowl in Canada, English and American strains, try a setting and be convinced, eggs two and three dollars per fifteen, guaranteed to hatch. Walter Bowron, c-o Sanford Co., Hamilton, Ont. 5

USE THE MAGIC EGG TESTER and select the fertile and best eggs to hatch before incubation. Save the infertile eggs and have more, and better chickens. Over fifty thousand poultrymen are using the Magic Egg Tester, and it will pay you to use one. The price is only \$2.00, and your money back if not just as represented. Illustrated circulars giving full particulars free. Address West Poultry Yards, Milestone, Sask. 5

HEALE'S TRUE TYPE W. WYANDOTTES—Success or failure depends on the initial entrance in poultry raising. Do as others do—breed the best. At the Regina Provincial Show I won cock 2nd and 3rd, hen 1st and 2nd, cockerel 1st, pullet 1st and 4th; Special Prizes—Brunswick Hotel cup for the best male and three females of White Wyandottes; Regina Challenge Cup, best male and three females in Wyandotte class. Leader cup, best pen of Wyandottes bred in Saskatchewan; Massey-Harris cup for best display; Currie cup presented by W. J. Currie, Lauder, Man., exhibitor winning most points American breeds, donor barred: Burton Bros., Regina, hat valued \$5.00, best female: John S. Martin, setting eggs valued \$5.00 best display. A number of choice cockerels for sale. J. Heale, Lajord, Sask. 5

Oak Grove Poultry Yards



Eggs for hatching from pure bred Buff and White Orpingtons, Rhode Island Reds, White and Brown Leghorns, White Rocks, Barred Rocks, White Wyandottes, Golden Wyandottes, White Crested Black Polish, Silver Spangled Crested Polish, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, and Imperial Pekin Ducks. Write for Catalogue. Address George Roberts, Box 1773, Winnipeg, Man. 6

WANTED

REAL ESTATE WANTED—Sell your property quickly for cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 26, Lincoln, Nebr. 7

WANTED—Probationers for Children's Hospital, Winnipeg; course three years, including contagious, maternity and general adult training. Apply to M. S. Ramsay, Superintendent, Children's Hospital, Winnipeg. X-5

AGENTS WANTED—For the "Horrors of the Ohio Flood." The first and only authentic book describing the most horrible disaster known in the history of the world. Retail price \$1.00. The biggest opportunity of a life time. Agents price 35 cents. Write quick. Lock Box 16, Vancouver, B.C. Sub. P.O. 8. 5

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

\$1000 BOND—Guarantees sunny Georgia pecan grove. Sure life income if you can spare \$20 monthly. \$7,000,000 Trust Company handles all money. Particulars free. Fred Geiger, C 510, Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C. 5

CASH FOR YOUR FARM OR BUSINESS. I bring buyer and sellers together. No matter where located if you want to buy, sell or exchange any kind of property or business anywhere, write me. Established 1881. Frank P. Cleveland, 1481, Adams Express Building, Chicago, Illinois. 4-14

\$2,000 PER YEAR OR MORE. We require representatives in each locality to look after the business we send you. It is in connection with realty deals. It's permanent. Write us to day for full particulars. The Co-operative Brokerage Co., Dept. H, Orillia, Ont. 8

INVESTORS, HOMESEEEKERS, AND PROSPECTORS interested in the Peace River Country can get practical information by sending one dollar to cover expenses and postage; individual attention given to every applicant. Peace River Information Bureau, 3 May Street, Edmonton, Alta. 5

HOW TO MAKE AN ORCHARD in British Columbia—Send 25 cents for book written by J. T. Bealby, B.A., the prize winning B.C. fruit grower. Full information for beginners or experienced growers. International Securities Company, Limited, 844 Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Canada T.F.

MEN WANTED for Canadian Government Railway Mail, Postoffice and other positions. Excellent salaries. Three weeks vacation each year. Many appointments coming. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for full information and list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N. 188, Rochester, N.Y. 5

FARM FOR SALE—GOOD OPPORTUNITY to acquire a first-class farm in the well-known Last Mountain Valley, proved to be one of the best wheat sections in Western Canada. District free from hail damage. Quarter section is offered with good two-roomed cottage, stable for eight head of stock, granary well with abundant supply of good water and pasture. One hundred and twenty-four acres under cultivation, including forty-eight acres of new breaking. About twenty acres more can be broken. Other land to be had adjoining. Address R. W. Tucker, Duval, Sask. 5

MISCELLANEOUS

PURE NORTHERN GROWN TIMOTHY Seed, \$7 per hundred, bags included. R. F. McVeety, Swan River, Man. Echo Seed Farm. 5

ST. BERNARD PUPPIES FOR SALE—Rough coated, eligible for registration in United States or Canada, bred from winning stock. Columbian Kennels, Box 6, Abernethy, Sask. 5

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges: five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

15 ARTISTIC POST CARDS, the pleasing kind, for 10 cents, and a beautiful Novelty Card (something new) FREE, in order to introduce our finely illustrated 24-page Catalog. Specialties Agency, Box 1836, Winnipeg. X-5

ATHEENIC WOOL UNDERWEAR is made from purest materials, guaranteed unshrinkable, and gives lasting wear. Write for free patterns and buy direct from the makers at first cost. Dept. H., Atheenic Mills, Hawick, Scotland. 7

INFORMATION of Fort George and the Peace River Country, British Columbia. No Agent. Reliable and valuable information of this new country. Send 25 cents. E. H. Livingstone, South Fort George, B.C.

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING—from a tin whistle to a high-grade piano or organ, let us know. We are out of the high rent district, consequently can save you money. We carry immense stock of sheet music and instruction books for all instruments. Satisfaction guaranteed. Royal Music Co., Spadina Ave., Toronto. 8

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS—We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful writers. Experience unnecessary. Song poems wanted with or without music—will pay one-half of profits if successful. Send us your work today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Largest concern in the country. Free particulars. Dugdale Co., Dept. 117, Washington, D.C.

ONLY 12c HAND-PAINTED PILLOW TOP in colors; a handsome rose design, size 22x22 in. Made on very fine art crush ecru cloth. This pillow is all the rage and just the kind any lady would wish to own. To introduce our new catalogue into your home we have reduced the price. Send only 12 cents and receive your pillow by return mail. Silk, any color, for working this pillow, will be sent postpaid. 2 skeins for 5c. or 25c. per dozen skeins. UNITED CO., Dept. B, 902 World Bldg., New York.

WILD ANIMALS

W. D. BATES, BREEDER AND DEALER in foxes, Box J, Ridgetown, Ont. Silver and cross foxes wanted. Give sex, description and price asked in first letter. 8

WANTED—To buy live black, silver and cross foxes, minks, martens and fisher. Must be uninjured. Aldred England, Eilersie, Lot 12, P. E. Island. 5

is needed. I have run three machines at once, besides doing my household duties and heaps of other things.

I like to run the incubator at 101 at first, then 102, later on 103 towards the end of hatch.

I never turn the eggs for 48 hours after setting, then cool 5 minutes, turning them afterwards. I daily increase the time for cooling until the eggs are left out nearly an hour by the 18th day. I am a firm believer in plenty of cooling and fresh air to get strong chicks. Should the machine run high at any time I always take out the eggs and cool, then run my hand over them to carelessly turn before putting them back in the machine—old Biddy does this trick too, you know, but she uses a claw—that's the difference!

The moisture question is an important one. In the Chatham machine I have used for several years, I put moisture at half time then test eggs for an idea as to how much they need.

A couple of times during the last week I use butter milk instead of water in the pan. Butter milk gives off an acid which makes the shell very brittle and easily broken for the little stranger picking away for dear life, within.

During the whole time of incubation I always keep water in the jar or pan in the room, with the machine, except when I run it in the kitchen, when I consider sufficient moisture is given off by the pots and kettles on the range to supply this want.

The testing of the eggs should be carefully done on the 7th or 8th day and again on the 15th.

Lastly I must impress the great necessity for letting the machine do the hatching when eggs are seen to pip without any opening of it or fussing at all, keeping the lamp flame steady, that is all. I have the chicks in the nursery for 24 to 36 hours, letting them get strong before removing them to the brooder or hens.

Next month I shall devote some space to the rearing of all the young fry, including turkeys. Now the farmers should be putting an old barrel or handy nest out, where the old turkey hen may spy it, for a good nest to lay her mottled eggs, instead of sneaking off to the brush, as she is apt to do and perhaps lose half her eggs. If a person, wants to indulge in a game of chance and has plenty of time to spare, just try and follow a turkey hen to her nest in the bush, some fine spring morning. Of all the sly creatures, commend

me to the turkey hen—she is cute and no mistake!

Hastings House to be Sold

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the former Viceroy of India, writes to the London Times deploring the approaching sale by the Indian Government of Hastings House, at Alipore. He says: "This Hastings House which I bought for the Government in 1901 when it was about to be offered for sale and the grounds about it cut up for building purposes, is the very 'garden house' which was built by Warren Hastings shortly after his marriage in about the year 1776, and which he constantly describes as the 'New House.' There he lived in happiness with his second wife for six and one-half years, the most adoring of lovers with the most devoted of women; there he entertained at week-ends the elite of Calcutta society, and the young members of the Civil Service fresh from the interior; and from there were written some of his most passionate love letters to 'his Marian,' after she sailed for England in January, 1784. It was because of these personal associations that I rescued and acquired the place. Calcutta is not an old city,

and it contains few buildings with a history of over 150 years. But that this house, which is by far its most interesting possession, and which was both the creation and the residence of the greatest man whom England ever sent out to govern India, should, after being recovered and restored, and surrounded with a garden of great beauty, fall again under the auctioneer's hammer, by the action of the Government itself, and have to take its chance in the future, an item in the price which Calcutta must pay for her own dethronement, is indeed sad."

All in the Coach and Four

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The quality folk went riding by,
All in a coach and four
And pretty Annette, in a calico gown
(Bringing her marketing things from town),
Stopped short with her Sunday store,
And wondered if ever it should betide
That she in a long plumed hat would ride

Away in a coach and four

A lord there was, oh, a lonely soul!
There in the coach and four.
His years were young, but his heart was old,
And he hated his coaches and hated his gold
(Those things which we all adore).
And he thought how sweet it would be
To trudge
Along with the fair little country drudge,
And away from his coach and four.

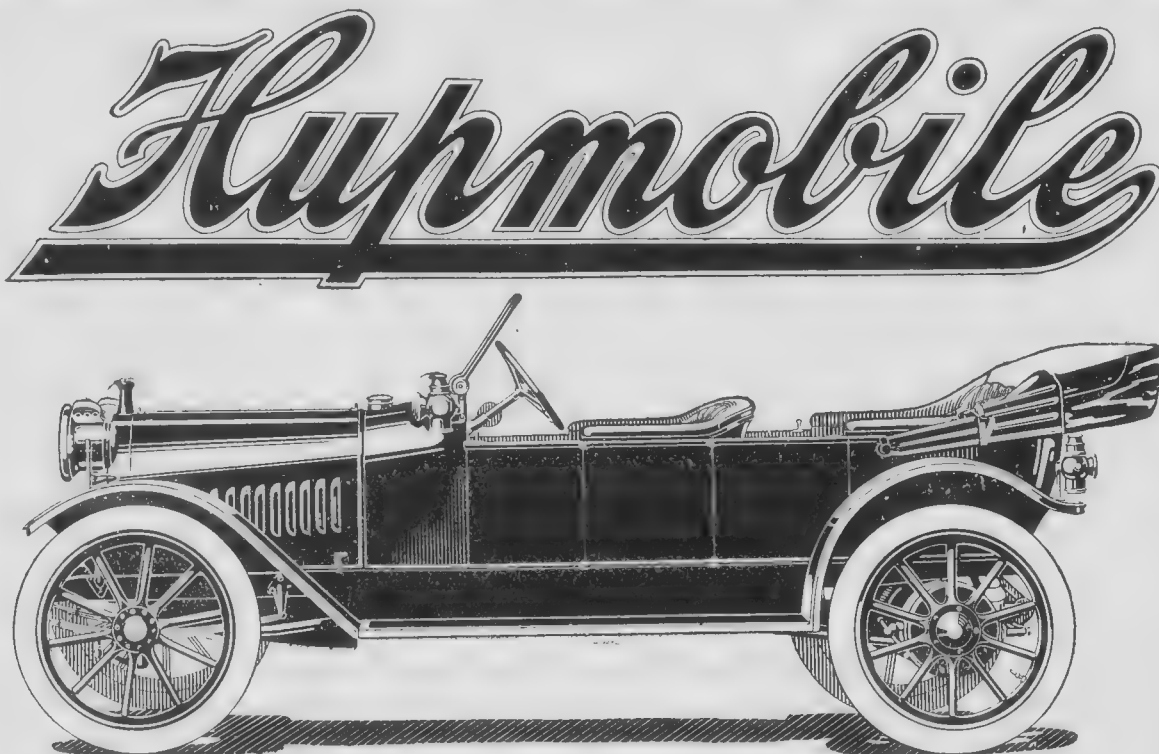
So back he rode the very next day,
All in his coach and four.
And he went each day, whether dry or wet,
Until he married the sweet Annette
(In spite of her lack of lore).
But they didn't trudge off on foot together,
For he bought her a hat with a long,
long feather,
And they rode in the coach and four.

Now a thing like this could happen, we know,
All in a coach and four;
But the fact of it is, twist me and you,
There isn't a word of the story true,
(Pardon I do implore).
It is only a foolish and fanciful song
That came to me as I rode along,
All in a coach and four.

Where Women are Divers

Curiously enough, the pearl divers of Japan are women. Along the coast of the Bay of Ago and the Bay of Kokasho the thirteen and fourteen-year-old girls, after they have finished their primary school work, go to sea and learn to dive. They are in the water and learn to swim almost from babyhood and spend most of their time in the water except in the coldest season, from the end of December to the beginning of February. Even during the most inclement of seasons they sometimes dive for pearls. They wear a special dress, white underwear, and the hair twisted up into a hard knot. The eyes are protected by glasses to prevent the entrance of water. Tubs are suspended from the waist. A boat in command of a man is assigned to every five or ten women divers to carry them to and from the fishing grounds. When the divers arrive on the grounds they leap into the water at once and begin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped into the tubs suspended from their waists. When these vessels are filled the divers are raised to the surface and jump into the boats.

A Link With Burns. Mr. and Mrs. Killin, of Renfrew, have just celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Killin's grandmother was a sister of Jean Armour, Burns' wife; and so the poet was his grand-uncle. Mr. Killin often met the three sons of Burns in his grandmother's house in Mauchline.



Simplicity and Sturdiness meet in this Car

The HUPMOBILE is as much at home on the prairie as on the boulevard. As one enthusiast puts it, "It will run anywhere that a dog can go."

Quality in looks and construction without high cost is the problem the HUPMOBILE engineers have conquered.

Look at the clean body lines, free from outside trappings, which not only make for beauty, but for easier care of the car.

The chassis, too, is stripped of every intricacy; every working part is enclosed; dustproof and oiltight.

You should have the new HUPMOBILE Catalog, which details many of the worth-while advantages of HUPMOBILE practice. Write for it.

Hupmobile "32" Touring Car (illustrated,) fully equipped, \$1225.00

F. O. B. Winnipeg, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, jiffy curtains, speedometer, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn

Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor 3 1/2-inch bore and 5 1/2-inch stroke; wheelbase, 106 inches; 32 x 3 1/2-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel

"32" Six-Passenger Touring Car, fully equipped, \$1500.00 f.o.b. Winnipeg

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, \$1225.00 f.o.b. Winnipeg

"32" Delivery, fully equipped, \$1350.00 f.o.b. Winnipeg

"20" H.P. Runabout, fully equipped, \$900.00 f.o.b. Winnipeg

Joseph Maw & Company Limited

Distributors for Western Canada

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

WINNIPEG, Man.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

THREE GIFTS

The girlhood of the open country in this new Paradise of Promise—Western Canada—is the most fortunate in the chance it has of any girlhood in any period of the world's history. In the country you can sing and laugh as loud as you please and it does not bother anyone. There is so much of gentleness and womanhood down deep in the heart of the girl in the country. The three great gifts which God holds out to every country girl are — happiness, freedom and work. The sunshine, the clear, clean air filled with the odor of growing vegetation, the wide-open fields, the flowers and the young animals—all are given the country girl to make her happy. The discouraged country girl does not see all these things. She is so used to them that she does not appreciate their value. There is a popular play this year entitled "The Poor Little Girl." This little girl suffered for parental attention, and when she was very sick her parents promised her the wish she longed for most. This wish was that she might go far out into the country and run over the fields and see living growing things and be near her parents. Her mother was seldom with her owing to her social ambition, and her father spent all of his time at business; so she was a happy girl indeed when her wish was granted. I wish every country girl might be a true artist in her soul. Even if she cannot paint wonderful pictures she sees about her, she can show their beauty to others by cultivating the power to see them, thus strengthening her character. When you are out for a walk make a circle with your arm and put your head down and look through it. The picture before you will look like a fine scenic painting. See all the beautiful things about you and you will be happy.

The gift of freedom is the right to be ourselves. Let us as Canadians be Canadian people, and let us not copy other nations. Each of us has a great chance to develop along any line that we like and be natural. The country girl can make a garden, raise poultry, bees, or become interested in dairying and stock raising. She can develop a desire to study music, literature and art, and genuine home-making. There is room enough and sympathy enough so she can develop in her own way.

I know when I mentioned work as a great gift some of my readers smiled. The child is most unhappy when she comes in and says, "Mother, I have nothing to do," in a most pathetic voice. It is work, which, if we are interested in, will bring us health and happiness. The most unhappy girl I know is the one who kills time. Why, hard work is fine, because you feel that you have earned a play after your work is finished.

I received a letter from a girl not long ago with this request: "I would like very much if you would tell me what a girl of fourteen should be." This is my answer: "Be happy, ambitious and industrious and pure." A famous girl swimmer of seventeen who was in Winnipeg last winter made this remark: "Girls, follow the simple rules of health—plain food, fresh air, deep breathing, loose clothing and exercise, and you'll never dread telling your age. When you reach the thirties or forties, you'll be proud to reveal your age just to hear people say, 'Why, you don't look half that old.'" A woman whose face shone with the loveliness of a useful, happy life addressed a company of dissipated girls who covered their faces with paints and powders and tried to look pretty. "How did she get that face?" asked one of the girls after the address. "You cannot buy that beauty in the drug store, girls; that beauty begins in the heart," answered a woman who had

heard the girl's question. Work is Nature's provision for happiness, and never be too busy to help another.

* * * * *

THE FRAUD ROOM

Last month one of our readers asked me to look into a certain firm that was advertising a kind of work that would enable a girl or woman to earn from three to five dollars a day, and the person would need no experience. Now, if this were possible, there would be no minimum wage problem in Winnipeg, or anywhere else. Accordingly, I went to the address of the firm in question to apply for work. I found the place in a certain block. The business (?) occupied two rooms—a waiting room and the "fraud" room (my coinage). While waiting my turn, girls and women came in, each with a package of plates under her arm. I asked questions of these customers while waiting, and this is what I learned: One girl said she worked hard for two weeks and had only earned five dollars, and three out of the five she had to pay for her outfit. The work is the transferring of patterns on plates to imitate china painting. The firm charges from ten to twenty cents for each transfer that is spoiled. For example: if a girl brings in six plates and the woman in the firm rejects five, as she usually does, the girl has to pay from fifty cents to a dollar. It seems to be the object of the firm to reject about five out of every six. One woman with a baby had planned to earn her living in this way. When I went into the "room of rooms" the woman "demonstrator" immediately began to show me the road to easy money. The plates were the heaviest of earthenware. I am sure our stores would sell them for ten cents each after the flowers were stamped. The "demonstrator" placed the transfer on the plate and said that was practically all there was to it.

"But," I asked, "what guarantee do you give me that you will accept my work?"

She replied: "We accept about all of the work."

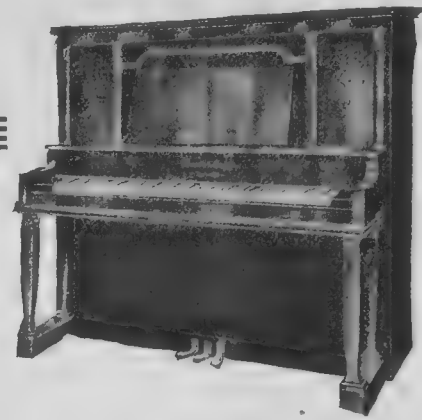
"Oh, no!" I exclaimed. "I have talked with several who say you accept very little of their work."

Her answer to this was: "They are unusually stupid."

Then I asked her if she would give me the name and address of anyone whose work she had accepted. This she would not do. As this firm carries on a mail-order work under a certain name of art, I asked her if this were the

Art Company, since there was no name on the door or anywhere to indicate the name of the company. She seemed surprised that I knew about their mail-order work. But I had the letter from the firm to the reader who requested this investigation, and in this way knew the name of the firm. In their mail-order work they advertise cushion covers for stamping, offering \$1.50 for everyone painted, but the one who does the work must first buy from them an outfit costing four dollars. She showed me one of the cushion covers, and explained that the design painted on it was a rose. I was glad she told me it was a rose, for it looked like a Manitoba head of cabbage. It would require a great stretch of imagination to realize that the artist (?) had tried to paint a rose. The customer is promised the return of the four dollars as soon as she paints and the firm accepts about two dozen cushion tops. At the rate the cushions are rejected, the customer will have to work several years before her four dollars will be returned.

I asked to see an outfit that she sends to her mail-order customers. She pretended to search for one in the medley of crockery, transfer patterns, face powders and wardrobe, then told me she had none there. By this time she began



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to "freeze me out," so I went. I might add that they promise to pay \$1.50 for each cushion top. In our stores one can buy a similar cushion top with a better design for thirty-nine cents.

This is a branch of a certain Chicago company, and I am sorry to see a certain class of Chicago fraud schemes spread their tentacles over Canada. The feature is most regretful, that is, the fact that the women and girls who are taken in are those who need their money badly. I have mentioned no definite names; I have just given a bit of an experience that may help a little. I do not want to see frauds practiced on our Western women and girls.

MAY-TIME REFLECTIONS

You cannot cry your way to success, but you can sing your way there. Age is not a matter of birthdays, but of hearts. Every cheerful year you spend makes you a year younger. There are places in the world where women do not worry and fret. In Japan they do not complain and always seem good natured. If a foreigner becomes angry they laugh as if he were making himself ridiculous, until he feels that they are really right. A smile illumines every Japanese face—their past has no

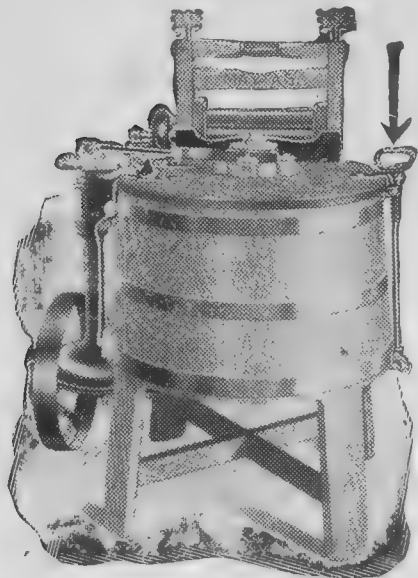
regrets, their present no annoyances, and their future no alarms. Perhaps their habits have something to do with their happy dispositions; they love the beautiful in Nature and in art. They live simply. Their wants are few. The houses of the wealthy are very much like those of the poor. They do not struggle to keep up appearances. A premium is actually placed on the disposition. In some places when a new bridge is opened not the richest, but the happiest, persons in the community are chosen to pass over it first as a favorable omen. They dislike so much to give pain that they do not talk about calamities. Today we wonder in admiration at the strength of this nation. May the happy, peaceful disposition not have something to do with their advancement?

The high desire to extend the cup of joy to all makes one beautiful. Hang sweet pictures of faith and hope in the galleries of sunless souls. A hopeful, happy mind cannot fail to behold promise everywhere. Herbert Kaufman says: "Sit down for a half-hour chat with your record. If you're ashamed to face yourself don't blame the rest of us if we don't like your face."

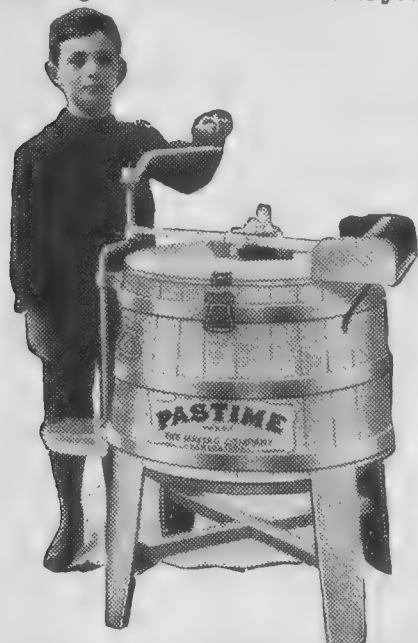
So many complain because they have to work hard and they must face so

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many difficulties. A diamond cannot dash its fire until it has been cut and polished. Its brilliance must be ground out of it, and so do we win power. The grinding toil of everyday life is to cut into our character diamond dispositions.

There are singing milkmaids in Switzerland. A milkmaid gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, for a cow will yield one-fifth more milk when soothed by a pleasing melody. Someone has called worrying women the lemon squeezers of society. They predict evil, extinguish hope, and see only the worst side of life. There is not a worrying woman in Hawaii. They walk as queens. They cannot worry because they do not know how. Hawaii is a paradise of laughter and light hearts. There is not a jail in the place. Dickens said: "Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers and are famous preservers of youthful looks."

WHEN THE GIRL LEAVES HOME

When the girl leaves the rural school and goes away to school in a near-by town or city, she needs mothering more than any other time in her life. Country girls, you are royally born; by your conduct you are measured. Make every power within you respond to your best. Your new school will mean your success or your failure. It is not how much you learn, but what you learn. You need fun, but have clean fun, a strong, healthy, life-giving fun. I knew two girls in my girlhood. They were sisters. One enjoyed telling common stories to her friends. She laughed at her sister who would not listen to them, and called her "high toned." It was well she had a character tuned too high for vulgar stories and coarse slang, for she is now a literary woman whose name is well known. The sister, where is she? She is settled down in the corner of a gossip community, where her ambition has shrivelled into the narrow occupation of peddling reputations. The girlhood conversations started both girls on in their future places in life.

Make others ashamed of their shams by a sane mind and honest purpose. Be clean by keeping your mind untainted by evil thoughts. You cannot afford to go out on the street at night alone and unprotected. Keep your personality pure; do not cheapen it by freedom of manner. You are travelling over the same road your mother travelled when she was a girl, so make her a confidante. A girl is not measured by her beauty, her popularity, nor her cleverness, but by her conduct. When we are looking upward our lives will all the time be growing upward. Small range of conversation narrows the horizon of life.

THEIR YESTERDAYS

I have been reading a book entitled "Their Yesterdays," and in one chapter is a vivid picture of a man's temptation and the triumph of his manhood after he had conquered the temptation. He was tempted by a young woman who worked in his office. I am anxious to quote a part of the experience that my young women readers may realize the awful battle that wages in a man's soul when a woman in a thousand different forms weaves her web of fascination about him for a poisonous purpose.

"Once I stood on a mighty cliff with the ocean at my feet. Far below, the waves broke with a soothing murmur that scarce could reach my ears, and the gray gulls were playing here and there like shadows of half-forgotten dreams. In the distance, the fishing boats rolled lazily on the gentle swell and the sunlight danced upon the surface of the sea. Then, as I looked, on the far horizon the storm chieftain gathered his clans for war. I saw the banners flashing. I watched the hurried movements of the dark and threatening ranks. I heard the rumbling tread of tramping feet. And, like airy messengers sent to warn me, the gusts of wind came racing and wailed and sobbed about the cliff because I would not heed their warning. The startled boats in the offing spread their white wings and scurried to the shelter of their harbor nests. The gray gulls vanished. The sunlight danced no more upon the sur-

face of the sea. And then, as the battle front rolled above my head, the billows, lashed to fury by the wind and flinging in the air the foam of their own madness, came rushing on to try their strength against the grim and silent rock. Again and again they hurled their giant forms upon the cliff, until the roar of the surf below drowned even the thunder in the clouds above, and the solid earth trembled with the shock, but their very strength was their ruin and they were dashed in impotent spray from the stalwart object of their assault. And at last, when the hours of struggle were over; when the storm soldiers had marched on to their haunts behind the hills; when the gulls had returned to their sports; and the sun shone again on the waters; I saw the bosom of the ocean rise and fall like the breast of an angry child exhausted with its passion, while the cliff, standing stern and silent, seemed to look, with mingled pride and pity, upon its foe now moaning at its feet.

"Like that cliff, is the soul of a man, who in temptation, gains the mastery of himself. The storm clouds of life may gather darkly over his head, but he shall not tremble. The lightning of the world's wrath and the thunder of man's disapproval shall not move him. The waves of passion that so try the strength of men shall be dashed in impotent spray from his stalwart might, and when, at last, the storms of life are over—when the sun shines again on the waters as it shone before the fight began—he shall stand calm, and unmoved, master of himself and men."

Just before the test of temptation when he was conscious that the woman knew and understood her power, he knew that he would be forced into a battle and tremendous stakes would be at issue. He knew the victory would give him increased power, larger capacity, and a firmer grip upon the enduring principles of life or defeat would make of him a slave, with enfeebled spirit, humiliated and ashamed. After he conquered the temptation, "he swung so easily along the snowy pavement, with the strength of his splendid manhood revealed in every movement and the cleanness of his heart and mind illuminating his countenance that there were many among those he met who passed with envy and regret."

"The weeks following the testing of the man had been to him very wonderful weeks. He seemed to be living in a new world, or, rather, for him, the same old world was wonderfully enriched and glorified. Never had he felt his manhood's strength stirring so within him. Never had his mind been so alert, his spirit so bold. He moved among men with a new power that was felt by all who came in touch with him. He was conscious of a fuller mastery of his work; a clearer grasp of the world events. As one, climbing in the mountains, reaches a point higher than he has ever before attained and gains thus a wider view of the path he has travelled, of the surrounding country, so this man in his life climb, had reached a higher point and therefore gained a wider outlook. It is only when men stay in the lowlands of self interest or abide in the swamps of self indulgence that their views of life are narrowly circumscribed. Let a man master himself but once and he stands on higher ground, with wider outlook, with keener vision, and clearer atmosphere."

I am convinced that every young woman while reading the description of the battle in this man's soul has admired him in the triumph of his manhood. Every young woman, I believe, admires this kind of man, and if our Canadian girls and young women would be pure, inspiring, and womanly in their ideals of character, the above man would be the type of Canadian manhood. This is my object in giving you this picture.

HER NERVES

Julia Opp Faversham, the famous actress says: "To be amiable, even tempered and pleasant is more important than to be highly educated." The tendency of modern times is to scatter our mind forces. I see so many girls

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THE MINIMUM WAGE

The recent investigation of the wage problem in Chicago has interested wage-earning women all over the continent. Managers of the large departmental stores and the girls who work under them have been on the witness stand, and the testimony of both furnishes ideas for serious consideration. From the testimony of W. C. Thorne, of Montgomery, Ward & Co., we have this statement: "One-half the women workers in Illinois would lose their positions in one year if a twelve-dollar a week minimum wage were enacted. The managers of the stores would cut their forces and hire more men."

From George Lytton, of The Hub, we have this confession: "I consider the employer has a moral responsibility."

Mr. Mandel, of Mandel Bros., testified that he believed that employers had a moral responsibility. The day following Mr. Mandel's testimony, the committee received a letter from him stating that he had raised the wages of the girls in his store and that the store would employ someone to investigate the home life of his girl employees.

The president of Lears, Roebuck & Co., Julius Rosenwald, testified that in the store under his management 119 girls were paid \$5.50 per week, and 1465 girls were paid less than \$8 a week. He claimed that the employer who pays a low wage assumes no moral responsibility for the downfall of the low-salaried girl. The profit of Lears, Roebuck & Co. during 1912 was over \$7,000,000.

After the public was made acquainted with Mr. Rosenwald's testimony, Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, of St. George's Episcopal Church, demanded that Kansas City reject Mr. Rosenwald's \$25,000 contribution to the Welfare Campaign of Kansas City on the ground that Mr. Rosenwald had not given the money himself; he had ground it out of the poor, and what makes it especially heinous, the poor were women.

In one morning more than two bushels of letters from girls and their parents were delivered to Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara. These letters were pitiful appeals to urge the most exhaustive inquiry possible.

Edward Hillman, secretary of Hillman's State Street store, declared there was a relation between low wages and social vice.

There is much discussion regarding this investigation. Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, of the Paulist Fathers, states that the girl who works to buy luxuries for herself, although she does not need to work for a living, is partly to blame for low wages. In an address on the Minimum Wage one speaker stated this: "While white slavery is the most dramatic aspect of the evil that comes of underpaying women and girls, there are other evils almost as important to society. I refer to the ill-nourished among the ill-paid, whose strength of character keeps them straight, but whose meagre pay also keeps them half-starved. These poor creatures are made a menace to society through their weakened bodies. This is an important responsibility of the employer for which society must present him with the bill."

Thirty investigators for the committee are working incognito in shops, stores and offices in Chicago. This is really the only way to get at the real truth. Mrs. Maude J. C. Josephore, one of the investigators who was employed by the committee and worked for many weeks in various Chicago stores, was horrified at her discoveries. In answering the question — Why do girls go wrong? — the preacher says: "Commer-

cialization and low wages;" the priest says: "Evil influences and low wages;" the Rabbi says: "Ignorance and low wages;" the settlement worker says: "Man and low wages;" the juvenile worker says: "Temptation, home environment and low wages." Chicago ministers, society women and business men have united in a systematic and far-reaching fight on the social evil. Miss Virginia Brooks heads this particular movement, and she has enlisted the aid of ministers of every denomination. Rooms in the churches of these ministers will be given for amusement purposes certain evenings of each week. Each church will have its own district, the city being divided into over a thousand districts. Funds for the entertainment will be provided by the business men. Automobiles will be loaned on warm summer evenings for rides for the girls.

The ministers of Chicago are being asked these questions: What special classes have you for the girls in your congregation? "What efforts have you made to bring in girls from the outside?" "What inducements have you offered to bring girls from the dance halls to your meetings?" Twenty-five women prominent in social circles are working with Miss Brooks in this movement. They have been promised active co-operation by business men.

In the investigation in Washington Stanley W. Finch testified that the majority of girls who go wrong come from domestic service in homes or from hotels and restaurants. R. Dean Foster, British White Slave Commissioner, declares his investigations in London showed eight per cent of the fallen women there were started on life of degradation by starvation wages.

Last week I mentioned these state-ments to a large club of Winnipeg's wage-earning girls. I asked two questions: "Have we a minimum wage problem in Winnipeg? Can a girl live comfortably and honestly on seven dollars a week in Winnipeg?" When I asked the second question there was a general protest. I realized that I had touched a vital problem. I am not going to discuss this problem this month, but I should like to have our readers write me their views. Later I may give the readers of this page the arguments advanced by the girls in this particular club. I might add right here, that the wage-earning married woman is responsible for many girls in Winnipeg being without positions. Last month a girl of my acquaintance searched for a position as a stenographer and finally found one. She sent word that she would be at the office the next morning. In the meantime a married woman applied and offered to work for ten dollars less a month and got the position. She could afford to work for less, as her husband was earning a good salary. This is not fair to the wage-earning girl. A married woman is usually comfortably clothed and has good food, and is in better condition to work than the girl who does not earn enough to live comfortably. Then there are many girls who do not need to work—girls who are really needed at home. These girls crowd those who must work out of positions. Canadian Collier's, in referring to the recent investigation in the States, says: "In certain cities four out of five girls live at home. When they violate social standards there are many elements responsible. One is the weakening of parental control. And that weakening is due to the partial economic independence of the daughter, who can withhold her wages from the family or can leave home if a large measure of freedom is denied her. It is not the fact that her wages are low that leads to that weakening of parental control. It is the fact that she earns wages. Women in industry do not tend to become prostitutes to any degree that permits generalizations. Their intelligence keeps them clear of a way of life which is diseased, unsuccessful, and full of suffering. The ranks of prostitution are recruited more generally from the mentally defective, the untrained, and the ignorant. But it is an unfair burden on the home to take the daughter away from it and wear out her young strength in a department store and pay her less than a living

wage. Justice demands that somewhere, either in the home or out of it, the girl be permitted to earn a living wage, to pay in full by useful work for her expense to the family of which she is a member. It is unfair that the department store should make the home support the girl. If the minimum wage for women is right, it is right not because the lack of it drives women to prostitution, but because the lack of it weakens the home."

Now, I have my own opinion on this subject of the minimum wage in Winnipeg, and I have a fund of information on the experiences of girls here, but I want to hear from some of our readers before I state my idea of the solution of the problem. There are girls in Winnipeg who work hard and are paid as low as \$2.50 a week in certain factories; there are girls who are paid \$4.00 in certain offices; there are girls paid \$5 in certain stores. On the other hand, there are scores of girls and women who do not need to work, who are, in a sense, responsible for these low wages. Then, too, women in homes are offering good wages for girls to do domestic work and cannot get help. Need a girl go wrong when she can earn her living honestly? Furthermore, I know that the average business man in Winnipeg is big-hearted and kindly disposed, and if he is appealed to in a convincing manner he is ready to respond to any needed reform.

Let us have your opinion, readers. This is a serious problem in our city—in Western Canada. May we not solve it while the country is new, for it does concern very seriously the character of our future citizen as well as a phase of social condition of the present time.



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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Let business be business. Let it be understood that lying, cheating, defrauding and deceiving are not business. Business is the science of a square deal and an honest bargain. It does not take great brains to muckie people out of money by unfair means—almost anybody could do that. In an old volume of illustrations I find the following: An incident is related of Mr. A. T. Stewart's first day's business. A woman came to buy calico, and a clerk told her that the colors were fast and would not wash out. Mr. Stewart indignantly remonstrated with the salesman. "What do you mean by saying what you know to be untrue? The calico will fade; she will demand her money back, and she will be right. I don't want goods represented for what they are not." "Look here, Mr. Stewart," said the clerk, "if those are going to be your principles in trade, I'm going to look for another situation. You won't last long." But Mr. Stewart did last.

LAW

Remember that our civilization rests on law. The difference between civilization and barbarism is in that word. A poor law is better than no law, and a true citizen will obey a poor law until he can get a better one. We need, today, to preach, and write, and exhort concerning the sacredness of law. A "yellow pulpiter" is better than a "pink politician" if the pulpiter stands for law. British respect for law is the thing which commands international respect and consideration. Thomas Starr King remarks: There was great wisdom sentimentously expressed in the exclamation of a little constable I heard of once who went to arrest a burly offender against the statutes, and was threatened with a shaking if he did not "clear out." If it had been a matter of fists and muscles, the majesty of the law would have been miserably bruised. But the intrepid little officer responded: "Do it if you please; only remember, if you shake me you shake the whole State of Massachusetts."

COLOR BLINDNESS

There is a peculiar kind of social color blindness in vogue on the earth. Some people can not detect the fine ingredients of culture, character and superior manhood unless they find these noble qualities hid behind a white skin. The other day in New York city a Southerner asked to be excused from serving on a jury because one of the members, the foreman, was a colored man. The judge excused him, but told him a few wholesome truths. "You are unfit for jury service," he said, "either in this case or in this court. You are excused not only from this case, but for the rest of the term. A man who expresses your views is not fit for jury service."

NOT MAN ENOUGH

Courage is a quality which is absolutely necessary in every department of life. The politician needs it in handling his constituency. The lawyer needs it in presenting his case. The actor needs it in facing his audience. The doctor needs it in talking to his patient. The preacher needs it in exhorting his congregation. The business man needs it in assuming the ventures dictated by a wise foresight. Call it "nerve," "grit," "sand" or "backbone"—there is no success without it. B. Fay Mills once said: I have heard many excuses, but only one reason. This man was prominent in the community where he lived, and for some time I had felt that I ought to speak to him about becoming a Christian; and yet I felt considerable embarrassment in addressing him upon this subject. But one day I met him and walked with him for a little distance on the street, and, after a moment's hesitation, I said to him, "My friend, why are you not a Christian?" And then it was his turn to be embarrassed. He paused and hesitated and stammered a little, and his feet pattered on the ground; and then he said, "Well, I will tell you honestly. It is because I am not man enough." That is the only real reason that I ever heard a man give for not being a Christian.

DOWNRIGHT HONEST

The world asks not that a man be brilliant, or cultivated, or gifted. What humanity seeks for is downright honesty. And in the end the world will be sincere—absolutely sincere. Every great political revolution points in that direction. Humanity is sick and tired of deceit, falsehood, cunning, devilry and underhandedness. Every kindly mark of honesty and truthfulness is being applauded today. Current Literature vouches for the following: It was told us concerning King Edward VII. that on one occasion a guest staying at Windsor lost a very valuable ring, and because it could not be found suspicion fell on the housemaid who attended to the room; and as the ring seemed absolutely lost, the girl was dismissed in disgrace. But some time afterwards the ring was

found in a crevice of the old wooden bed in the room, and it was reported to the King. His only remark was, "And what has become of that housemaid?" No one could tell him. He turned to them and said, "Then take care that she is found and restored to a better place than the one she had."

A GOOD NAME

The last thing that a man should sell is his good name. The good book says that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Money is not the greatest thing in the world. Character is greater than all else. And yet some men are bold enough to offer cash in exchange for character and to plead with decent men to part with the full right to a good name for a piece of yellow gold. On one occasion General Robert E. Lee was approached with a tender of the presidency of an insurance company at a salary of \$50,000 a year. He declined it on the ground that it was work with which he was not familiar. "But, General," said the gentleman who represented the insurance company, "you will not be expected to do any work; what we wish is the use of your name." "Do you not think," said General Lee, "that if my name is worth \$50,000 a year, I ought to be very careful about taking care of it?"

KIND HEARTED

Heart qualities are the saving elements in a man's character. And the qualities of the heart ought to be cultivated. We ought to train ourselves to lean toward the tender side of things. Nothing will so lift a man in the estimation of his fellowmen as for humanity to discover that with increasing success and added wealth a man is disposed to be considerate, kind and tender. Some years ago the eminent John Stuart Blackie became professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. At the opening of a college term, the students noticed that, under the pressure of cares and labors, their hot-tempered professor had become unusually sensitive and exacting. Students desiring admission were arranged in line before his desk for examination. "Show your papers," said the professor. As they obeyed, one lad awkwardly held up his papers in his left hand. "Hold them up properly, sir, in your right hand," said the professor. The embarrassed pupil stammered out something indistinctly, but still kept his left hand raised. "The right hand, ye loon!" shouted the professor. "Sir, I hae nae right hand," said the agitated lad, holding up his right arm, which ended at the wrist. A storm of indignant hisses burst from the boys, but the great man leaped down from the platform, flung his arm over the boy's shoulder, and drew him to his breast, and, breaking into the broad Scotch of his childhood, in a voice soft with emotion, yet audible in the hush that had fallen on the class, said: "Eh, laddie, forgive me that I was over-rough; I dinna mean to hurt you, lad. I dinna ken!"

"SWEAR LOUDER"

Light-headed folks think that they must have something to say, so Miss Sillybrains criticises everything in sight. Mr. Littlehead leads the social circle in gossip. Mrs. Nightowl sounds forth suspicious suggestions concerning her neighbors. Master Good-for-little tells of the general weakness of human nature. Squire Goldfoil grows eloquent informing humanity concerning his rapid accumulations of wealth, while "Bob" Emptyskull makes the social atmosphere lurid with certain "cuss" words not to be found in the dictionary of good phrases and happy expression. John Wesley once upon a time went to the Channel Islands. On the way back two of the sailors while aloft swore most dreadfully. Wesley took no notice for some time, but at length he looked up and said, "Swear louder, and then perhaps God Almighty will hear you." The reproof was not uttered in vain.

YOUR LIFE

Your creed is your life. Your theology is your life. Your doctrine is your life. Your religion is your life. Men look at all you say, and profess, and proclaim through—you. What you are is much more than what you say. No man is without an influence and the purer the character of a man's life the stronger is the influence of his personality. The great African explorer, Sir Henry M. Stanley, who died recently, once told the story of his conversion by Livingstone in these words: "I went to Africa as prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings, and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province. At there came to me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself: 'Why does he stop here in such a place? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I

found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out the words, 'Leave all, and follow me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried in any way to do it."

LOVING DEEDS

Memory will be hard on you unless you are kind. The way to be kind to yourself is to be kind to other people. Kindness always comes back. If nobody brings it back, it comes back of itself on the wings of memory. And when you are sick, when you are weary, when you are tired, when you are lonely; or it may be when you have been forsaken by the world—memory will whisper sweet things to you in the chambers of silence. The historian remarks: "When Napoleon Bonaparte was at the height of his power he established an orphanage for girls in a little town in France. After his return from banishment at Elba he made a visit to the orphanage, which remained untouched. The girls crowded about him as he left, and gave to him the most touching expression of their love and admiration. They covered his hands with kisses, and warm tears fell on the great emperor's hand while they crowded around him, claiming the privilege of a last grasp and a last word as he left. Afterward came Waterloo and banishment and the rocky isle of St. Helena. The Old Guard went down in blood and death and his empire fell with a crash. The magnificent temple which he had built of matter crumbled in a night. He was left in poverty a prisoner. But there were some things that survived Waterloo. There was one thing which survived the crash of the empire—the words of love, the tears and the kisses of those orphan girls. Often, in his exile on St. Helena, he spoke of the joys of the memory of this deed of love."

EAR MUFFS

Concentration is the secret of success. Shut yourself in. Shut the world out. Get down to one idea, one book, one scheme, one problem, one difficulty, one question—and stay with your job. You will probably not find just exactly what you are looking for but if you don't you find something a good deal better. This is the experience of every persistent child of genius. It was said of Herbert Spencer that "he used to return from the club at about nine in the evening, and sit with us for about an hour, and if the conversation proved too trying for him he would produce his ear-stoppers and shut himself off from the world of sound. These ear-stoppers were formed of a band almost semi-circular in shape, with a little velvet-covered knob at either end, which was pressed by the spring in the band on the flaps over the hole of each ear. Very practicable and sensible, no doubt, but irresistibly funny to see." But he shut the world out and shut himself in.

YOUNG MEN OF CANADA

Let me say to the young men of Canada what I have said to thousands of young men in convention assembled: There has never been a moment, since Adam left the Garden of Eden, when it was such a serious thing, such a sacred thing, such a splendid thing to live, as it is at this very moment. The young man who can live today in the dawning of the twentieth century, beneath the skies of a new world, without having his nerves thrill, his blood grow warm, and his brain catch fire with an all-absorbing ambition to do something for God and humanity, could have stood beneath the frowning brow of Sinai, with its flashings of light and crashings of thunder, unmoved and unconcerned.

CHEER HIM! CHEER HIM!

There are a lot of discouraged people in the world. Folks whom you would imagine should be above such a thing, too. They work so hard that when the job is complete a physical and mental reaction sets in and they pass under a cloud. The man who "encourages" is a walking sunbeam. A sunbeam can crawl in where a giant would find it impossible to enter. So encourage ye humble folks, encourage. Be great in the kindness of your little conversational pleasantries. The world needs encouragement. Here is an illustration which D. L. Moody used to use: Once, when a great fire broke out at midnight, and people thought that all the inmates had been taken out, way up there in the fifth story was seen a little child crying for help. Up went a ladder, and soon a fireman was seen ascending to the spot. As he neared the second story the flames burst in fury from the windows, and the multitude almost despaired of the rescue of the child. The brave man faltered, and a comrade at the bottom cried out, "Cheer," and cheer upon cheer arose from the crowd. Up the ladder he went and saved the child, because they cheered him. If you cannot go into the heat of the battle yourself; if you cannot go into the harvest field and work day after day, you can cheer those that are working for the Master

The Race of the Swift

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

A halved moon was shedding a faint glow over the rugged knob country. The twisted, broken, distorted ground, with its spasmodic growth of blackberry, sarsaparilla and juniper bushes, seemed the center of desolation. But something was living, moving, in the midst of this loneliness. Creeping along a ragged fence line at the base of a knob went a stealthy figure. Sharp-muzzled, keen-eyed, lean of body and wiry of limb, the object moved forward at a swift trot. A blundering rabbit butted blindly through the weeds on the creek bank. A whip-poor-will's heart-broken tones came from a point further down the hollow.

The she-fox trotting by the worm-eaten fence stopped abruptly. The fence was curving around the knob, and this did not coincide with her purpose. She stopped with one fore-leg upheld, and ears pricked attentively.

The sounds she heard were familiar, legitimate; a part of her nightly life. The she-fox was painfully attenuated. Her tawny body was barred with bulging ribs; there was a gaunt, starved look upon her bony face. The two rows of teats along her belly were clean and bare—even moist, for ten minutes ago four tiny tongues had striven vainly to draw nourishment from them. But she had none to give. For two days and nights she had tasted food but once, and during that time her hungry blood had insistently drawn her very life from her hour after hour. She had given it freely and without grudge, licking caressingly first one baby form, then another; had even borne unflinchingly the sharp nips from little teeth when the milk would not flow.

The night before she had ranged for miles, though so weak that only the deathless strength of her mother love sustained her in her quest. Not far from her home was a place where human people lived. But they were wary, and placed their hens and chickens under lock and key at the going down of every sun. Thither she had gone first, because it was the closest, but not a feather could she find. At the corner of the hen-house, she stopped, and sniffed eagerly. Beyond the white-washed planks were scores of fat fowls, and the she-fox knew it, but they were safe from her long, white teeth. She listened. The sound of rustling feathers and rowdy clucks smote her ears, and the saliva of famine dripped from the loose skin of her lower jaw. Emboldened by desperation, she walked around the building. At the bottom of the door a hole had been cut, so that the fowls could enter when the door was closed. But this was secured by a plank, which in turn was held in place by a heavy stone. She could not move it, because she was weak from fasting. Thrusting her sharp, black nose into a crack about an inch wide between the planks, she drank in the ravishing odor of many a choice pullet. Suddenly realizing that this course was worse than futile, she turned, vaulted the fence enclosing the cow lot, swerved around a prostrate, ponderous figure sleepily chewing its cud, and vanished in the direction of the stable. Here, likewise, her investigation was fruitless, so she gave up, and turned her head towards another farmhouse, five miles away.

The journey, which ordinarily would not have caused the least fatigue, came near to overcoming the dauntless forager. Near her destination she tottered to a brook and sank in the cool water, lapping it at intervals. This brought back some of her strength, and she essayed to complete her task. Through the orchard she trailed—then suddenly her delicate nostrils conveyed to her subtle brain some welcome intelligence. Stopping about twenty feet from the yard fence, she reconnoitered. A big walnut tree grew close to the fence, and upon the limbs of this tree were some huge, shapeless knots; knots with convex backs and drooping tails; turkeys. The eyes of the starved raider glowed green and blue. Here was a feast. Strength for her; life for her little ones back in their rocky den,

crawling blindly about and wailing pitifully for food. With a keen sense of distances she measured with her eye the height of the lowest limb from the ground. It was not far, she had made greater leaps time and again. But now her leaden, paralyzed limbs could scarcely carry her pinched body over the ground. To make the effort would be suicide. The dog-pack were sleeping somewhere near by, and their sleep was light. One of the knots on the limb moved cautiously, then toppled. The watcher sprang forward eagerly, to again meet with disappointment. The sleepy wings flapped once or twice, a new footing was secured, and the head of the restless turkey receded into the neck feathers as the fowl relapsed into slumber.

After a few moments the dull, red shadow on the ground moved on again, hunger-mad yet crafty. Into the confines of the yard crept the fox—up to a long, tall bench standing by the kitchen door. The scent of something strangely like fresh meat had reached her. There was a vessel of some sort, covered with a piece of wood, on the bench. To leap up and muzzle off the cover was the task of a second. And

there was the dressed carcass of a chicken, soaking overnight to serve as breakfast for the human-people in the morning. Quickly as a star twinkles she of the forest-folk had the spoil in her strong jaws. Softly as a shadow falling she dropped to earth; swiftly as the wind she glided through the long corn rows growing in the garden back of the house, and was soon a mile away, safe, because unpursued. Then she sank upon her belly and ate and ate. She crunched the tender bones and the juicy flesh, impregnated as they were with salt, and gradually she felt the glad elation of returning vigor. Through her worn, famished body renewed life was running, although the edge of her hunger had barely been removed. She lay quiet for a while, gathering together the taxed forces of her being and thinking of the miles stretching between her and the little ones. But before the shadows upon the hilltops turned into the misty halos of morning, four tiny forms lay at their mother's breast, well-fed and asleep.

Now another day had come and gone and she was as badly off as before. Her mate, who had bided with her until the babies came, had tired of her and gone to seek another, leaving her unaided to provide for the offspring of their wild love. She had planned and worked, plotted and slain. The floor of the den was covered with feathers and sprinkled with dry bones which she had cracked in desperation while search-

ing for sustenance. It was a fight all the time. Fight for food, fight to live. So when the night had barely come, and the salmon tints in the West were yet a shadow, the she-fox nosed her importunate progeny into a whining heap at one side of the den, slipped softly without and moved down the hill side, her waving tail like a smouldering torch in the gloom of the woods.

Keeping in the shadow of the rickety rail fence till it could no longer serve her, she halted a moment for deliberation, then twisted her supple body and half leaped, half crawled through a crack at the bottom. As she had stood with ears alert before veering her course, the faintest kind of tone had come to her. It was different from the hill-voices. The forest-kind know all the dozens of low noises which float along the knob-side at night. The voices and sounds are all soft—peculiarly soft. Only when a wildcat is at bay, or the pack swings mouthful over the lowlands and the hulls, is the wonderful silence of that region disturbed after the sun has gone. If her ear was not at fault—and privation had sharpened all of her faculties—the she-fox knew that a rich reward would soon be hers. Skirting the creek till she came to a place where it narrowed, she leaped across and moved on at the same steady trot through the blackberry and sarsaparilla bushes. Behind a low tangle of weeds and vines she crept at last, and

(Continued on Page 55.)



"Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P.A."

PRINCE ALBERT
the inter-national joy smoke

is tobacco without a bite and it won't parch your throat. You see, P. A. is made by a patented process that cuts out the bite. Why, you can keep fired-up all the time and never get a tingle on your tongue or a dry spot in your throat.

According to Hoyle, that's going some! And there's just one way to prove it. You be game enough to buy P. A. in the tidy red 2-oz. tin. Then you'll know for yourself why Prince Albert is King of 'em all.

There's a lot of ragtime con talk about "just as good as P. A.," "just like P. A." Get this: No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because the patented process is owned exclusively by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. P. A. wasn't born twins and has no brothers or sisters. Remember that!

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy 2-oz. red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.

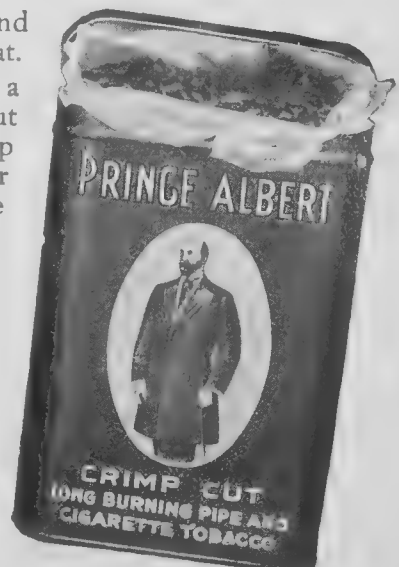
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

P. A. for pipe grouches

Everybody's mighty strong for Prince Albert, because it's tobacco with a smile.

Sort of turns on the sunshine—and every time you fire-up a jimmy pipe or roll a cigarette say to yourself, "Old Man, here goes for another joy smoke."

Thousands of men who never smoked a pipe or rolled a cigarette have been "led to it" by P. A., because it's so good, so sweet and fragrant and so fresh.



THE PHILOSOPHER

THE STORY OF WESTERN CANADA

One hundred years ago last month the first crop of wheat in Western Canada was sown on the banks of the Red River by the Selkirk settlers, those sturdy pioneers who had arrived by way of Hudson Bay the fall before. It is only in the past quarter of a century that grain growing on any great scale in Western Canada has begun to take its place among the world's great grain-producing countries. This is yet a new country, only in the beginnings of its development. What has been accomplished already is but an earnest of the things to be. Truly it is a great epic of human endeavor that is being written with the plow on the vast prairie that spreads, ocean-like, between the Red River and the Rockies—a great epic of romance and adventure, of hardships in the enduring of rough experiences, of heroisms, of high hopes, of home-making, of the varied fortunes of human lives, whether on the lonely farm or amid the rush of cities, of purposes accomplished, of looking forward to the immense possibilities of the future. How could any one man know any more than a mere fraction of the story of Western Canada? Only the dreamer, in his imaginings, and the prophet, in his vision, can conceive the full meaning and import of that story.

THE SPEECH OF THIS CONTINENT

Will this continent remain predominantly Anglo-Saxon? This question is asked with misgiving, but left unanswered, by Mr. J. O. P. Bland, in an article in the National Review, of London. What is Anglo-Saxon? Is it an invariable, eternal complexion, stature or state of mind? Races are very largely what their environment permits them to be; and it is true of all the peoples in history whose achievements have been the greatest, and of none more so than of the British people, that they have owed a great deal to the blending of different strains into a strong composite. There is no tie more enduring than the tie of a common language. The most important world fact is that the people of the British Empire and the people of the United States speak English. It is only through lack of understanding that individuals or nations are antagonistic to one another. Nations speaking the same tongue are allies because they understand one another. If the whole world could only be brought to speak the one language, there would be in that the first essential of world peace. One thing is certain in regard to the future of the whole of this continent—or, at any rate, the whole of it north of the boundary between Mexico and the United States. It is that the language spoken throughout its length and breadth will continue to be English.

WHEN WESTERN LAND WAS CHEAP

In looking over some of the old agreements of Lord Selkirk with the Kildonan pioneers, which have been brought before public attention in connection with the centenary this year of the founding of the Selkirk settlement, it is interesting to note that one man got a grant of several acres of land for giving seven days' work a year in the settlement. Land was cheap then. Those pioneers of Western Canadian development would have opened their eyes if they could have been granted a vision of the remarkable land values in the years to come. But who that is living today can imagine what the developments of a hundred years from now will be?

WHAT ONE WOMAN SEES AHEAD

That gifted California woman, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, announces in a recent review article that she sees signs and portents which convince her that there is to be a war between the sexes. "It is not unreasonable to suppose," writes Mrs. Atherton, "that a hundred years from now Woman will be ruling the world, or Man will have beaten her into an abject and primitive submission." Women are fundamentally tyrannical, Mrs. Atherton goes on to declare, and she pictures every wife as ruling her husband. Here is a remarkable extract from her article: "Wives either hold their husbands in secret contempt, or in the exceptional instances where the man measures up to the woman's ideal, she tolerates and loves him maternally. In either case she rules." According to this woman's view, women are increasing their power in the world and invading more and more the fields of activity which formerly belonged to men alone. She says they are becoming more efficient than men, that they are more patient, more persevering, more enduring, and in time they may even grow to be, like the pit women of Lancashire, as strong physically. And what can man do? Here is Mrs. Atherton's answer and climax: "nothing but pass a law that no woman shall be permitted to earn her bread, and that every man shall be taxed to keep her handsomely in the sphere to which she was born, or to which her talents bid fair to raise her. Either that or war at a later date. The men may have grown flabby of mind as a body, demoralized by their humiliations. Perhaps they will have done

nothing of the sort, but will have reverted to primitive brutality. Then the world, civilization, will begin all over again." Mrs. Atherton's readers are not forced to take sides, for she herself does not. She allows us alternatives. "Perhaps" man will succumb, or "perhaps" he will revert to the ways and habits of the cave dwellers, and drag women about by the hair. Mrs. Atherton is interesting and thrilling, but we are glad to be left in doubt. Choosing between such alternatives is a tough proposition.

IN REGARD TO "HOW DO YOU DO?"

There is a movement in England towards abolishing the ancient, time-honored form of greeting, "How do you do?" on the ground that it calls to mind aches and ailments that had better be forgotten. Salutations that stimulate cheerful thought are suggested in its place. As to "How do you do?" it has become mainly a mere form, the actual meaning of the words being by no means always present in the minds of either of those who utter them or of those to whom they are uttered. Still, there the meaning is; and while it is a politely solicitous meaning, there is much to be said for its disuse. Some other form of words would express the same friendly desire for the well-being of the person addressed, without calling attention to bodily pains and ills. It is a fact that if talk about our troubles and ailments were to be suppressed, a large proportion of human conversation would cease. If, in addition, the weather were to become a forbidden subject of talk, there would be another large lopping off of human intercourse as it is now carried on. Why should we devote so much of the time allotted to us on earth to discoursing about our headaches and backaches and other miseries and misfortunes? If we would, so far as possible, forget these things, and, at any rate, keep them out of our conversation, how it would improve matters!

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOLS

We may suppose that music first found its way into schools as an incident to religious exercises, which were part of the general school exercises. Upon the differentiation of the functions of religious and school institutions, music was dropped, or it remained on a precarious and uncertain tenure. Such recognized right as it had to survive was but poorly established. Music was not among the obligatory subjects of teaching in the public schools. Our better philosophy now recognizes its right to survive for its own sake. It is based on an innate sense of rhythm and a capacity for the appreciation of melody and harmony. The right of the child or grown person to lighten joy or mellow sorrow through the innate sense of song is an inalienable right of every human individual. It is truly said that "poetry should stand for the best moods or experiences of humanity, and music intensifies its force or beauty." In children and in adults alike, music is unquestionably capable of being of distinct benefit to the physical organism. It is a thing close to human nature, and one of the best and most beautiful things in the world. Its place in the school experience of every child could not be a matter of option or mere accident.

"HUMILIATIONS" OF THE MARRIAGE SERVICE

No less than fifteen "moral humiliations" in the marriage service as conducted in the Anglican Church are set forth in a manifesto which has been issued by the Suffragists' Spiritual Militancy League of Great Britain. At the head of the list stands the word "obey." Close upon this follows the objection to the "giving away" of the bride. The manifesto protests against this, unless the bridegroom is also "given away." The "giving away" of the bride is a historic survival, which ages ago lost the meaning it had originally. Time was in the history of the race when the woman's will in regard to her marriage was not very seriously regarded. With the emancipation of woman from primitive conditions and her freedom of choice in the matter of a husband, the significance which the words objected to once had has disappeared. Even the ring is objected to by the Suffragists' Spiritual Militancy League. Why, asks the manifesto, should the woman be ringed, unless the man is ringed also? Equality is the keynote of this whole declaration against the Anglican marriage service, which, of course, applies in greater or less measure to every other form of marriage service. Some of the objections are sound, notably the objection to the words of the bridegroom, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." But surely the statement of the manifesto that these words are "economically false, and never more so than in the present day," is an indictment not of the Anglican marriage service but of laws that do not conform to those words. It is pointed out that "in the case of a husband dying without a will, his wife does not succeed to his estate, as she ought, although in the case of a wife dying without disposition of her effects, the husband succeeds." If the law conformed with the words of the service in regard to "worldly goods," there certainly could not be said to be any humiliation. The cata-

logue of fifteen objections closes with the objection to the words of St. Paul, "Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands." The manifesto, which can by no means be said to be characterized throughout with complete reasonableness, is nevertheless an interesting sign of the times in the old land. Quite as interesting and significant are some of the articles which have been published assailing the manifesto, and, in reply to some of the objections, taking the ground that the words objected to are not to be taken "quite literally." In regard to the word "obey," for example, it is said that it "is not often taken in its old and literal meaning." All human forms and ceremonies are, of course, subject to change, and the more important they are, the more slowly are they changed. A hundred years from now the service objected to by the Suffragists' Spiritual Militancy League will, in all probability, be in a form which will differ from its present form. But just what the differences will be, who can attempt to predict?

AS OTHERS SEE US

The late Hon. T. Mayne Daly, speaking once of his experience as Police Magistrate of Winnipeg, said in his half-humorous, half-serious way that he thought it would be a good thing if the Police Court were provided with a large mirror in which men arrested for drunkenness would see themselves the morning after, when brought before the bar of justice, "I would like to have a big mirror put just outside of each cell also," added Mr. Daly. "If these men could see themselves as they are, it would contribute powerfully to the cure of about half of them, anyway." The mirror cure would be good for many besides drunkards. It would not be at all a bad thing if every home was provided with a number of full length mirrors. When the man of the house came scowling to breakfast, his first glance in the mirror would make him ashamed of himself. As for the other members of the family, they would be smiling and good humored all the time; confronted by their own reflections, they would instinctively refrain from distorting their faces with ugly frowns and expressions of peevishness and dissatisfaction. There is sound philosophy at the bottom of this. The fact is that if we saw the repellent lines that bad temper, envy, malice and the indulgence of other evil feelings draw on our faces, natural human vanity would cause many of us to banish such disfiguring thoughts. The mirror cure would simply act on self-respect. Most of us would be the better for looking into a mirror oftener to study the message our thoughts are writing on our countenances.

WARFARE ON A SINGING, STINGING PEST

The highest praise has rightly been given to the sanitary work done in the Panama Canal Zone. To conquer the jungle, abolish fevers and reduce the death rate to about that of a temperate climate is an achievement unequalled in the history of such enterprises. But the news that mosquitoes have reappeared since the creation of swamps due to the gathering of water behind the great Gatun dam is a reminder that in the tropics Nature is never conquered once for all. It has sometimes been too hastily assumed that the success at Panama shows that the tropics in general can be made fit for occupation by white people, but this deduction is somewhat too hasty. The Canal Zone has been kept in apple-pie order by military discipline and by the expenditure of a very great amount of money by the United States Government for a definite purpose. Any relaxation of effort would quickly lead to degeneration. Already the great swamps created by the Gatun dam have set the health authorities a new problem. Fortunately the mosquitoes that have appeared are not of the sort that carry yellow fever, but malaria is bad enough, and swamps and marshes are hard to deal with. In this case the obvious remedy of drainage is, of course, out of the question, because the dam which has caused the swamps and marshes is a vital part of the Canal. The protection of the people in the neighborhood will be a serious problem for the health authorities of the Canal Zone—a problem that was not foreseen. Among the methods which are under consideration is that of introducing some natural agency for the destruction of malaria-carrying mosquitoes, which breed in marshes and pools. It was noticed that of all the West Indies the Barbadoes alone was free from malaria, that scourge of tropical countries. After long research the cause of this immunity was traced to the existence in the Barbadoes of a tiny fish, known as the "million," owing to the rapidity with which it multiplied. This minute creature lives in stagnant fresh water, and devours the larvae of the mosquito. An attempt has been made to introduce it into other tropical countries, but it could not be naturalized, and in every case died out in its new home. A search is being made now for a similar creature that can be naturalized throughout the tropics. Why should not there be a search instituted for some such mosquito-destroying creature that could be acclimatized in this country?

THE RELIGIONS OF CANADA

The latest bulletin of the census of 1911 deals with the classification of the people of Canada according to their religious beliefs, and is the most interesting of the bulletins so far issued. That freedom in matters of faith exists in our country is made manifest by the fact that there are no fewer than seventy-nine beliefs recorded as being professed. The mass of the Canadian people, however, are included in less than half a dozen denominations. The nine largest bodies stand as follows, the figures of the 1901 census being also given, so that the respective increases may be noted at a glance:

	1911	1910
Roman Catholics	2,833,041	2,229,600
Presbyterians	1,115,324	842,442
Methodists	1,079,892	916,866
Anglicans	1,043,017	681,494
Baptists	382,666	318,005
Lutherans	229,864	92,524
Greek Church	88,507	15,630
Jews	74,564	16,401
Congregationalists	34,054	28,293

The increases are considerable, some of them bearing testimony to the sources of the immigration which has come so plentifully into Canada in recent years, and some being attributable largely to the natural increase in the home population. The figures of the increases are as follows:

Roman Catholics	603,441
Anglicans	361,523
Presbyterians	272,882
Methodists	163,006
Lutherans	137,340
Baptists	64,661
Greek Church	72,871
Jews	58,163

In the case of the Roman Catholics, who are far in the lead numerically—and whose largest percentage of increase was not, as might have been expected, in Quebec, where it was 83 per cent, but in New Brunswick, where it was 92 per cent—it is to be noted that they now form 39.31 per cent of the total population of the Dominion, using the word "now," of course, as meaning 1911, when the census was taken. One of the most interesting schedules in the bulletin is the one showing what part of the whole population each denomination formed in 1881, 1891, 1901 and 1911, the years in which the last four Dominion censuses were taken. The Roman Catholics were 41.13 per cent of the whole in 1881, 41.21 in 1891, 41.51 per cent in 1901, and, as already noted, 39.31 in 1911. Next come the Presbyterians, who were 5.64 per cent of the whole in 1881, 15.63 per cent in 1891, 15.68 per cent in 1901, and 15.48 per cent in 1911. The Methodists were 17.11 per cent in 1881, and 14.98 per cent in 1911, and the Anglicans 13.35 per cent in 1881 and 14.47 in 1911. Not to bewilder ourselves in a maze of percentages, we may note that the summing up shows that of the two great divisions of the Christian belief in Canada, the Protestants form 55.34 of the whole population, and the Roman Catholics 39.31 per cent. The largest increase of the Jews is shown in Quebec. In the four Western Provinces the Presbyterians show the largest increase for the ten years from 1901 to 1911, namely, 19.82 per cent, the Anglicans coming

next with 18.53 per cent, followed by the Roman Catholics with 16.32 per cent, the Methodists with 14.42 per cent, and the Lutherans, with 10.52 per cent.

A SURPRISE IN RUSSIA

A dispatch from Odessa in the newspapers a couple of weeks ago conveyed the news that General Trepoff, the Governor of the province of which Odessa is the capital, has suspended the expulsion of Jews until spring. It was added that surprise has been occasioned by General Trepoff's action, because the reason he announced for suspending the expulsion edict was that "it is too cruel to evict people from their homes during the winter season." Is it not a vivid revelation of Russian conditions that it should thus be stated, in the most matter of fact manner, that there is surprise in Odessa that the expulsion of the Jews is not to be relentlessly carried on in the middle of the Russian winter? Here is a fact which casts a strong illumination on Russian backwardness and the indifference to modern humanity and civilization which so generally characterize the action of the powers that be in Russia, and to which General Trepoff's action is regarded as a striking exception. There is no surprise that people should be driven from their homes; the surprise is that the work should cease during the prevalence of the bitter cold. The reason for the edict for the expulsion of the Jews is that they are too capable and too successful for the mass of the Russian people to cope with in trade. What is lacking in that huge mass of population in Russia is intelligence. There is no lack of physical strength and hardiness, but the mind and the spirit of the Russian need arousing. So long as there continues to prevail in Russia such medieval and bigoted misuse of the powers of government, so long will the vast Russian Empire continue to lag far behind the rate of development and progress which it ought to attain. Russia stands today where some other European countries stood centuries ago. The motive power of progress must come from the Russian people, as in other countries it has come from the people of those countries.

GUIDING THE BOY

The great success of the Boy Scout movement is due to the perception by the founder of the movement, General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, of the fact that the natural inclinations of boys can be made use of as the motive power to carry them along the lines which it is best for them to pursue. The movement has extended to every country in the civilized world. The lesson of its great success is worth emphasizing. It is deserving of application in other lines of endeavor in connection with education and training of young people. The boy can be more or less successfully led; but the Boy Scout movement demonstrates how successfully the following of the boy's natural inclinations can be blended with the leading. Today in every town of this country and in many of the villages boys and girls crowd the moving picture shows. In many cases the moving picture shows are devised to be of educational benefit. The moving picture is beginning to be used in schools. Both in Great Britain and in the United States the children attending the schools in large cities are given moving picture shows as part of their

regular courses of instruction. Business and pleasure are thus combined, and the youthful mind obtains and retains vivid impressions from the animated scenery on the canvas. This is a manifestation of the wise perception that the things in which the youthful mind is naturally interested can be advantageously turned to account for educational purposes.

IN REGARD TO MOSQUITOES

In an English publication which has come to the Philosopher's desk, it is stated that "English medical inspectors in India and in the Fiji Islands have discovered an easy way of trapping mosquitoes." "A small box is lined with green paper so as to give it the appearance of a shady place, and at daybreak, when the mosquitoes are seeking a cool retreat, they will collect there and go to sleep. Then a little later a cover is fastened carefully on the box, benzine is poured in and the mosquitoes quickly expire." This is interesting. But as a means of doing battle with the mosquito, as he is known in this part of the world, it is to be regarded as being, at the best, of highly dubious practicability. The mosquitoes of India and the Fiji Islands, if the above quoted account of how they can be managed is true, must be of an extraordinarily accommodating disposition, in comparison with the mosquitoes of Western Canada. Also, they must be comparatively few in number, and must travel in flocks. Our mosquitoes are numerous beyond computation, and they are too highly enterprising to go around in flocks looking for nice little boxes lined with green paper to go to sleep in. Apparently they do not sleep. They are too energetic to waste any time in sleep. In the persistency with which they attend to business they furnish an example which the more indolent and ease-loving mosquitoes of India and the Fiji Islands are, no doubt, incapable of emulating.

BRITISH DIVORCE LAWS

Despite strenuous opposition not only from the extreme section of the ecclesiastical party but also from the London Times and other powerful journals, it appears that drastic alterations are to be made in the existing divorce laws of the United Kingdom. These will follow upon the recommendations which have been made in the majority report of the Royal Commission on Divorce. The law will be amended so as to allow wives the same grounds as husbands in suing for divorce. Chronic drunkenness, as well as incurable insanity, will be legitimate reason for a suit. It is contended that the making of divorce easier will have a tendency to lessen the sanctity of the marriage tie; on the other hand it is pointed out that the changes which are to be made in the British divorce laws will have the effect of affording a remedy for much domestic misery that is now without remedy.

APROPOS OF THE DOUKS

The democratic conditions of this country with their tendency to the promotion of individualism, make it impossible for a separate and distinct community to endure for any considerable time. They must obey our laws in common with all our people, because that is the indispensable condition under which anybody is permitted to live in this country. Victoria Times.

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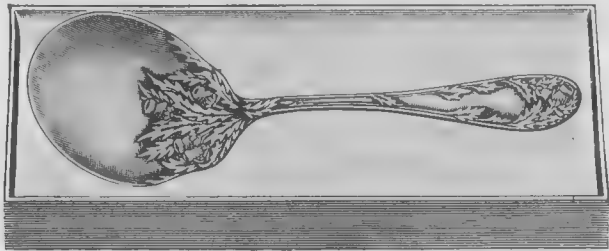


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Fashionable Gowns for Spring.

- 7717—Fancy Waist with Draped Over Blouse.
7671—Two-Piece Skirt.
7756—Fancy Waist.
7759—Circular Skirt.
7693—Draped Coat.

The gown made of the darker material combines a two-piece skirt trimmed to give the tunic idea with a blouse made after one of the latest models. It consists of a guimpe to which the sleeves are sewed and a sleeveless over portion that is most effectively draped. When designed for day-time wear, a chemisette can be added, making it high at the neck, and the sleeves can be made long and plain. The closing is made invisibly at the back. This gown is made of crepe metecore and all crepe finished fabrics are to be extensively worn, but the model is a good one for all the materials adapted to evening gowns for the spring season.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 1¾ yards 44, with 3¾ yards of lace 5¼ inches wide; the skirt will require 5¾ yards 27, 4½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt in walking length is 1¾ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the waist 7717 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7671 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The lace trimmed costume is novel in many of its details. The over skirt, or tunic, and the revers are made from lace flouncing. The skirt is circular with a separate train and this train is draped about midway of its length. Just as illustrated, the gown is a most attractive, graceful and even elaborate one.

adapted to evening functions, but both the waist and the skirt can be completely transformed by a few changes. The waist can be made with a shirred chemisette and a yoke of lace above, which render it high at the neck, and the sleeves can be worn over under sleeves attached to the lining. If a plainer effect is wanted, the revers which extend over the right front and right back can be omitted. By making the skirt without the tunic and with a plain panel back instead of the train, it becomes just a simple one adapted to everyday uses.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27 or 36 or 1 yard 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of lace 11 inches wide for the trimming; the skirt will require 5¾ yards of material 27, 4¾ yards 36 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards of lace flouncing 25 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7756 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7776 Semi-Princesse with Tunic for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

7759 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The coat is so simple that it requires scarcely more time for the making than a kimono negligee, yet it is beautiful in all its lines and smart in the extreme. There are front and back portions and the folds at the under-arm seams produce graceful drapery. The sleeves are in the new kimono style; that is to say, the upper portions are cut in one with the coat while the lower portions are seamed to it. For the early season, the brocaded crepe illustrated is charming. Later the coat will be pretty made of double-faced satin without lining and of all the pretty, thin, soft silks that are so charming for the warm weather wraps.

For the medium size, the coat will require 6¾ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 2 yards 27 for the trimming band, back of collar and cuffs and ¾ yard 27 for the front of the collar.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7693 is cut in three sizes, small 34 or

36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inches bust measure.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

A Dainty Evening Frock

Young girls are always on the outlook for new frocks for evening wear and one that is as dainty and as simple as this one will be very welcome. The model consists of a simple kimono blouse, a two-piece skirt and a two-piece tunic. Here the neck is cut round and low and the sleeves short but there is a little tucker, or neck frill, that can be arranged at the upper edge of the neck to make it higher or the blouse can be cut higher on a square outline, and the sleeves can be made to the elbows if that length is preferred. The tunic is straight at the lower edge and, consequently, can be made from flouncing or bordered material. In the illustration, the frock is made of pale pink crepe de chine with the blouse and tunic of embroidered chiffon and trimmed with banding and fringe, and the result is exceedingly charming. In the small view, the frock is shown in voile with the tunic of flouncing and that, too, is very pretty and girlish. Messaline, crepe metecore, mull, the soft tissues and silks that are so attractive for girls, and a host of other materials are appropriate for the making of this dress.

For the 16 year size, the blouse and tunic will require 2½ yards of material 27 or 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide and the skirt 2¾ yards 27 or 2¼ yards 36

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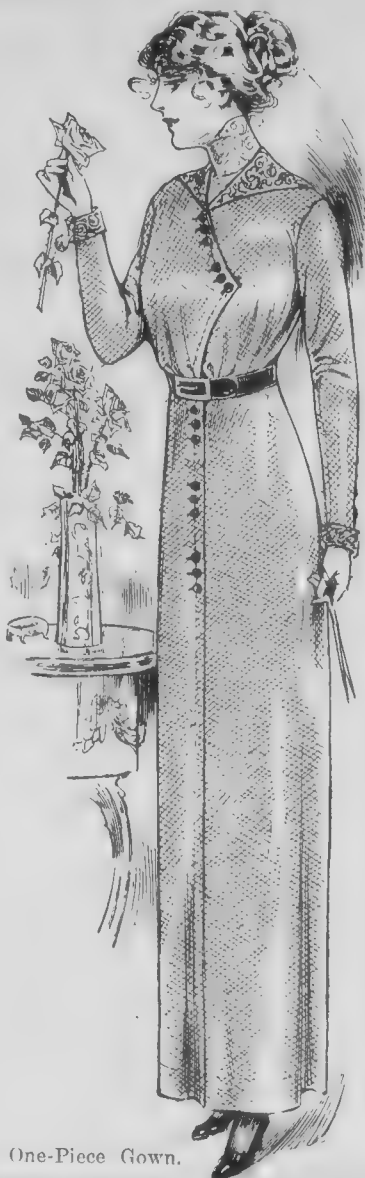
or 44 inches wide, with $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of fringe and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding to trim as illustrated; the entire dress will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of flouncing 18 inches wide for the 16 year size or 20 inches wide for the 18 year size and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard any width for the tucker.

The May Manton pattern of the dress 7776 is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

The Ever-Useful One-Piece Gown

There is no more satisfactory model than the one-piece or semi-princesse gown. It is equally well suited to the street and to the house and it can be made from almost any material. The one shown here is extremely simple, consisting of a blouse made with front closing and one-piece sleeves and a skirt cut in five gores which is closed on a line with the blouse. The neck is finished with a fancy collar and the sleeves can be extended to the wrists or made in three-quarter length. The shield is separate and can be used or omitted as liked. The material illustrated is one of the spring novelties and is trimmed with brocade. Serge, whipcord and all similar materials are equally well suited to the making and, for the later season, linen and pique with any appropriate trimming will be excellent. Charmeuse is much liked for gowns of this kind and can be used for this model with success. Antique blue with trimming of brocaded or black would be handsome. The overlapping front edge of the blouse is a smart feature but, if the straight edge is liked better, the point can be cut off.

For the medium size, the gown will require 10 yards of material 27, 6 yards 36 or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27 inches wide for collar and cuffs. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



One-Piece Gown.



A Spring Gown.

The May Manton pattern of the gown 7728 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

A Spring Gown

There is no material prettier than charmeuse for spring wear. Here is a charming gown made of that material and it is exceedingly smart and exceedingly simple. It is gray in color and is trimmed with silk in Bulgarian design and coloring. Foulard would be equally pretty for this model and could be trimmed with flowered foulard or contrasting color. Linen and other similar washable materials are excellent for such designs as this one. White or colored linen with collar and cuffs of all-over embroidery would be lovely. The front closing is especially worthy of note and the long shoulder line and the slightly open neck are smart features. The long sleeves are gored but, for the warm weather, the shorter length may be preferred. The skirt is in five gores. It can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line. The waist is adapted to the separate blouse to be worn with the coat suit or with the odd skirt as well as to the gown and the skirt can be used separately or as part of a coat suit.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 27 or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs; the skirt $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide if there is figure or nap; $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide if there is neither figure nor nap. The width of the skirt is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the lower edge.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7707 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7494 from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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One of the New Foulards

The foulards this season are charming in the extreme. Sprays of flowers make the designs for many of the prettiest and this gown shows one with a gray ground and white daisies that is really charming. The collar and belt are of green to match the leaves of the flowers and the whole effect is just as pretty as can be. The blouse is made in the surplice style that is very much liked just now and a frill of lace gives a dainty finish. The skirt is cut in two pieces and over-lapped at the front and the back. Even the busiest woman can find time to make the gown for there are very few seams to be sewed up and very little time required. The foulard suits the design beautifully but so also do many other fabrics. It would be very serviceable developed in serge, it would be both attractive and useful in ratine, it could be made from either messaline or crepe de chine to

be fashionable, or, if something simpler is wanted, it can be utilized for any one of the pretty cotton fabrics of which there are numbers. The long, plain sleeves unquestionably make a feature of the spring but they are not the only ones and, if the three-quarter ones are preferred, the sleeves can be cut off and finished with cuffs.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 21 for the collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of lace 6 inches wide for the revers, 2 yards of narrow lace for the sleeve frills, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18 inches wide for the separate chemisette that can be worn when high neck is desired; the skirt will need $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7605 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7559 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

THE bright sunshine of the past six weeks has made everything look dingy and dirty to a degree, so I have no doubt that my readers all over Western Canada are hard at work

House Cleaning—dusting and scrubbing, putting up new paper, washing curtains and generally turning the house out of the windows. Of course ideal housekeeping is that which never requires a general spring cleaning, where a room at a time is gone over in regular order and the running of the household is never jarred or upset, but it will be a long time before we can even hope that these ideal conditions will prevail, and if the period of house-cleaning is always a desperately trying one, I for one revel in the feeling of perfect cleanliness that always comes when every room of the house, from the garret to the basement, has been thoroughly cleaned. In the West, where for so long a time we have to have storm windows and big fires, the mere being able to throw open wide the doors and windows, and let the breath of heaven rush through the house, is a relief.

There is one delight of the children of Eastern Canada which those of the West must forego, and I expect in Eastern Canada it is growing more difficult to accomplish year by year, that is, the raking up of the chip yard. I know that the cleaning up of the chip yard in the spring was one of the delights of my childhood. You began as soon as sufficient snow had melted to lay bare the larger chips. These were gathered together and carefully stacked up to be used for the quick hot fires desired in the summer. Then all the small stuff that had thawed out was raked up also and the whole left for a day or two until, more snow melting, there was another harvest of the chips, and so on until the ground was rid of the last and the rubbish gathered into a pile, which, after it had dried out,

made a glorious bonfire. Anyone who has ever cleaned up a chip yard, where maple, beech, elm and butternut furnish the wood supply, will I am sure only have to close their eyes for a moment to smell again the mingled odors drawn by the hot sun from the green chips. It was one of the pieces of work which as children we never shirked. Even if you could get a decent chip yard from the poplar and cottonwood used in the West, it would have none of the delicious odors of these harder woods. I suppose the children of the present day in the West satisfy their longing for the out of doors by cleaning up the garden patch and getting it ready for the seeding.

I hope all the spring cleaning will turn out well, that no-one's blankets will shrink in the wash, that the new paper for the spare room will be found to match without the slightest trouble and that from end to end of the Prairie Provinces the housewives will speedily be able to draw breath after their strenuous efforts and feel that from garret to basement the house is sweet and clean and ready for the coming of summer.

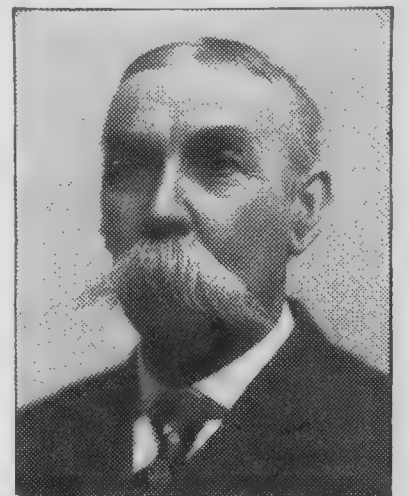
One of the best books that has come out during the present month is "The Amateur Gentleman" by Jeffrey Farnol. I remember recommending very heartily to my readers his first book "The Broad Highway."

The "Amateur Gentleman" is beautifully written and abounds in quaint philosophy and much humor. There is no individual character so outstandingly interesting as "The Ancient" in "The Broad Highway," but there are a wonderful group of characters, a very charming love story, and for those who take an interest in sport one of the best descriptions of a steeplechase it has ever been my lot to read. I can very strongly recommend this book as one which will be equally interesting to the older and younger members of the household.

Charles G. D. Roberts has a new nature book out called "The Feet of the

Don't wear a Truss!

Brooks' Rupture Appliance Will Cure You
No Obnoxious Springs or Pads
Sent on Trial

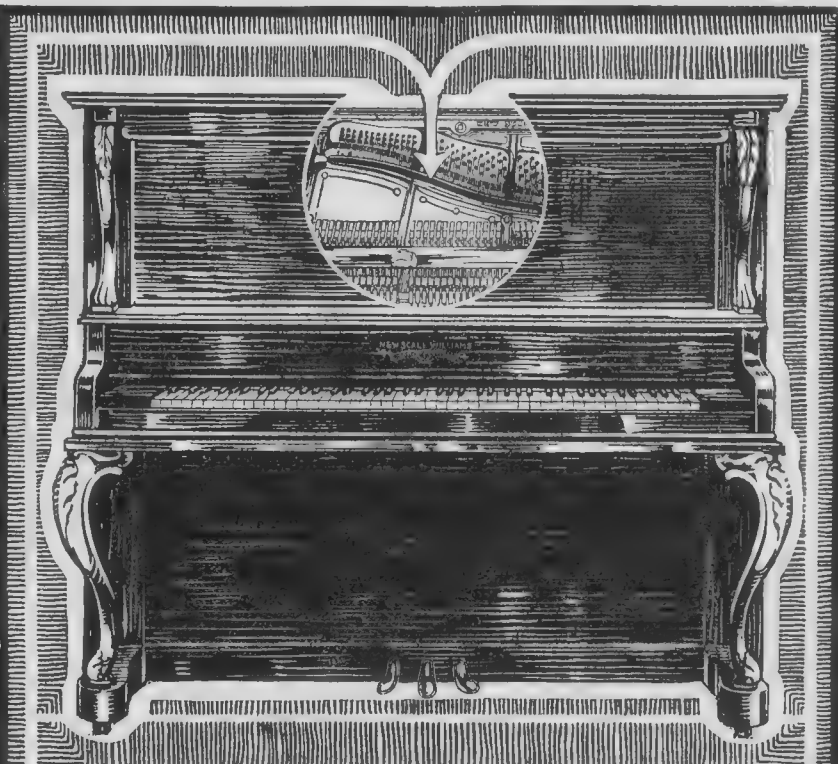


James A. Britton, 80 Spring St., Bethlehem Pa. U.S.A., says: "I was ruptured for six years and always had trouble until I got your appliance. My rupture is now healed up and nothing ever did it but your appliance."

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No ties. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Write me to-day.

C. E. Brooks, C94 State Street, Marshall, Mich. U.S.A.

INDIAN RUNNER DUCKS—"Genuine Runners' greatest layers of pure white eggs. \$2.00 per setting of 15 from my imported prize-winners. Shipped eggs to every province in Canada last year with gratifying results. M. Y. Y. Bertram, Vinemount, Ont.



Why The Harmonic Bridge?

THE different tones in a piano scale are the result of vibrations of wires of varying diameters and lengths.

Roughly speaking, the larger or longer the wire the lower the tone. Absolute purity of tone comes only from strings whose vibrations are confined solely to the space between the bridge at the bottom and the pressure bar just below the tuning pins at the top. If the strings vibrate beyond the pressure bar they of course make "harsh" tones so often recognized by the cultured ear in even the best pianos.

When you play heavily upon other pianos you force the vibrations beyond the pressure bar, and these harsh tones invariably follow.

Through a patented invention belonging exclusively to

Williams Piano

these vibrations beyond the pressure bar are purified, and made to harmonize with the true tone of each string, just as notes one octave apart harmonize.

Without the **BRASS AGRAFFE HARMONIC BRIDGE** indicated by the arrow in the illustration, none can hope to equal the unparalleled tone of the New Scale Williams Piano. Your interest in securing the best piano from every standpoint will surely lead you to choose the instrument which combines with exclusive features of mechanical supremacy the most beautiful of cases and the approval of nearly every one of the world's great musicians. Come in to-day and arrange to own one of these superb instruments.

The Williams Piano Company Limited
Oshawa Ontario

Western Agents:
CROSS, GOULDING & SKINNER, WINNIPEG



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7605 Surplice Blouse with Robespierre Collar, 34 to 42 bust.

7559 Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Furtive." I have not had more than time to dip into it just yet, but the illustrations are exquisite and I think the text is fully up to the illustrations. This should be a delightful book to read aloud in the family. The present season promises to be very prolific in light fiction by well known authors. Some of it is so light that it is a pity it should not blow away, but on the whole the bulk of it is very readable.

Lovers of sweet peas in Winnipeg have decided to have a Sweet Pea show during the coming summer and are making elaborate preparations for it. I am not sure, but I think

Sweet Peas that this show is open to people outside of Winnipeg if they choose to enter. The announcement of this show has reminded me that the Manitoba Free Press last year gave a beautiful challenge trophy for the best collection of sweet peas, the trophy to be held one year by the winner and then to be returned for further competition, the winner to receive a silver medal to keep. Sweet peas thrive marvellously all over Manitoba and the show of these flowers alone, which is being attempted for the first time this year, will doubtless bring many surprises to those who have never got beyond the sowing of a few sweet peas along the side of the house. The size of bloom and the marvellous variety of color which can be produced by careful selection and cultivation, is often a surprise to the cultivators themselves. If you cannot come in for the Sweet Pea show, at least make your plans to compete for the Sweet Pea trophy at the Annual Horticultural show later in the season. Even if you never get a prize you will have had all the joy of growing the sweet peas. I remember some years ago a friend of mine in Winnipeg, occupying a new house, tried an experiment which according to all scientific training should have been a dead failure, but was not. In excavating the basement for their new house the yellow clay sub-soil had been so thoroughly distributed over the

back yard that it completely blotted out any trace of the original black loam. It was impossible to work this clay, so early in the spring she persuaded her husband to spread all the winter's coal ashes over this yard and have them dug in. She was the head of a special committee for the supply of flowers to the General Hospital, and she sowed nearly the whole of this back yard, with its mixture of clay and coal ashes, with sweet peas. They matured early and blossomed freely, and all summerlong we cut every blossom we could see on Saturday night, but no matter how closely we clipped them, there were always masses of fresh bloom ready for the next Saturday's visit to the inmates of the hospital. This woman's experience shows what a little pluck and energy can do towards overcoming difficulties. I do not believe there is any land in the four western provinces where a garden cannot be made, if a little care and forethought is exercised.

I saw Mr. W. I. Smale, the Manager of the Brandon Winter fair Recipes recently, and he told me that he had about 50 copies of the book of recipes still on hand, so that any one keenly anxious to secure these recipes can no doubt do so by applying to him.

Home Economics.

The meeting of the Swan Lake H. E., on the afternoon of March 20th was a grand success. There was a splendid turn out, nearly all the members being there, with one or two others who had not attended the earlier meetings of 1913. After the usual business the Cor. Secretary read various letters to which she was directed to reply; and Mrs. Hartwell gave a statement of the cemetery account and was asked to continue on the same work, the same committee being reappointed. The programme for March was then opened by Mrs. Gardner who read a very interesting paper on "The Cheerful Econom-

ical Housekeeper" in which she emphasized the need of economizing strength and time and pointed out that the saving of a few dollars were not of much avail when they necessitated the losing of health and cheerfulness. Fresh air, sunshine and fresh companionship were all excellent antidotes to worry which should be avoided at all costs, and altogether her paper should prove of valuable help to all housekeepers. Mrs. Moffatt followed with a recitation dignifying "the trivial round the common task," and showing that the greatest reward is not always to those who have received the greatest credit for their work in this life; Mrs. Hartwell read a paper on "The Well Arranged Dining-room," which should be the brightest and most cheerful room in the house; with plenty of sunshine and air, and papered and painted in pleasing colors, with flowers and plants to add to its attractiveness. Mr. Holland, who substituted for Mrs. Langridge, spoke of the special prizes to be given at the Agricultural Show and promised that several vexed questions which somewhat spoiled the success of last year, should be adjusted at the next meeting of the directors. He then gave a few very interesting items of information on the subject of Household Science; the different temperatures at which water boils, the means of cooling butter, etc., by evaporation in the hot weather, and gave a much-needed word of warning about the careless handling of gasoline. This was followed by a duet by Mesdames W. E. Gardner and W. F. Hartwell which was a most pleasing variety to the usual order of the meetings, and was much appreciated and Mrs. Moffatt then read a paper on "Plain Food and Plain Living" and the necessity of making the kitchen a bright and attractive room. The singing of the National Anthem and the serving of a dainty lunch brought to a close one of the most interesting meetings ever held in Swan Lake.

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

Winnipeg Piano Co.

It has remained for the Winnipeg Piano Co. to introduce to musical Winnipeg the master triumph of the Talking Machine art, in the Columbia Grand, price 650.00. Shaped like a miniature Grand Piano, and having every possible improvement and embellishment, including electric motor, automatic stop and start, electric light, speedometer, speed regulator, record accomodation, concealed large horn chamber, and every metal part heavily gold-plated.

But most important of all, the tone is such as has never been possible in a talking machine of earlier model; this is due in part to its special acoustic construction, and the new model reproducer, a wonder of its kind.

Such an instrument is a wonderful education, and it is due everyone at all interested in music, to call and see the sample just arrived.

New Nursing Home.

Miss Davey, an English graduate nurse has just opened a Nursing Home at 229 Lipton St., Winnipeg.

There is accommodation for a limited number of patients only as each patient has a private room and all home comforts.

For the past five years Miss Davey has been nursing in Winnipeg and is consequently quite well known in a large section of the community.

From Today's Mail Bag

Cereal, Alta.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find \$1.00 for a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly, also \$1.00 for the magazine to be sent to address on enclosed slip. Your paper is continually improving, and is now one of great value, and necessary on every farm.

J. Harry Ellis.

THE DOMINION FAIR

BRANDON, Man.

July 15 to 25 inclusive, 1913

OPEN TO THE WORLD

Larger Grounds, New Display and Live Stock Buildings, New Grand Stand and Race Track.

\$50,000 in Premiums. \$20,000 for Speed Events.

High-Class Attractions and Pyrotechnic Displays.

Electric Street Car and Canadian Northern Railway to the Grounds.

Transfer Track from C.N.R. Live Stock Delivered to the Grounds.

Classes for all Breeds of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Dairy Products, Horticulture, Milk Test, Butter Making Competition, Grain, Fine Arts, Educational and Ladies' Work.

Special Excursions and Reduced Rates on all Railroads from all parts of Canada.

Entries Close JULY 1st.

Write for Prize List

Get Ready.

Make an Exhibit.

It will pay you

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The Gentle Usages of Courtesy.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by "Dell" Grattan

OUR forefathers had the better of us in many ways, and their simpler manner of living was one of them. They had time for the little courtesies and kindnesses that make life truly worth living."

Those two sentences came to my mind several times to-day, and I wondered if they were any the more true because they happened to be written in a book; for we often forget that, after all, a book is simply one man's opinion. We often talk of the simple life which our forefathers led, and of the beauties and advantages and inducements to high thinking, but I very seriously doubt if many of us would be willing to go back to the days when our grandmothers did the sewing for themselves and a family of anywhere from seven to fourteen children, put every tuck, frill and puffing on the voluminous folds of their crinolined gowns, and every stitch by hand; did all the boiling, baking, brewing and preserving; looked after the garden; dried the apples for winter pies; strung onions on the rafters; gathered and dried herbs for seasoning; churned the cream and made butter; scrubbed the unpainted floors and made tallow dips,

so that they could use the evening hours for the preparing of rags for carpets. Oh, my! the simple life! It must have been the men who lived it.

Let us not cry for the simple life of olden times until we know enough about it to make sure that we want it.

As for the little courtesies and kindnesses, it may have been because they too were hand made, so to speak, that they were more apparent. In these days, our courtesies are factory-made like our furniture, our clothes, our food, in fact, our whole lives. Our manners are very often put on for company, according to rules laid down in books of deportment, instead of being instilled from youth up. There are short cuts to everything nowadays, and the short cut to the assumption of courtly bearing and polite demeanor is likely to be reflex, resulting in short-lived and easily-displaced manners. The word courtesy suggests a deal more than our common term politeness, but like the quality it represents, it is passing out of general use and rapidly becoming confined to the men and women who believe in old-time customs. Courtesy, in its true sense, means kindness of spirit and

gentleness of action. It is born in the heart and permeates the entire being.

Politeness is a veneer which masks rough feelings and compels a manner which is not real but passes for more than a very good imitation.

Courtesy prompts a woman to consider the feelings of others and forget herself in so doing. It causes her to respond quickly to the call of neighbor or friend in sickness or misfortune. It leads her to be merciful to her servants, patient with her dress-maker and considerate to the clerks who wait upon her in the shops. In brief, it prevents her from doing a rude or unkind action.

Rudeness has many sources. Sometimes it springs from ignorance, sometimes from a coarse, hard nature. A quick temper occasionally prompts an act for which one would ordinarily blush. Rude people are not wanted, no matter what their attainments. Courtesy finds an abiding place everywhere. Although it may not always give personal benefits, it wins in the end. Selfish people do not forever get the cream of life and rude people are not forever exempt from retribution.

How very few mothers follow the old schoolmaster's law in the home training of their child—teach, drill, test. But when thrust out into the world among people, law and order is expected of them. It is the daily precept and example which will crop out in the test. The poor little immature mind is expected to use the judgment of an adult brain, even though it has not been trained. When your son is invited out to tea you hope he will do the right thing, use his knife and fork correctly, not assume charge of the conversation at the table—say "No thank you," and so on. Has that been his daily training? Yes? Then you need have no fears. No. Then he will not be a credit to you. Do not blame him, for the fault lies at your own door. What he is and does at home, that will be and do in the world. Not only is it of importance as far as manners are concerned but in moral training as well.

Allow your child to answer you rudely and he will talk back to the friend or neighbor. If you do not expect obedience at home he will not obey outside.

Mothers, your duty does not stop when you clothe and feed your child. Let me tell you that the daily home training has a great effect upon the future manners of your children.

"Life is not so short but that there is time for courtesy."

A Modern Factory

It is quite probable that very few readers of the "Western Home Monthly" have had the opportunity of visiting the Sherlock-Manning Piano Factories located in London, Canada. They have therefore not had the opportunity of noting the splendid facilities at the command of this com. any for the production of a high-grade piano.

The two factories are beautifully situated in the Eastern part of the city, occupying some five acres of ground.

The plant is one of the most modern in the Dominion. It is equipped with the very latest automatic machinery throughout, enabling the company to turn out the highest standard of machine work with absolute precision, at the lowest possible cost.

The factories themselves are well ventilated and splendidly lighted, so that the workmen have an ideal place in which to do their best work.

The workmen are all experienced in the different departments, having had practical experiences ranging from ten to twenty-five years in the art of piano building.

The company has adopted the "one quality" policy, i.e., every piano bearing the company's name is the same standard of quality, the only difference being in the height. All Sherlock-Manning Pianos are full seven and one-third octaves.

The Sherlock-Manning plant has its own railway siding, connecting with six railroads. There are one hundred and eighty-two freight trains out of the city every day. This means that the company is in a position to place the

pianos in the car upon their own siding, and ship over any road, to any address, with the least possible expense or delay.

The splendid factories, the modern machinery, combined with the unexcelled shipping facilities, place the Sherlock-Manning in a position to give the public the highest possible value, and quickest despatch.

The result is, this company has gained the confidence of the Canadian people in a remarkable way. Within the past eighteen months, their weekly output in the piano department has increased from ten to twenty-five instruments.

"If I Was Paw."

If I was paw an. paw was me, Gee! what a great thing that 'ud be! I wouldn't whip him just cause he Went sneakin' off sometimes to fih; And if he'd ruther play than go To school, I'd say "All right," and oh, But wouldn't he have good times though, With everything for which he'd wish!

I'd let him stay up late at night, And then I'd go ahead light The gas for him, because he might Bump into chairs or things, you see; I'll bet he'd be that glad all day, With not a thing to do but play, He'd haft to yell, he'd feel so gay, If I was paw and paw was me.

If I was in his place I'll bet That everything he'd want he'd get, I guess he'd think that he had met The kindest paw he ever saw But still I'm glad that I can't be My paw and that he isn't me, Because if I was him, you see, Then maw, she wouldn't be my maw.

Was Well Paid

Once upon a time there was an Indian named Big Smoke employed as a missionary to his fellow Smokes.

A white man, encountering Big Smoke, asked him what he did for a living.

"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me preach."

"That so? What do you get for preaching?"

"Me git ten dollars a year."

"Well," said the white man, "that's damn poor pay."

"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me damn poor preacher."

What he Would Say

Schoolmaster (trying to teach Tommy manners): "What would you say if your mother gave you a slice of bread and butter?"

Tommy: "Hi, mother, which side is the butter on?"

Frigid

"Was it cool where you spent your vacation?"

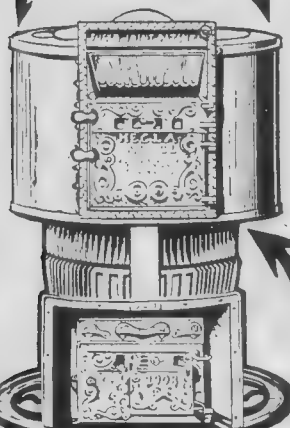
"Cool! I should say it was. I was obliged to go to town for a few days and returned unexpectedly. I met the old farmer coming down the road wearing one of my shirts and using my cane to drive home the cows. One of his sons had gone to the village with my best suit of clothes on; and the oldest daughter was straining jelly through my white flannel coat.

When they saw me they seemed a bit surprised, but all they said was:

"We hain't ben expectin' yer hum so soon." It was certainly the coolest family I ever struck."

When a mother detects from the writhings and fretting of a child that worms are troubling it, she can procure no better remedy than Miller's Worm Powders, which are guaranteed to totally expel worms from the system. They may cause vomiting, but this need cause no anxiety, because it is but a manifestation of their thorough work. No worms can long exist where these powders are used.

FOXES. FOXES. FOXES.—Wanted to buy live black silver cross and red foxes; also bear cubs, mink, martin, fisher, beaver, sandhill and white cranes, and other live birds and animals. Portage Wild Animal Co., Box 223, Portage-la-Prairie, Man.



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A FURNACE
with the name
"HECLA"

in your home is insurance for two things

Ample Heat and Saving in Fuel

Write now for Catalog. Send rough sketch of floor plan and estimate of cost will be forwarded.
Dealers—everywhere sell the "Hecla."

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Grain Growers

Over fifty years' experience in the grain trade of Canada, and the facilities to enable us to give every necessary attention to all carlot shipments entrusted to our care, are at your service.

Ship us your grain on consignment. We will handle strictly on commission and give you full advantage of any premiums obtainable.

Should you wish net quotations at any time you have cars loaded, will be pleased to quote by wire.

Liberal advances and prompt adjustments.

Write us for any information you might wish re shipping and disposition of grain in carload lots. Have you one of our "Data for Grain Shippers?" It will prove of value to you.

James Richardson & Sons Ltd.

Commission Department

Trust and Loan Building - Winnipeg
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The Race of the Swift.

(Continued from Page 39.)

crouched not three feet from the narrow hog-path winding on toward the farm-house half a mile away. From the pond at the base of the slight elevation over which the path led, some belated geese were ambling homeward. A half dozen or more, awkward, matronly, placid, moving in Indian file, with never a thought beyond dipping in the hog trough in the barnyard, or gobbling up the food thrown to the chickens. The webbed feet plodded on—straight to death. One, two, three, four—six plump bodies marched sedately by the low clump of matted weeds. Destruction swift and sure seized the last. Out of the shadow sprang a shape; two sinewy forelegs glided around the long white neck, and skilful fangs tore open the portals of death. It was done almost without a sound. A feather or two and a few crimson splashes upon the leaves by the path were the only traces of the deed. Taking the blood as it gushed from the wounds, the fox seized the neck firmly at a point near the base, slung the heavy body across her back with a dexterous jerk of her head, and headed for her den at a swift

accompaniment of rustling leaves and snapping twigs and triumphant bays.

The next afternoon, shortly after mid-day, her merciless offspring teased and worried her so that the she-fox crept forth, in spite of the warning of the day before, and set her sharp muzzle towards the crest of the range with the intention of invading territory which her feet hitherto had never pressed. But scarcely had her noiseless feet gone over the top of the knob when a sharp yelp immediately behind her caused her to jump and turn quickly. They were there—her enemies—and their noses were smelling out her trail, for as yet they had not seen her. Even as she leaped for the nearest cover, like a yellow flash, her first thought was of the little ones biding at home. She must lead her foes away from that cleft in the rocks where her love-children lay awaiting her return. It was a hard and stubborn race which she ran for the next six hours. At times deaf feet were pattering almost at her heels, and pitiless jaws were held wide to grasp her; then again only the echo of the persistent cry of her pursuers reached her. She had doubled time and again. Once a brief respite was granted her when she dashed up a slanting tree

tensely. She heard the pack lose the scent, search half-heartedly for a few minutes, for they, too, were weary to drooping, then withdraw, one at a time, beaten.

But for half an hour the brave animal lay against the tree roots, waiting and resting. Then she came out cautiously, looked around her, and with difficulty gained the mouth of her den. Casting one keen glance over her shoulder through the checkered spaces of the forest, she glided softly within and, lying down, curled her tired body protectively around her sleeping little ones.

Cowgirls Leading Feature at Stampede.

The cowboys, frontiersmen, scouts, etc., at the "Stampede" won't be all of the interesting types represented. The cowgirls will be there en masse. They will be a new diversion in this grand galaxy of centaurs of the plains.

The cowgirls, the sauciest, happiest, loveliest assemblage of femininity that ever galloped around an arena or appeared in a street parade. The real cowgirl may be an element of society

Comfort, grace and freedom of movement condemn them both.

Astride riding has its origin on the vast reaches of western prairies. There, it is a practical necessity. The western woman is frequently in the saddle for hours at a time. She acts as mail carrier and purchasing agent for the household, and the trading points are often miles distant from the ranch houses. Often she joins in the round-up of the cattle, in which she is as proficient as a cowboy, and it is not unusual for her to take a 20 mile jaunt for a visit or festival of the plains. No woman could endure these equestrian undertakings in the side saddle, with its impossibility of changing position. There is some innate prejudice in the minds of the feminine residents of the cities against the cross-seat, but the example of the woman of the prairies is fast overcoming it.

Some of the "Stampede" cowgirls are making their first visit to the crowded city. They will be in a constant flutter of excitement. Never did they dream of Dame Fashion's demands as will be illustrated by their sisters of the city. Some of these ranch belles never had a parasol and cannot understand why one should not welcome tan, riding skirts and anything which accompanies buoyant health. Lognettes, vanity bags, dresses entrain and turban hats are beyond their puzzled comprehension. The plaits, coils and tresses of fashionable coiffure evoke their interest, but no desire of emulation.

Ready-made Medicine—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains, it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the sale, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.



Miss Florence La Due, champion Lady Fancy Roper of the World, who will defend her title at the Winnipeg Stampede August 9 to 16th.

lope. That night she feasted to repletion, and the next day she gorged herself on her kill. Made indolent by gluttony, she did not leave her lair for two whole days. Then her old enemy, hunger, returned again and drove her to action.

During the days she had been lying inert in her rocky chamber some things had happened that disturbed her not a little. The morning following the night she had brought in her prize she heard the dread voices of the hounds on some far-off range. All day, at intervals, the unwelcome chant had come to her ears, and so she knew that the human people had missed their goose and were abroad with the pack in quest of its destroyer. The second day a more alarming thing had happened. It was when the shadows of the taller trees began to lengthen towards the East and twilight reigned in her cave home, that she was roused once more by the determined notes of the pursuing pack. Creeping to the entrance, presently she saw the chase passing along the knob-side. A great, gray fox, nearly spent, was gliding, falling down the incline, his red mouth stretched for breath and his bushy tail drooping. After him raced the hated friends of the human people, loud-tongued and tireless. The gray fox was leading bravely, and hunters and hunted passed from view to the

trunk which, in falling, had lodged in the branches of another tree. Eight tawny forms dashed hotly, furiously by, then she descended and took the back track. Only for a moment, however, were the cunning dogs deceived. They discovered the artifice almost as soon as it was perpetrated and came harking back themselves with redoubled zeal. So the long hours of the afternoon wore away. Not a moment that was free from effort, not an instant that Death did not hover over the mother-fox, awaiting the least misstep to descend. The sun went down; tremulous shadows, like curtains, were draped among the trees. The timid stars came out again, and the hazy moon arose. And still, with inveterate hate on the one side and the undying strength of despair on the other, the grim chase swept through the night. At last the blood-rimmed eyes of the reeling quarry saw familiar landmarks. Unconsciously, in her blind efforts, she had come to the neighborhood of her den. She found her legs growing fearfully weak, and with a realization of this her brain awoke as from a trance and drove her to guile. Two rods away was the creek. To it she staggered, splashed through the low water for a dozen yards and hid herself beneath the gnarled roots of a tree, from the base of which the stream had eaten away the soil. She listened in-

new to this city, but she is a welcome comer. She is a development of the stock-raising west comparing with the bachelor girl and the independent woman of the east. She is not of a new woman class—not of the sort that discards her feminine attributes and tries to ape the man, simply a lovely athletic young woman with realization that in affairs where skill is the chief qualification she has an equal chance with her brothers.

As the cowgirls whose exploits you will witness at the "Stampede" are recruited from the various ranches in the cattle districts of the United States and Canada. They are picked from the best exponents of the sports of the "rangeland." They can rope, swing gracefully from the back of a galloping horse and pick a fallen handkerchief off the ground. Mount and ride "bucking" horses and use gun and pistol with a nonchalance and proficiency of the most expert cowpuncher. It will be noticed that all these girls ride their horses astride. To them the side-saddle is unknown. Comfort, safety and health all argue for the cross-seat in the minds of these young women who spend more hours a-horse than under roof. They declare that the side-saddle should be relegated to the oblivion of the hoop skirt of our grandmothers.

The Dentifrice of Royalty

What dentifrice would a queen naturally choose? Surely the cream of the world's finest productions. Thus, Queen Alexandra's selection of

Gosnell's Cherry Tooth Paste

suggests at once to you that it must be better than anything you have ever tried.

Learn today the new delight of this exquisite preparation. Cherry Blossom Perfume is also used by Queen Alexandra. At your druggist's or write

NERLICH & COMPANY

146 Front St. W., TORONTO

POULTRY BREEDERS.—Continued.

GRAND LAYING STRAIN.—Single Comb White Leghorns. Eggs, One dollar per fifteen; Four dollars per hundred. Martin Robertson, Kent Centre, Ont. X—

HIGH-CLASS ROSE COMB R.I. REDS. What a breeder of birds says: "Cock bird sent certainly a beauty, the best bird I have ever seen." Breed layers and beauties. Eggs \$2 per 15. John Duff, McKiwin, Man. X—5

SUNNY VALE POULTRY YARDS, LEDUC, ALTA. Single and Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds, Single and Rose Comb White and Brown Leghorns, Single Comb Buff and Black Leghorns, White, Black and Golden Wyandottes, Black and Buff Orpingtons, Single and Rose Comb Black Minorcas, White and Barred Plymouth Rocks, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, Black Breasted Game Bantams. Eggs \$2.50 per setting. James A. Jackson, Box 48, Leduc, Alta. X—5

FREE WATCHES, DOLLS, RIFLES, CAMERAS, etc.—To Boys and girls for selling 25 NOVELTIES at 10c each. Send for them today, we trust you with our goods. Davis Supply Co., 278, Garry St., Winnipeg. —5

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Same Way, Sometimes, With Other Things

"The trouble with our mine," said a man from the coal country yesterday, "is that we had to go through twenty-eight feet of trouble to get to thirty-three inches of coal."—Lethbridge Herald.

What Autobiographer Does?

Emperor William is writing his autobiography and probably will not give himself any the worst of it.—Duluth Herald.

In Other Countries, Too

One of the chief political assets in Mexico is a knowledge of just when to flop to the other side.—Moose Jaw Times.

A Sweeping Reflection

It costs too much to govern Canada, and we have too many legislators with more ambition than ability.—Vancouver World.

The Western Way with Townships is Better

The practice of naming streets after aldermen is one that should be discontinued, and the same thing may be said as to the naming of townships in honor of politicians.—Hamilton Herald.

Fashion Forecast

The prediction that women will some day sweep the streets of New York makes it plain that long skirts are coming back into style again.—Detroit Free Press.

Common Sense from a Man Who Knows

The common-sense warning given by Mr. William Ogilvie, son of the former Governor of the Yukon, regarding the real worth of an alleged gold discovery in British Columbia, indicates that he is a worthy son of his late lamented father.—Medicine Hat Call.

Women Churchwardens?

Over one thousand women of the Synod of Huron are petitioning to be allowed representation in the Synod, and the question will come up for discussion at the meeting of the Synod in June. We may yet have an agitation for women churchwardens.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

"Suffragines" More Harmonious

High place must be accorded the Women's Franchise League of Chaux-de-Fonds (Switzerland). They have adopted the name "suffragines"—a word which they say is more harmonious than suffragette.—London Globe.

General Sherman Was Right

Military experts praise the war in the Balkans as a singularly triumphant and successful affair, and the victors are held up for the envy and admiration of the world. But from what the victors say themselves we are led to believe that what General Sherman said about war is still true.—Hamilton Times.

Parental Responsibility

The Juvenile Court is a local institution that should enlist the hearty interest and co-operation of every citizen, whether or not a parent and whether or not his own children ever have been or ever are likely to be involved in it. Parenthood is of very little use if it does not develop a sense of parenthood and a realization of responsibility for every child born.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.

A Texas Reform

It would be supposed that Texas would be about the last place in the world where legislation prohibiting carrying of guns under the penalty of from one to three years' imprisonment would be entertained. The member introducing the bill stated that its object was the extermination of "booze, bullets and bullies."—Lethbridge News.

A Church Movie

St. John, N. B., is to have a moving picture show under the auspices of the church. The Presbytery has strongly endorsed the proposition of establishing a moving picture theatre at the Courtenay Bay Mission, which has been established near to dock construction works. A picture theatre of the usual kind had been proposed and the mission decided to get there first.—Vancouver News-Advertiser.

Spring

This is the season of azure air and bursting bud-laden boughs, sun-kissed days that open their eyes and smile. It is the real New Year when Nature recreates all things anew, even to awakening young folks' fancy and lightly turning them to thoughts of love.—Calgary Herald.

Check on Hasty Marriages

The Illinois State Divorce Commission proposes a restraint period between the issuing of a marriage license and the ceremony. It has drafted an amendment to the law, requiring that fifteen days must elapse between the granting of the marriage license and the tying of the nuptial knot, in order "that the contracting parties may become better acquainted with each other and be assured that no mistake has been made."—Brantford Expositor.

Just Routine Now

When a five or six line paragraph is enough to dispose of the case of an aviator who has been killed through collapse of his machine in mid-air there is nothing more to be said as to whether the reading public regards aviation and its hazards as a part of the hurly-burly of everyday life.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Where Politics are Perilous

There are three candidates for the presidency of Santo Domingo, although the post the aspirants are after is even more dangerous and unstable than is the presidency of Mexico. There must be many fearless fellows among the inhabitants of America's black republic.—Ottawa Free Press.

Left the Rafters

It sometimes happens that thoughtful neighbors take a great interest in the property of absent homesteaders. One whose homestead is in the Vegreville district found on his return last week that of a stable he had erected only the rafters remained, the rest of the building having been appropriated by someone in need of lumber. Little attentions like this are bound to make a newcomer feel that he ought to be very much at home.—Edmonton Capital.

A Remark by a Marquis.

In a recent debate in the House of Lords the Marquis of Lansdowne referred to the support that a certain measure derived from "lawyers, journalists and other low-class callings." The Marquis said nothing about tailors, perhaps forgetful that he was descended from Petty, the tailor of Ramsay in Hampshire, whose rich granddaughter was married by the Earl of Kerry, and thus founded the honorable and historic house which we all justly esteem today.—London Sphere.

Murder Breeds Murder

Two women have attempted to assassinate President Huerta, of Mexico, and it was not surprising that the shot went wide of the mark. However, gauged by the revengful Latin temperament, it will be far from a marvel if his life eventually pays the forfeit exacted from so many of his murderous predecessors.—Hamilton Spertator.

Ye Editor in Gloomy Mood

He who plays the wheel, the bank, the races, the bucket shop, poker, the stock game, the real estate delusion, and hundreds of other forms of the same evil, will sometimes have chicken to eat, but most of the time he will only have the feathers, with regret, misery, remorse and despair as side dishes.—Greenwood Ledge.

The Sheriff of Saskatoon

The Toronto Globe publishes a portrait of the Sheriff of Saskatoon arrayed not only in the glory of a cocked hat, but of knee breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes as well. Democratic Westerners who have just learned to wear top hats will be filled with dismay. It is a far cry from the western sheriff of the moving pictures to the Saskatoon official.—Edmonton Journal.

Paposes in Perambulators

The white men continue to bear their burden in the old way, but the Indian women have adopted a new method. The squaws on the Oklahoma reservation have discarded the straps with which they bound their paposes to their backs and are purchasing perambulators.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Land of Opportunity

As Canadians we are beginning to feel that we are in a measure grown up, and that we have advanced rapidly and far along most lines of human progress. But as yet, commercially speaking, our country is but scratched on the surface in parts. It is strong in its virile manhood, rich in its natural resources, fertile in soil and vast in extent, and it still has rich sections undeveloped that are large enough to hold the populations of all the petty states of Europe.—Calgary Herald.

Biblical Wisdom

It is noted that the Bible is now being frequently used by United States Congressmen as an aid in preparing their speeches. Evidently the legislators know the book to look in when they want ideas. There is nothing to equal it as a thought breeder, and very little that comes near it, despite the many geniuses that have passed across the stage since the works that made it up were collected and combined. Its wisdom is extraordinary.—Montreal Witness.

A Complaint from the East

Two crowded train loads of immigrants arrived in Toronto. Only fifty of them stayed in Ontario, the rest going on at once to the West. It is about time that the East woke up and sidetracked some of these newly arrived citizens. There are countless opportunities for them on this side of the Great Lakes, and the depopulation of the Eastern Provinces has been allowed to go on too long.—St. John, Telegraph.

Reducing Legislators' Pay

The sixty-day period allotted for the regular session of the Texas Legislature, provided for by the constitution, has now expired, so that from now until the end, the per diem pay of members of both branches is automatically reduced from \$5 to \$2 by the express terms of the law. Here is a suggestion for the people of Massachusetts and other states.—Boston Transcript.

Figuring on the Slavs

The German Chancellor, in his speech in the Reichstag on the military measures and estimates, intimated that the recent war in Turkey by its outcome, has created a new menace to Europe's peace. The Slav states have learned that they can carry on war with success and may try it with some other power than Turkey before their ambition is checked. Being a statesman in Europe is almost as wearying as being a taxpayer.—Montreal Gazette.

The Horizon Never Clear

Correspondents of London newspapers express the belief that the danger of war between Austria-Hungary and Russia has vanished and that the two governments have reached a final settlement of the thorny question of the delimitation of Albania. The news would be more reassuring to peace lovers if it were not for the fact that as soon as Europe gets over one war scare it quickly finds another to worry about, with the result that more calls are made for money for armaments, to the great distress of the over-burdened taxpayers.—Montreal Herald.

A Daughter's Cruel Joke

A young lady in Melancthon township recently played a cruel joke on her mother, and this is how it happened: She had found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in their halcyon days of courtship. She read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her lover, who lives on the Back Line. The mother was very angry and stamped her foot in disgust, forbidding her daughter to have anything to do with a man who could write such foolish stuff to a girl. The girl then gave the letter to her mother to read, and the home suddenly became so quiet that she could hear the snowflakes falling in the back yard.—Shelburne Free Press.

J. P. Morgan and Art

J. P. Morgan's services to art are vastly over-rated. They consisted mostly in prying great works of art from their old world setting with a golden lever, and carrying them off to the new world. A stimulus to art creation would have been worth much more than a mere change of ownership. Had he spent a million or so in encouraging American artists to compete successfully with the old masters he would have done a service to the world, and not merely to the country that inherits his purchases.—Vancouver Province.

Scroggie's Personal Mail Service

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This new service will eliminate delays, prevent errors and stand as an insurance against the disappointments of the present old style mail order system. TRY IT!

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U65-1—Bridal Set, comprising Nightgown, Princess Slip and Drawers, of fine quality nainsook, beautifully finished with deep embroidery insertion and edging, with ribbon. Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42.

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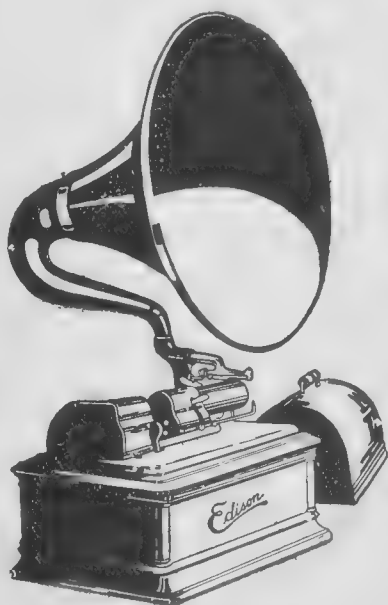
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Scotch Column

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary, Translator of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

Flodden Field

It's but a month the morn
Sin' a' was peace and plenty;
Our hairst was halflins shorn—
Eident men, and lasses denty.
But noo it's a' distress—
Never mair a merry meetin';
For half the bairns are fatherless.
And a' the women greetin'.
O Flodden Field!

Miles and miles round Selkirk town,
Where forest flowers are fairest,
Ilka lassie's stricken down,
Wi' the fate that fa's the sairest.
A' the lads they used to meet
By Ettrick braes or Yarrow,
Lyn' thrammelt heid and feet,
In Brankstone's deadly barrow!
O Flodden Field!

Then I turn to sister Jean,
And my arms about her twine;
And I kiss her sleepless een,
For her heart's as sair as mine.—
A heart ance fu' o' fun,
And hands that ne'er were idle,
Wi' a' her cleedin' spun
Against her Jamie's bridal!
O Flodden Field!
"J. B. Selkirk." (Jas. B. Brown.)

them live for golf. A lady critic remarks of it as if it were a disease, saying, "It is a germ of old age; because the golfer is nearly always too much of a golfer; and is unable to be sufficiently interested in other things."

Oor hearts had the glow o' the violets
rare,
And the freshness o' the dew,
And the lilt o' the sang taat filled the
air
Frae the speck in the bonnie blue.
And naething cam oor joy to mar,
Till the sun sunk in the West,
And the laverock drapt frae the e'ening
star,
And the cusha soch her nest.
—Alexander McLachlan.

In the Snow. In Lanarkshire, a shepherd dug one of his shее, out of the drifted snow, where it had been for 24 days, in early February. He said "it ran off like a hare"; and was apparently none the worse.

Literary. In the past winter innumerable lectures and addresses were given in various places in Scotland. Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell, of Cramond, M.dlothian,



Fording the Smoky River, Canadian Rockies

A story is told of the old days, when there were wolves in Scotland. A Highlander opened his wallet, at the side of a wood, and sat down to dinner. Three wolves gathered round him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provender was all gone. Then he took up his bagpipes, and began a blast; and the wolves fled. "Weel, weel," said the now dinnerless piper, "if I had kent ye likit music sae weel, ye sould hae had it afore dinner!"

The Bagpipes. The Prince of Wales, a bright young fellow in his teens, at Oxford, has learned to play on the bagpipes; and the idea has tak'n hold of a number of the other students; and some are practising on the Highland "pipes."

Shetland. The population of the Shetland Islands is 27,911; a decrease of 235 in ten years. Men, 12,589; women, 15,322.

Post Offices. In the United Kingdom there are 24,244 post offices; and 47,638 letter boxes.

Parritch. Much remark has been made of late, over the asserted substitution in Scotland, of tea and bread for children's breakfast, instead of the historical porridge-and-milk. There seems to be some truth in the assertion; and it does not sound well to patriotic people.

Golf is an absorbing game, and largely indulged in by elderly men. Many of

has been giving a new sermon in "Braid Scots" on 12th Ecclesiastes—an address on "Mathew Arnold" was given by a lady, Miss Mary O. Wright, at Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire. — At Kirkurd, Peeblesshire, Mr. John Buchan lectured on "Scottish Character." At Tullibody, Stirlingshire, Rev. Geo. Henderson, of Mowzie, lectured on "Lady Nairne and her songs."—"The purpose and method of History teaching in Schools," by Miss Burstall, in Aberdeen.—"Whittier; "Health of the Young"; "Life of Burns"; "Early Marriage Customs"; "Old Psalm Tunes"; were the titles of other lectures.

She died—as die the roes
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame, and morning's gone!

She died—as dies the glory
Of music's sweet swell;
She died—as dies the story
When the best is still to tell!

She died—and died she early;
Heaven wearied for its own.
As the dipping sun, my Mary,
Thy morning ray went down!
—Evan MacColl.

An English tourist met a young woman, barefoot, but carrying (for economy's sake) her shoes. "My girl," he said, "do all the people in these parts go barefoot?" "Pairtly they do," she replied, "and pairtly they mind their ain business!"

In 1825, John Telfer (afterwards government agent at Owen Sound, on Georgian Bay) was in Scotland to get out settlers to Galt and vicinity. He thought he had "hooked" Jamie Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd. But when matters came to a point, Hogg backed out. "Man!" he said, "the Ettrick couldna want me!"

Not long before the close of his life, when Sir Walter Scott was giving a sitting to Watson Gordon the painter, he was shown a little picture by that distinguished artist, representing a battle.

"This is not the thing at all," said Sir Walter, in reference to the clearness and multitude of the figures; "when you want to paint a battle, you should in the first p'ce get up a good stour, (dust) then just put in an arm and a sword here and there, and leave all the rest to the imagination of the spectator!"

I can heedless look on the siller sea,
I may tentless muse on the flowery lea;
But my heart wi' a nameless rapture
thrills
When I gaze on the cliffs o' my heathery
hills.

—John Ballantine.

Some Scottish Proverbs

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in nae ither.

Humble Worth and honest Pride
Gar presumption stand aside.

Like the wife that ne'er cries for the
ladle till the pat rins ower.

Never spend gude siller looking for
bad.

Mealy-mou'd maidens stand lang at
the mill.

Ye breed o' the gowk, ye hae ne'er
a rhyme but ane.

Explosion. The town of Irvine in Ayrshire, was in March, terribly shaken, as by an earthquake, when the explosive works at Ardeer blew up. Several people were killed; and the newspaper account of the accident says "churches, schools and public buildings are damaged beyond repair. The harbor, adjacent to the scene of the explosion, is riled with wreckage."

Cromarty is to be an important naval base. The headlands at the entrance of the Firth will be fortified, and the forts garrisoned by marines.

Up amang the purple heather,
No a flow'r that man can gather
Frae garden fair
Or greenhouse rare,
Can match the bonnie, blooming heather,
Anon.

The Auld Brig o' Ayr. The tradition is, that Isobel Lowe saw her lover perish in a spate or storm, trying to ford the river, and was instrumental in getting a bridge built. The first written notice of the Brig is dated 1236.

Six years ago, extensive repairs were taken in hand, and in 1910, a bronze tablet on the Brig records, "The Auld Brig of Ayr, erected in the 13th century; preservation work 1907-10. Re-opened by Lord Rosebery, 20th July, 1910. James S. Hunter, Provost of the burgh of Ayr."

Ye're bonnie, lassie; bonnie eneuch,
To them that far in their favor set
ye;
And ower bonnie, far ower bonnie,
To them what lo'e ye and canna get
ye.

—W. Wye Smith.

Jessie Lewars. A beginning has been made at Berwick—where £13 was secured at a meeting—to erect a handsome headstone over the grave of Jessie Lewars, who ministered to Burns on his death-bed, and who helped his family. She is also the heroine of the fine song, "O wert Thou in the Cauld Blast."

Hearts may 'gree t'ough heads may differ.

The Ettrick Shepherd on Umbrellas. A daft-like walking-stick, indeed, is an umbrella! Gie me a gude black-thorn, wi' a spike in't. s for carryin' an umbrella aneath ma oter — I hae a' my life preferred the airm o' a 'it lassie cleekin' mine—and whenever the day comes that I'm seen unfurlin an umbrella, as I'm walkin' or sittin' by mysel', may that day be my last; for it'll be a proof that the pith's a' out o' me, and that I'm a puir fushionless body, ready for the kirkyard, and my corp no worth the trouble o' howkin' up! Nae weather-fender for the Shepherd, but the plaid! —Noctes Ambrosiana.

Tam Fordyce.

O Tam Fordyce, dear Tam Fordyce,
I like to think o' thee,
When an angry east o' a lack-end blast
Touzles my wet eebree;
For thou sits sae snug by the red fire-
lug,
While I trudge to the dark citee!

O Tam Fordyce, dear Tam Fordyce,
I like to think o' thee
In thy garden bou'r at the gloamin'
hour,
Wi' thy hairns around thy knee,
While thou tells them tales that are
maist like whales,
Of ferlies 'yont the sea!
Hugh Haliburton.

Capt. Scott. It is now stated that Capt. Scott, of antarctic fame, was descended from the Scotts of Harden, the ancestors of Sir Walter Scott.

New places are sometimes founded in Scotland; chiefly in connection with mining or manufacturing enterprises; and sometimes old places are deserted. Crawton, one of the oldest fishing villages in the country, is now entirely deserted, and is rapidly falling into decay. It is on the coast of Kincardineshire.

Famishing! My father used to tell me of a beggar in Scotland, who would begin his day's round with a plea which he imagined was irresistible — "Coud ye gie a puir man something to eat? I've had naething sin' yesterday; and to-morrow's the third day!"

Rev. Gibb Mitchell: I'll live my quate, thoctfu' way; or aiblins wi' sunny humor I'll brichten my corner. I've a merrie hert, an' I'll lat it bubble ower; mayhap it'll wile some hingin clouds, some vexin thochts. I've a voice, I can lilt. I am hamely and couthie, an' folk welcome me. I can write; the words come easy: I'll crack throwe the post wi' folk wha are hungerin for a frien'. What'er I am, I'll be mysel; an' keep the mould that God has shapit me in.
—Sermons in Braid Scots.

Old Days in Selkirk. In those days there were few who got the title of "Mister" when spoken of, or spoken to, and there were just as fe who got "Mistress." Tam Stewart, a Souther born and bred, used to relate an incident which illustrates this point. "When I was a laddie," said Tam, "I saw a terrible braw leddy comin' along the toon ae day; an' she cam forrit to mei, and speir'd if I kenned where ane Mistress Stewart leev'd aboot here? I said no, I didna ken onybody o' that name. I said there was just twae Mistresses in Selkirk that I kenned o' — Mistress Lang, an' Mistress Cawmel o' the Manse — Weel, she thankit me, and gaed away ferer east the toon, and I lost sight o' her. But I cam back again, an' she airtit straucht for oor hoose! And she gaed past me 'thout speakin' this time; an' she gaed straucht in at the door!"

"Man, din ye ken, it wis ma mother she was seekin' for! If she had speir'd for Peggy Ha', of course, I wad hae kenned in a meenit. but I never heard ma mother ca'd Mistress Stewart a' ma life afore!"

Then Tam would add, "Things is awfu' cheenged noo. Man, 'e wad think that the weemen's a' Mistresses thegither!"

You can Smile while the Hail Beats your Grain to a Pulp!



IF YOU carry Hail Insurance, the hail storm that makes your unprotected neighbor stand around bemoaning his total loss, will cause you to congratulate yourself upon your foresight.

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Those three words cover our record. They represent our aim during all the years we have been dealing with Western farmers. Thirteen years ago we originated our plan and have followed it successfully ever since. The beginning was hard—we say it frankly, for we had to overcome deep-seated prejudices, due to unsatisfactory experiences before we entered the field. But, year by year, our business has enlarged until last year—1912—we put in force more hail insurance than all our competitors combined. Today our greatest help comes from our own policyholders.

We are introducing some new features in our policies this year that will please our clients. Write to any of the Companies shown, see one of our 1,500 local agents, or address

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is a failure
and you plow
it down**

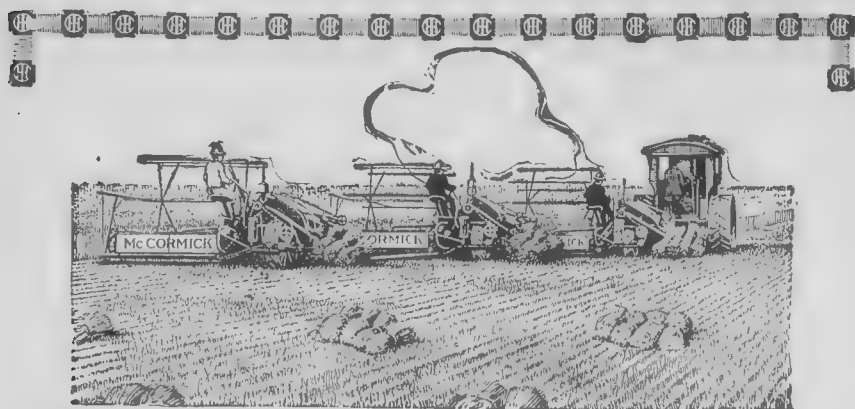
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Handles Grain Under All Conditions

whether it be short or tall, even, lodged, tangled, or full of green undergrowth. It cuts, elevates and binds very short grain without accumulating grain between the guards and platform canvas and jarring it off in front of the guards. The cutter bar is designed so that the guards are almost on a level with the top of the platform canvas, and as a result of this construction, extremely short grain falls from the knife to the platform canvas without accumulating between the knife and the edge of the platform.

The McCormick binder sold in Western Canada is the result of the demand by Western Canadian farmers for a machine to meet local conditions. It is the binder you want. See the I H C local agent, or, write the nearest branch house for full information.



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How the Indians Make Baskets

IN the early days of the Saxon race the art of weaving was deemed so essentially feminine that it gave woman her distinctive sex-name—weef-man (weaving-man).

When we reflect upon this derivation of the modern word we must acknowledge that the Iroquois sitting all day at work in the midst of her ash splints is more truly a woman than are her white sisters.

The primitive woman's fingers wove the flax into linen; she fashioned her baby's cradle of grass and willow saplings and wove numerous articles of primitive household furniture as well. The white woman's fingers have lost

The Indian woman's work is to her what our house-decorations and distinctive color-schemes are to us—an intimate expression of individuality. Less gifted minds adapt their designs from the originators, who in their turn had caught their ideas from nature. Lightning zig-zags in colors across white roots or beads, rain falls in thin wavering lines; stars, moon and birds poise themselves there; men and mountains grow in quaint pictures beneath the dusky fingers.

Many of the baskets woven by British Columbia and California Indians are still used for various household purposes in place of our tinware and china.



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much of this skill, but it is still inherent in the supple brown hands of the Indian woman. There is real fascination in watching her at work—leisurely, cheerful and often graceful. Even the delightful pastime of knitting has not greater powers for soothing tired nerves.

In the West the Indian woman weaves baskets so beautifully artistic and full of symbolism that they deserve their epithet of "family-jewels." With willow shoots, fernstems, grasses and roots in harmonious tints prepared from forest dyes she weaves, as the women of her race have done for centuries, her thoughts and observations into the highest produce of her finger-skill.

Bright feathers are interwoven in it, pendants of beads and pieces of old wampum go to enrich it, and when it is completed it is undoubtedly worthy of the place it so often finds in the art collection of some connoisseur of basketry.

Very fine ones, round and lidless, are woven for ornament.

Large coarse types serve as meal bins and trunks, while others are used for trapping fish.

In the East commercialism long ago worked havoc on this ancient art. Indian baskets come to us now in the familiar tall hamper shape or as work and scrap baskets, gaudy with inartistic aniline coloring. They are made of ash splints with occasionally braids of sweet grass inwoven. There is no symbolism whatever in their conventional designs; their loops and twists are set in rows mathematically precise. Fancy baskets of birch bark embroidered with colored porcupine quills, or woven entirely of sweet grass, mark the height of artistic attainment among the Indian women of Eastern Canada.

The historic old Iroquois village of St. Regis, Quebec, is perhaps the most noted basket centre in America. The baskets manufactured there are only of ash splints, colored with aniline dyes,

yet they are shipped from St. Regis in scores of crates weekly and find a market even in Europe and South America. St. Regis village, gray and rambling on a sunny, windy point in the St. Lawrence and built on either side of the international boundary, is given over entirely to basket making. Natives of St. Regis have occasionally taken up some other work in life, but almost invariably they have drifted back again to the fascinations of basketry.

On the reservation on both sides of the line there are some excellent farms equipped with all the newest machinery, and maintaining large herds of milch cows. The Indian women who are mistresses of these homesteads rarely do basketwork, except for their own amusement, but on the majority of small farms basketry becomes an acceptable source of revenue during the winter months.

Baskets have always been made in St. Regis, but within the past quarter of a century their manufacture has been wonderfully stimulated by the enterprise of various business firms. These select the best workers on the reserve as pattern-makers, and when a new basket is required on the market the pattern-makers intelligently develop the buyers' ideas and a highly satisfactory article results. Wooden models or forms are made from each pattern and distributed throughout the Indians' homes; hundreds of the new baskets are then turned in weekly to the buyers or their agents. Prices have fallen in late years, while the ash is less easily obtained, but the losses that might be expected to arise from this are partly obviated by the increasing and regular demand for the work.

The ash logs are brought several miles across country, mostly from Ontario woods, by the men, who have also the work of "pounding" the ash. By vigorous pounding with the blunt head of an ordinary axe the Indian is enabled to peel the fibrous ash off in thick layers as broad as an axehead. The log lies outside his door exposed to all kinds of weather until several layers have been pounded off and only the tough core remains for firewood.

The man also helps his woman-kind split the layers into fine silky strips like ribbon. While doing this one end of the ash is held firmly in the mouth, and so many of the basket weavers have their front teeth darkened and worn away that the decay is generally attributed to the work of preparing splints. A machine has been designed to do this work, but it is in use only in the large basket factories of an adjoining American village.

Flexible as ribbon and softly lustrous, some of the fresh splints are cut into threadlike proportions to make the white lace work that finishes the top of fine baskets. Others are colored for decorative work. Coloring the splints now in a solution of aniline dye and warm water is not the labor it used to be when the weaver sought her coloring matter in the roots and barks of trees. But as with many other short-cuts to the achievement the results are unsatisfactory. People interested in the revival of the real art of basketry deplore the universal use of aniline dyes, because the colors obtained are crude and inartistic when fresh and soon fade dismally. They are not comparable with the harmonious old Indian colors which retained their richness of tone for a lifetime. But a quaint argument in favor of aniline dyes has been advanced by an educated basket-worker of St. Regis. While she was making baskets in the Iroquois village at the Buffalo Fair an elderly white woman came up to her one day and said with some reproach, "Why do you use those ugly aniline dyes instead of the lovely old colors your grandmothers used?"

"Because," my friend Konwarka replied with a swift smile on her expressive and pretty dark face. "because these get shabby quickly and then you have to buy new ones from us. Our grandmothers' baskets would last too long to let us make a living now."

Each Saturday afternoon the old St. Regis road is dotted with people carrying in bags and quilts large bundles of baskets to exchange for goods and some cash at the little village of Hogansburg. Large families even send the

results of their week's work piled high in waggons.

While some are making purchases at the village and receiving orders, and, it may be, new models for the next week, other members of the family are busy bundling away the basket-splints at home, scrubbing the living-room floor and concealing all tracts of the workaday life. For Sunday is always observed punctiliously. It is first, Nuohne (God's day), and set aside for worship in the massive old stone church which their ancestors helped the priests to build in the eighteenth century. It is also a day of happy social interchange among families, and the retiring Indian girl who passes the young beaux on weekdays with her dark shawl drawn across her face will smile and bow openly to them on Sunday from beneath a village creation of lace and straw and roses.

On Monday morning the splints are again brought out to the living room floor and the supple brown hands of the women and occasionally of the men move dexterously in and out through the strands of weaving. Frequently one finds three generations at work in the same room, the grandmother as expert as the most skilful young girl. Even the brown-bodied little toddler making his way unsteadily from knee to knee learns early the manipulation of splint. He chews stray bits of it and plays with angular horses and dogs fashioned out of bent splints for him by some of his affectionate elders. These are busy making hampers, baskets for gloves or candy or waste-paper and work-baskets with or without handles and thimble-shaped pegs of basket work for feet. Some men make a specialty of sportsmen's baskets of open weave for holding fish, or of market and butcher's baskets. They usually prepare, too, the handles and strengthening-rods for the top of the baskets, while the children weave braids for trimming or make dozens of small baskets that are sold for two and three cents apiece.

In some of the poorer families the explanation of a small girl's absence from school often is that she needed a new pair of boots or a coat or frock, and that she stayed at home to make baskets to pay for it. At other times these brave little women remain at home to do a small washing, cook the meals or "mind" a couple of younger children. In this way the Indian girl is unconsciously prepared for her later life. It is not exaggeration to say that a marriageable girl's skill at basket-weaving is something of the nature of a dowry to her. While the young Indian will not seek her for that accomplishment alone, it is a valuable asset and a virtue that recommends her to her future mother-in-law, whose home she usually shares.

A large number of young Indian girls are employed in the big, airy basket factory at Hogansburg where basket dolls' cradles, swings and other toys are made. Their wages vary according to the work done by each; some of them can earn a dollar a day. They live comfortably and dress as neatly as their white neighbors, but here, as elsewhere, the factory life is detrimental to the home-training.

In fact, basket-weaving cultivated to the extent it is in St. Regis, cannot but retard the development of a woman's housekeeping abilities. In the majority of homes it leaves her little time for sewing or cooking or beautifying her home, and unless the men-folk of the house have a taste for basket-making and social chatter they are apt to find the evenings at home irksome. On the other hand, it is a congenial employment, and develops sociability to such a degree that the home atmosphere is ordinarily cheerful. The Indian women are essentially domestic women and good home-makers—I advisedly do not say of this generation, good housekeepers. They extend a hearty if unselfish welcome to the neighbors who chance in so frequently to make a variety in the home life. The visitors usually join in the basket work with spontaneity, and conversation rolls around to the click of the splints with many gay quips and flashes of repartee that would surprise a person unacquainted with Indians in their home life.

The constant work of some women to help provide for the ordinary house-

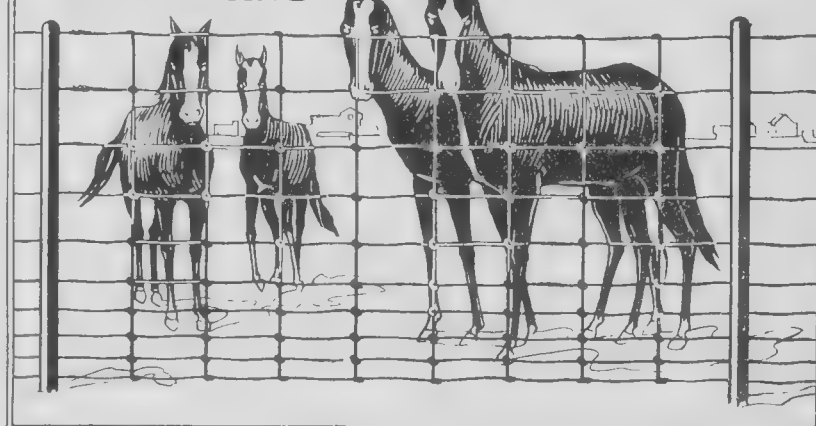
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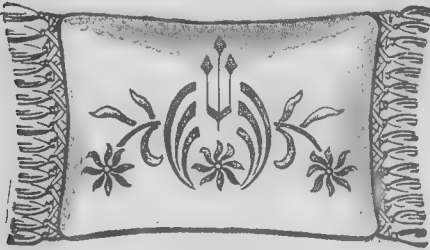
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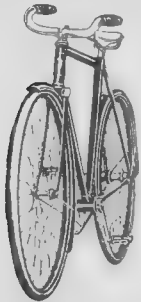
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hold expenses does not accord with the accepted ideals of the civilized world, and yet it has its advantages in the greater independence and sense of comradeship of the average Indian woman at St. Regis in her marital relations. She understands as well as her husband, does the difficulties of providing for the little flock, but she also knows the pleasure of making this provision by the work of her own hands. There is not much gushing demonstration of affection in their homes, but nowhere are there more perfect examples of harmony and deep, steady feeling with mutual toleration than in good Indian homes.

If too little care is given to the work of housekeeping and housecleaning, on the other hand the leisurely Indian woman does not subject herself or family to the nerve-strain of complicated housekeeping as it is met with in some of our most elaborate homes. She is satisfied with the essentials and these are beautifully few. Her lack of knowl-

edge in the preparation and use of modern foods is to be regretted, however, because the Indian basket worker's family rarely derives from their food proper nutrition for their bodies. So, too, often unsuspecting and weakened they contract the "white sickness," the scourge of their race.

The sedentary position which the basket weaver is compelled to keep all day has not been without an enfeebling influence upon her woman's frame. The Indian woman bears this as most other ills, with a cheerfulness that springs from an enviable though elemental state of mind. She says she does not expect to live to be old, but she is looking hopefully out to the future of her children. Her daughter may learn to weave baskets, but the solicitous little brown mother hopes with repressed feeling that she may not have to work at them from Monday morning until Saturday night, as she herself has done.—By Katherine Hughes in the Canadian Good Housekeeping.

Bess's Column

By Mrs. Todd, Cranbrook, Alberta.

The Benedict's Amusements

I hope I do not wrong the sex, when I say that with some men the home life is often sacrificed to amusements, and hobbies. Mind, I do not say all men! Some men before they marry have a number of amusements and recreations. It never dawns on them that the new life will clash with the continuance of these, and when it does so much the worse for the wife and children. With some "sports" (I believe they like to call themselves) there is no question of curtailing or cutting out the hobbies.

When Hobbies are Harmful.

One reason why undue indulgence in hobbies is harmful to the harmony and success of home life is that they are not chosen with a due regard to the time they will absorb, or the money they will cost. It is a sure sign of selfishness in a married man, when he takes up a hobby or amusement which makes too large an encroachment on the family purse or on his time, which surely partly belongs now to the girl he has taken from a happy home circle. Her life now, to a great extent, is bounded by the four walls of home, little clinging fingers keep her from moving far afield, and the time the husband spends at home is oftentimes the only bit of change and recreation she has.

The Selfish Hobby

If the hobby encroaches too largely on the income, with the selfish man, the hobby must not be given up. Oh, no! "A man must have some fun, y' know." His idea then, is to cut down the household expenses. He is far-sighted in detecting the least sign of extravagance in household management, and will read the poor little wife a long, harsh lecture if a quarter has, as he thinks, been needlessly spent. Then, after a long tirade on the sins of extravagance he will go to his club, and solace his wounded feelings by standing drinks to half a dozen friends, who are all better able to pay for themselves than he is. Thus, he will "generously" spend at least three times the amount that incurred his ire at home. This is by no means an overdrawn picture.

There are Hobbies—and Hobbies!

Of course, there are hobbies—and hobbies. The man who will take about quarter of the weekly income, once every two weeks, to betake himself off to a neighboring town, where he may yell himself hoarse over a baseball match, can hardly be said to have a hobby. So long as a hobby entails a certain amount of brain work, no great harm will come to either the man or those dependent on him. The stimulus given to his reasoning powers will strengthen his character, and the results will be reflected on both his business and his home life. On the other hand, a man who devotes himself to a hobby that entails purely physical

exercise, fosters in himself a growing dislike to the once-loved restraints of home life and of daily business.

The Frittering Man.

A man cannot serve two masters, and the man who fritters away time and energy flying aimlessly about from one hobby or amusement to the other, to the exclusion of business or home obligations, has not far to go. It is the beginning of the end, and with such a man neither the hobby nor the business is entirely successful.

More Important than Personal Gratification.

The married man in choosing his hobby should bear in mind that his duty to his wife and family does not end in merely supplying them with the necessities and luxuries of life, and that their domestic life and example is quite as important as his business duties, and infinitely more important than personal gratification. The wife, too, has responsibilities. Their home life will be happier if they both try to be as agreeable as in courting days—if the man will be as thoughtful of his wife as he was of his sweetheart—if the woman will be as kind to her husband as she was to her lover. Also expenditure must be proportioned to receipts on both sides. It is not fair to have "all work and no play" for "Jill" any more than for "Jack." At the same time "Jack" must not be allowed to degenerate into a mere toiling machine. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place and to try to get along without it is a great mistake, but let it be something the "missus" can share in, and let it be proportionate in time and cost!

Care of Brushes

First in the list of brushes will come those for the toilet, hair brushes (and combs) and the useful clothes brush. It is a noteworthy fact that many ladies, who are otherwise very particular, do not give to their toilet belongings the care necessary to keep them in good condition. Hair brushes are perhaps the most neglected in this respect, and unless just absolutely black they are allowed to go without washing for, it may be, months at a time. The excuse given for this is that washing ruins the backs of the brushes, but this need not be the case if care is taken and the washing gone about in the right away. If clean brushes are always used for the hair, the hair will be healthier and cleaner and will need washing less often.

To Wash Hair Brushes.

Nothing is better for these than ammonia, and add to it a quart of water. In this, dip the bristles of the brushes, without damaging the back, rubbing the bristles lightly with one hand to loosen

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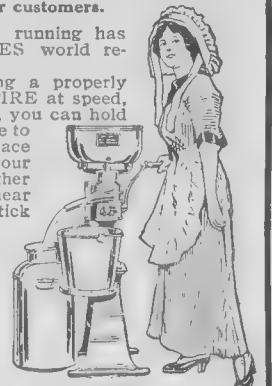
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the dirt. Dip up and down in the water till thoroughly clean, then rinse it by dipping it once or twice into clean cold water, then shake well and dry in the air, bristles down. Do not dry in the sun or in front of the fire, as this causes the bristles to loosen, and the backs to warp and break away. The washed brushes can generally be stood on a shady window-sill to dry, but if they must be dried in the house, do not put them near the fire. Washed in this way the backs are never wet. Clean the backs by wiping with a damp cloth, and polishing with a clean dry soft cloth.

Silver-backed Brushes

Should be washed in the same way. When the silver on the back needs a good clean it must be done by wiping with, or dipping into, clean hot water, in which soda or soap, or ammonia has been dissolved, never by total immersion in the water. A little whiting, moistened with methylated spirits, or a little good silver powder, can be rubbed on carefully when very dirty, rubbed off with a brush, and polished with a chamois leather. I have heard a good housewife say that when your brushes are ebony backed with silver initials the powder off the silver can be taken off best by the ball of the thumb or the fore-finger, as a brush used for this purpose often scratches the ebony, scatters the powder into grooves you do not get at to remove it. Rub the ebony over with a damp cloth, then with a little linseed oil, and polish



Woman's Greatest Joy

thoroughly with a clean duster. Brushes with varnished backs can be cleaned in the same way as ebony backed brushes. Soda can be used instead of ammonia.

Combs.

Some people say these should never be washed, only wiped, but it is not possible to keep them sweet and clean as they should be without regular washing. The following is a good method: Make a "lather" of soap and hot water, and leave the combs soaking in it for half an hour. This is to loosen the dirt in the teeth. Now, take a nail brush and brush thoroughly, then rinse in cold water, wipe dry and polish with a clean duster.

Household Brushes.

The scrubbing brush is a most useful article, and one that should not be ill used as it is. It is no uncommon thing for a woman scrubbing to leave her scrubbing brush all the time in the water soaking. One need hardly say that this is a great mistake, as the water softens the bristles and loosens them, thus shortening very considerably the life of the brush, besides making the bristles too soft and yielding to do their work properly. Nor is it much better to leave it lying in the bucket with the bristle side up. This lets the water soak into the wooden part, and thus the bristles are loosened. It ought to be laid beside the bucket with the bristle side down when in use, and hung up on a nail (most scrub brushes have a hole through which a piece of string can be put) when finished with, and it will last twice as long.

Brooms

Should never touch the floor when not in use. They should be hung, head up, wards by a cord round the head, or hung by the head on two large nails. They should always be hung up whenever finished with, and washed in soap suds when very dirty, or they will soil instead of clean. Give the handles of brooms etc., a wash in your soapy water on washing day, as these are sometimes taken hold of when the hands are dirty, and unless cleaned off regularly, they do not look well. It is a proverb that is yet the essence of truth that "a new broom sweeps clean," and that this is a fact we do not need to be told. This is because the straws in the broom are straight and the broom square.

The Bairns' Stockings

A Few Hints on the Making and Mending of Them

The stocking question is about as serious a one as the shoe ditto when the children are many, and the dollars few. The little active limbs soon wear out knees, heels and toes, and though the mother knows it is better to wear out "shoon than sheets" she is glad to get hold of hints that may help her when mending time comes round. If any member of the family can knit, it is better to knit stockings at home, (except, perhaps a few cotton pairs for the very hot weather) as the home-knit variety will out-wear at least three of the store kind. Knit them all plain, except two inches or so of rubbing at the top, with no seam stitch, and do the intakes or narrowings round about instead of down either side of the seam-stitch. Set the heel in the usual way, and leave it, knitting up the front half on two needles, plain row and purl row, time about till the toe is reached, when decrease at each side till ten stitches are on, then cast off. To return to the heel, knit it now, in the usual way, taking up the stitches at the side, do the "gusset" in the usual way, only of course, all the time knitting plain row and purl row time about. At the toe decrease at each side till ten stitches remain, then cast off. Join up the sides and toe with needle and black cotton, or darning needle and wool, and the stocking is complete. This reads as if it would be rather troublesome to do. In reality it is not, and it saves time (and much wool) afterwards, as I shall endeavor to show.

To Refoot

Take out the stitches which join the sides and toes of the stocking (here the cotton shows up easier than the wool). You will find that the upper half of the stocking is quite good except perhaps the toe, which can be unravelled and re-knitted. The under half can be cut off at the heel, and unravelled till you get the wool running smoothly, then the stitches are taken up and the under half re-knitted in the way you did at first. So you have a new pair at little cost and in little time, thus saving multitudinous darnings. Certainly knitting the foot in two halves at the first takes rather longer, owing to the row of purling coming alternately, but this is more than amply returned, as the under part is again and again re-knitted to the one upper part. Some people now-a-days do not knit heels in their stockings at all, just narrow a little for the ankle and knit straight on till the narrowing of the toe, and I myself think it a good idea. The stocking forms a heel itself when wearing, and wears very evenly thus.

Mincemeat for Two Pies

Boil a fresh calf's-tongue until tender; when cold chop it fine; add four chopped apples, two tablespoonfuls of chopped suet, the grated rind and juice of an orange, half a cupful of brown sugar, half a cupful of raisins, half a cupful of shredded citron, a quarter of a nutmeg, grated, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, and a teaspoonful of salt. Moistened with cider or orange juice.

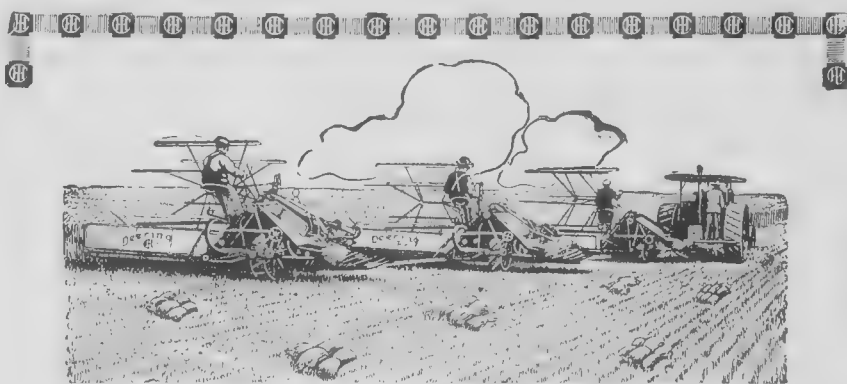
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Embroidered Lingerie

THE woman of today is interested in dainty embroidered underwear, as these have replaced the elaborate lace trimmed garments once so fashionable, and which when laundered, lost their freshness and beauty, while the hand embroidered varieties retain their charm, as there is nothing to spoil or become shabby. French Lingerie when purchased already embroidered, is costly and when one realizes that the materials are inexpensive, and that these dainty garments may be fashioned during leisure moments, one's thoughts naturally turn to the purchasing of stamped

designs, and soft fine materials which do away with all unnecessary bulk are to be preferred. The new idea is to have the garments cut on the simplest possible lines and a little hand embroidery is the only decoration needed.

The garments illustrated on this page show the idea of having the same design carried out in a matched set.

Two forms of nightdresses are shown here. The Empire design which is daintily drawn in at the waist line has long eyelets worked, through which the ribbons are to be passed. It will be noticed that the sleeves match this.

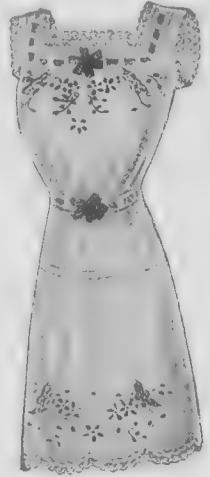


No. 270 $\frac{3}{4}$ —Kimono Nightdress, \$1.15. Cotton to embroider, 20 cents.

The second nightdress, which is of the Kimono variety, has a differently shaped sleeve forming deep scallops. If preferred, any of the garments on this set may be edged with lace, this protects the scalloped edges.

waist line completes these comfortable articles of wearing apparel.

For those who prefer separate garments the corset cover and umbrella drawers may be supplied. The former is of the slip-over variety which may fasten on the shoulders or open up the back as preferred. Want of space will not permit us to show the undershirt which may be supplied to match this set, but we can supply a 20-inch ruffle, 2 yards long stamped to match the remainder of the set, and sufficient mate-



No. 270—Combination Garments, Corset Cover and Skirt, \$1.50. Cotton to embroider, 25 cents.

rial for the upper portion of the garment will be included.

It will be noticed that the design illustrated shows a combination of the fashionable Punch Embroidery and Satin Stitch. The former embroidery has attained a widespread popularity, and the method of working this is generally understood, but if any of our readers are not familiar with this, a stamped envelope sent to the address given at



No. 270—Empire Nightdress, \$1.15. Cotton to embroider, 20 cents.

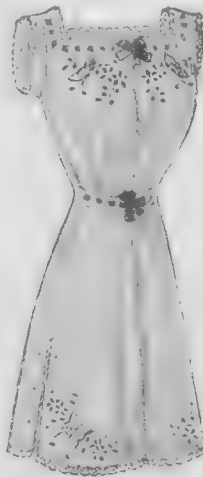
Combination Garments are necessary at present as they do away with all unnecessary bulk, a point which every woman will appreciate in this day of straight simple lines. The first garment shows a corset cover and circular drawers. It will be noticed that the



No. 270—Umbrella Drawers, \$1.15. Cotton to embroider, 20 cents.

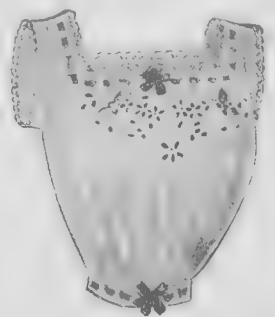
the end of this article will bring a diagram fully describing the method of doing this work.

When ordering any of the garments on this page, please give the article required as well as the design number. For instance mention whether an Empire or Kimono Nightdress is preferred,



No. 270 A—Combination Garments, Corset Cover and Drawers, \$1.50. Cotton to embroider, 25 cents.

corset cover for this is one of the three piece variety opening down the front while the second garment, which is illustrated combination corset cover and short skirt, shows the corset cover opened up the back. The cutting out lines descriptive of the making up of these garments are stamped on the material. A fine beading shown in at the

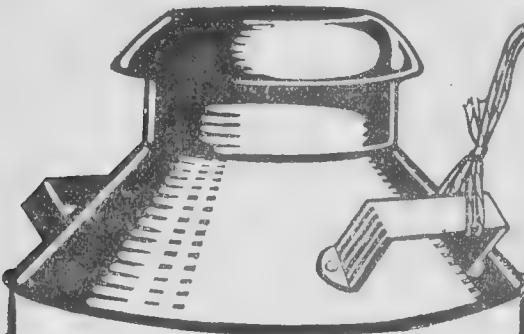


No. 270—Slipover Corset Cover, 35 cents. Cotton to embroider, 15 cents

and also specify which of the Combinations are required, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake.

Lustered Cotton to embroider any of the articles described on this page at 30 cents per dozen, padding cotton 5 cents per ball.

The articles illustrated on this page can be had from The Needlecraft Dept., Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Montreal. They will be sent postpaid on receipt of the prices quoted.



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Sunday Reading

Sweet Memories

Of I used to read the story,
Of the Christ who walked with men.
How He lived, and loved, and suffered,
And communed with people then;
And my heart would fill with yearning,
That I, too, His face might see,
And might listen to His teachings,
On the shores of Galilee.

True, I knew He still was living,
But He seemed so far away,
Now, I know Him omnipresent,
Walking by my side each day.
And, compared to this His presence,
Judah's hills lose half their charms,
For 'tis sweeter to be resting
In His everlasting arms.

Of with numerous cares encumbered,
When I long my Lord to meet,
Go I for a brief moments,
Seeking Bethany's retreat;
There I learn the "One thing needful,"
And 'tis like a healing balm,
For amid the world's mad rushing,
Still it gives an inward calm.

In Gethsemane's lone garden,
When my feet were hither led,
Have I well nigh faltered, shrinking,
From the bitter cup in dread;
While the loneliness and darkness,
Vied, it seemed, to drown my prayer,
Yet the blackness turned to sunlight,
When I found my Saviour there.

As of old Christ sought the mountain,
There I, too, can meet Him yet,
And when evening shadows gather,
Of I go to Olivet;
Every care doth quickly vanish,
Even pain be worth the while,
Sanctified by His dear presence,
Lighter rendered by His smile.

When earth's storms are wildly raging,
And the tempest blows at will,
Hear I yet His blessed accents,
Saying softly, "Peace be still!"
Yea, I too have seen the power
Which of old five thousand fed,
For when hungry, tired and fainting,
Then He gives me living Bread.

Would you, too, the Master follow,
As you read of His command?
You can find His blessed footprints,
Nearer than the Holy Land;
By the sin-sick, by the fallen,
By the sufferer's bed of pain,
In your own life, daily, hourly,
Let Him live His life again.

—Chas. W. McGee.

Fidelity to Godly Ancestry

It is no dishonour to a young man to believe in the religion of his father. It shows no want of independence to be a Christian because one's father was a Christian. To believe as my father believed, to trust the faith which my mother sang to me, to cling to the Christian hopes which first bloomed at the side of my childhood's home, to rest in my inherited religion, and follow the example of my godly parents, is no unmanly thing. God forbid that I should glory in breaking loose from such sacred ties! Said a clergyman of my acquaintance, "I have been young, and now am old, and I have spent my life in the study of the religions of the world; but I have yet to find a stronger proof of the truth of the Scripture than I discovered forty years ago in the character and life of my father and mother." That pride of intellect which a young man sometimes feels, which makes him think that nothing in religious faith can be settled by the past, that he must therefore inquire de novo, as if no experience had taught his ancestry anything, is a very weak and narrow affection of the brain! No generation exists, in God's plan, for nothing. Every generation of Christian believers adds something to the reasonable faith of the world in Christ, as truly as every generation of astronomers furnishes data for the calculation of astronomers who follow them. I have

no more reason for rejecting the Christian faith of my fathers because I have not investigated everything about it, than I have for going back to the Ptolemaic theory of the stars because I am not an expert in the Copernican astronomy.

"Don't"

There are some systems of family government which all seem to be comprised in the one word "Don't."

They are systems of restriction. It is, "Don't do this," and "Don't do that!" from the time the child can first understand the word, until it grows either into a negative nonentity, or, breaking away from all bonds, goes forth where it will not even listen to the "don't" of its own conscience.

It is like putting a child into a room full of beautiful and precious things, that appeal to every sense in its being, and then saying "you must not touch any of these things."

As if there were not enough of sweet and pleasant and helpful things in the world for a child to do, as to make it almost forget the things that it must not do.

This was not God's method of governing the only two of His children whose training He did not intrust to others. His command to them was, "Of all the trees of the garden thou mayest freely eat," and there was but one "don't."

Mothers and fathers, take pains to find things that your children may do. Allow them, whatever possible, to do the many things that they desire that are not absolutely harmful and do not fret and irritate them with an everlasting and hateful "Don't."

Scattering and Increasing

A rich merchant in St. Petersburg, at his own cost, supported a number of native missionaries in India. He was asked one day how he could do it. He replied, "When I served the world, I did it on a grand scale, and at a princely expense, and when, by His grace, God called me out of darkness, I resolved Christ should have more than the world had had. But if you would know how I can give so much, you must ask of God who enables me to give it. At my conversion I told the Lord his cause should have a part of all my business brought me in; and every year since I made that promise it has brought me in more than double what it did the year before, so that I can and do double my gifts in His cause." Bunyan said:

"A man there was, some called him mad;
The more he gave away, the more he had."

Don't use a Crooked Ruler

"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a grey-haired friend, who was advising him to study God's Word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teaching, and do not bind one down as the Bible." The old merchant turned to his desk and took out two rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion. "Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?" "One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life, do not take a crooked ruler!"

Why Do You Fail?

Staunch old Admiral Farragut—he of the true heart and the iron will—said to another officer of the navy, "Dupont, do you know why you didn't get into Charleston with your ironclads?" "Oh, it was because the channel was so crooked." "No, Dupont, it was not that." "Well, the rebel fire was perfect-



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blue and white print and one white
lawn. Age 10—two \$1; age 12 and 14
75c each. Add 14c postage.

STANDARD GARMENT CO.
LONDON, CANADA

ly horrible." "Yes, but it wasn't that."
"What was it then?" "It was because
you didn't believe you could go in."
That is just the trouble with our work
in winning men and building up Christ's
kingdom. We don't believe we can
succeed. And of course, often we fail.

First Impressions Last

Where is the man or woman who was
blessed with a pious mother, and taught
some precious little verses in early
childhood, who does not remember them
as long as anything is remembered?
Among those who were carried away
captive by the Indians more than a hun-
dred years ago was a little girl from
one of the many beautiful valleys of
Pennsylvania. She belonged to a good
family, and as years rolled on her
brothers spared no pains to discover her
and restore her to their beloved circle. At
length they learned with what tribe
or class she was, and hastened, if pos-
sible, to redeem her and bring her back;
but she had become a regular Indian and
they were long unable to identify her.
She was a squaw among the squaws.
At length it was asked if there were
not some little hymns which their
mother used to sing to them before
the days of this child's captivity. They
struck up one of those sweet lullabies
with which the mother used to soothe
and quiet their infant minds, and soon
found which was their lost sister. A
long savage life among savages had not
obliterated the impressions made upon
her mind in those earliest days.

A Timely Lesson

A little ragged, woeful-looking child
came in one morning at our back door,
begging for food. "Please, me'm, me 'nd
the childers' a-starvin'—only a piece of
bread," said he. "Have you no father
or mother, child?" asked I. "Yes'm,"
and a look of shame mantled his hollow
cheeks. "Don't they work and earn
money?" "Yes's—little—but they
most allus spends it fore they gets
home, at the 'Horn of Plenty,' round
the corner."

Immediately my heart became adam-
ant. The miserable drunken brutes;
I'll not feed their children. Upon sec-
ond thought, I remembered there was
a very stale loaf of bread in the cup-
board—scarcely fit for toast. I hastily
rolled it up in a newspaper, and gave
it to him, very glad to get rid of it.
He grabbed it eagerly, with a clutch
that reminded one of the grasp of the
drowning when they would fain save
themselves.

Little Nellie, our seven-year-old dar-
ling, had been a silent spectator, but
after the boy went away she came up
to me with inquiry depicted upon her
spiritual countenance, saying, "Mamma,
if Jesus Christ had come, and said he
was starving to death, would you have
given Him that awful dry loaf of
bread?" "Why child," said I, "why do
you ask such a question?" "Why,
when we give to the poor ought we not
to 'magine we are really giving to Jesus
himself? Did He not say so when here
upon earth? When papa gives me
money for caramels or candy, I'd rather
give it to Him, or the poor barefooted
children on the street, which I thought
was 'bout the same thing. Am't I
right, mamma?" "Yes, Nellie," an-
swered I, kissing her sweet, perplexed
face; "I'll remember your lesson next
time. Yes, indeed, Nellie, we whom the
Lord hath blessed in our store would
soon relieve suffering humanity if we
gave our alms as if really giving to the
blessed Redeemer." "Nothing we have
is too good for Him—is it, mamma?"
said she, thoughtfully, as if thinking of
that very dry loaf of bread. "No, my
precious child," replied I, clasping her
to my heart, and thinking, "Out of the
mouths of babes and sucklings hast
Thou ordained strength." Seeing that
the destitute are near at hand, and
that there are so many suffering all
about us, let us one and all remember
Nellie's timely lesson, giving our alms
as if to Him, who said:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one
of the least of these, my brethren, ye
have done it unto Me."

Did Not Know It Was In The Bible

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut
was one day accosted by his pastor, who
said, "Poor widow Green's wood is all
out. Can you not take her a cord?"
"Well," answered the deacon, "I have
wood and I have the team; but who is
to pay me for it?" The pastor, some-
what vexed, replied, "I will pay you for
it, on condition that you read the first
three verses of Psalm xli. before you go
to bed to-night." The deacon con-
sented, delivered the wood, and at
night opened the word of God and read
the passage: "Blessed is he that con-
sidereth the poor; the Lord will de-
liver him in the time of trouble. The
Lord will preserve him and keep him
alive, and he shall be blessed upon the
earth, and thou wilt not deliver him un-
to the will of his enemies. The Lord
will strengthen him on the bed of lan-
guishing; thou wilt make all his bed in
his sickness." A few days after the
pastor met him again. "How much do
I owe you, deacon, for that cord of
wood?" "Oh," said the enlightened
man, "do not speak of payment; I did
not know those promises were in the
Bible. I would not take money for sup-
plying the old widow's wants."

An Honorable Firm

Those persons who amass riches by
the easy process of frequent failures in
business will naturally see very little
that is praiseworthy in the recent action
of the Philadelphia dry goods house of
Hood, Bonbright and Co. This house
was forced to suspend payment twenty
years ago. A committee of the credi-
tors recommended a compromise of
seventy-five per cent. Every creditor
accepted the proposition, the money was
paid, and the firm renewed its business.
Recently the firm sent out the following
circular to those creditors or their repre-
sentatives:—

"Kindly befriended by our creditors
at a time when we were needing help,
we in after years created a fund in-
tended for their benefit. This we have
now the pleasure to offer them. Cover-
ing in its equitable application more
than the percentage avoted in our set-
tlement under the recommendation of
their committee of creditors, the excess
in each case will represent a pro rata
apportionment of interest derived from
said fund. In grateful remembrance,
therefore, we enclose our cheque for
— dollars. Trusting you will feel
assured, alike of members no longer
with us as of those now composing our
firm, that this action is the accomplish-
ment of our constantly cherished pur-
pose, we are, yours truly,

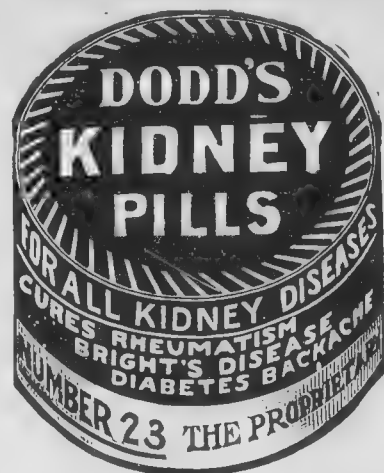
"Hood, Bonbright and Co."

The total amount of this fund of hon-
our was nearly £45,000, to be divided
between 150 persons. It is a fine thing
to be able to record such a transaction
in these days, when men are not al-
ways anxious to pay their just debts.

Imagination.

A young girl was sweeping a room one
day, when she went to the window-
blind and hastily drew it down. "It
makes the room so dusty," she said, "to
have the sunshine coming in." The
atoms of dust which shone golden in
the sunbeams were unseen in the dim-
mer light. The untaught girl imagined
it was the sunshine which made the
dust.

Now, many persons imagine them-
selves very good people. One poor old
man, who had lived all his life without
a thought of love to God, said he was
willing to die. "He didn't owe any
man a shilling." If the Spirit of God
should shine brightly into such a heart
how would it look? It would show them
sins enough to crush them. This light
of the Spirit is like the sunshine in the
dusty room. It reveals what was be-
fore hidden. When we begin to feel
unhappy about our sins let us never
try to put away the feeling. Don't
let us put down the curtain and fancy
there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's
voice in our hearts. He is showing
us ourselves; and, better still, He will
show us the true way to happiness
through sanctity.



SEND \$1.00



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size 32 to 44—one is white
lawn, lace trimmed. Three
are light print sky designs.
All are different. The trim-
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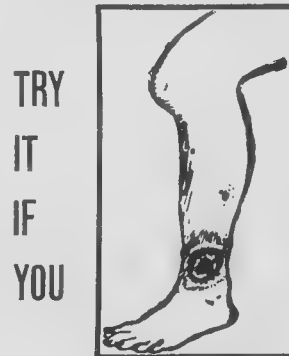
DON'T CUT OUT A VARICOSE VEIN USE ABSORBINE, JR., FOR IT



A mild, safe, antiseptic, dis-
cussant, resolvent liniment, and a
proven remedy for this and sim-
ilar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg,
Becket, Mass., before using this
remedy, suffered intensely with
painful and inflamed veins;
they were swollen, knotted and
hard. He writes: "After using
one and one-half bottles of
ABSORBINE, JR., the veins
were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I
have had no recurrence of the trouble during the
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Swellings, Wens, Cysts, Callouses, Bruises "Black
and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner.
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The Great English Remedy Grasshopper Ointment and Pills



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IT
IF
YOU

HAVE
A
BAD
LEG

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Gland-
ular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed
Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased
Bone. I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I
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should. You may have attended Hospitals and
been advised to submit to amputation, but do
not. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box
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certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade
Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.
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are completely cured with inexpensive home
treatment. It absolutely removes the pain,
swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars
on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138
Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Simplicity of Faith

A pastor in visiting a member of his church found her very sick, apparently dying. He said to her: "Mrs. M., you seem to be very sick." "Yes," said she, "I am dying." "And are you ready to die?" She lifted her eyes upon him with a solemn and fixed gaze, and speaking with great difficulty, she replied: "Sir, God knows—I have taken Him at His word—and I am not afraid to die." It was a new definition of faith. "I have taken Him at His word." What a triumph of faith! "God knows, I have taken Him at His word, and I am not afraid to die." It was just the thing for her to say. What else could she have said that would have expressed so much in so few words?

Praying to Chance

A lady who had forsaken God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a sailor, one morning, how long they should be out. "In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor. "If it is God's will," said the lady; "what a senseless expression! Don't you know that all comes by chance?" In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror. "What do you think," she said to the same sailor, "will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last some time, madam." "Oh!" she cried, "pray that we may not be lost." His reply was, "Madam, shall I pray to chance?"



"Don't Eat Them ALL, Grandpa!"

It's no wonder Maple Buds taste good, and it's no wonder mothers everywhere are encouraging the little folks to spend their pennies for them.

Maple Buds are nothing more than the best of chocolate, pure milk and sugar—things the doctor would recommend to build up a sickly child. The most delicate child can digest them.

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Summer Pleasures

Little Foes of Little Boys

"By-and-by" is a very bad boy:
Shun him for once and for ever;
For they who travel with "By-and-by"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward:
A boy that is half of a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honors—"I can."

"No use in trying"—nonsense, I say:
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "I Forgot" by
the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take
heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys,
they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, we do care," and 't would be
"Great Matter"
If our lives should be spoiled by
small faults.

Had It Paid?

Several years ago, I was at the house of a friend in a city of Eastern Massachusetts. Abundant means enabled her to gratify every desire which could be gratified with money. It had, indeed, become a daily pastime with her to order her carriage, and go out shopping

for two or three hours before dinner. In this, she was encouraged by her husband, who was proud of his young wife, and willing, even desirous, that she should spend large sums in her purchases.

Four children, her house, her friends, and her servants, afforded a wide scope for the use of these frequent purchases, or their distribution in gifts.

Although not generous towards any one, with the generosity prompted by true benevolence, she yet found friends, acquaintances, and servants, convenient receptacles for an inconvenient accumulation of dry goods and various other articles. In this manner, some at least were benefited, indirectly, by her use of the money so freely placed in her hands.

Would that I could say the poor were relieved, the sick visited, the fallen lifted up, the sorrowful comforted, and the despairing encouraged, as it was in her power to do; but candour makes that impossible, "it might have been"—those saddest of words to write or to say in such a connection, embodying, as they do, so much of privilege and opportunity and blessed work for the Divine Master—is all that can be said.

One day, coming home shortly before dinner, she sat down beside me, her beautiful eyes sparkling with gaiety and proud content, and recounted the numerous and expensive purchases of the morning.

Enumerating them, she said to her little daughter, a child of eight years, sit-

ting on the carpet at our feet: "And I bought a bit of trimming for your white dress, Charlotta, the one that is to be made for your dancing-school reception, and paid thirty dollars for it."

The child slowly lifted her face, without a smile, towards her mother, and asked, in a grave tone: "Mamma, does it pay?"

To me it seemed like a question of warning some hidden angel just beside us might have asked through that child's lips, but the mother saw no glistering, majestic presence, no drawn sword; and, if the faint shadow of a rebuke fell over her for a moment it was forgotten like the light touch of a passing breeze.

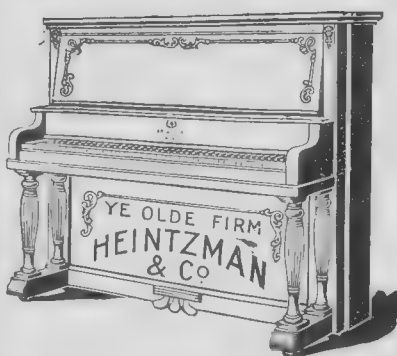
A few months intervened, and, distant many miles from that city, I received the intelligence that Mrs. S.'s health was failing; again, that the skill of physicians was baffled, and that doctors disagreed in naming a disease which was the occasion of extreme suffering; and later, more hopeless tidings, more recitals of intolerable distress. At last all were agreed. There was no dissenting voice when death stood a few weeks, or, at most, a few months in advance. They were months of indescribable agony, and then came the end.

Looking back over that comparatively brief life, out of that elegant, palatial home from which the crape-robed mourners went with the changed and wasted form of its former mistress; over a little group of motherless children, all untaught in the truths which would have made them lambs of the Good Shepherd; I thought of the question, "Does it pay, mamma?" Oh, had it paid, had it paid the mother, had it paid the child?

"It"—not the piece of exquisite trimming, not the gratification of refined taste, not the pleasure of the hour or of the moment, but the aggregate of all these things, summed up out of twelve or more precious years. Had it paid? The life of selfish gratification the gay and thoughtless life, which, rendering unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, had forgotten to render unto God the things that were God's. Had it paid?

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself." "No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the State."

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A winning combination, both having won the confidence of the public. The House of McLean stands for uprightness in business and backs its policy by carrying only instruments it can confidently guarantee.

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Young People

Hunter's Luck

By Frank Stick.

It was the year of the great hunger. A tall, gaunt Indian struggled up the steep slope of Lost Mountain. From cap to moccasins he was clad in heavy furs and the skins of wild animals, but at this high altitude even the furs availed little against the cutting blast. When at rare intervals he paused for a breathing spell and to search the white landscape for signs of game he shook and trembled, for he was very weak from want of food. Far below in the valley between the mountains, his squaw and

children awaited his homecoming, and in the wigwam there was nothing to eat but a few strips of green buckskin.

After a while his tired limbs doubled beneath him, and he sank down into the snow. He thought there was little use in prolonging this struggle, for the mountain-sheep that at one time had been so plentiful in the region seemed to have disappeared with the rest of the animals. Better to stop now before his strength was entirely exhausted, he thought, and after a while perhaps he could return and fight it out to the end with the others down there in the wigwam. As his gaze wandered over the

mountain side suddenly his eyes lighted upon two black dots high above him. He rolled over upon his stomach and watched them eagerly, his chin propped upon his two fists. He knew at once they were the creatures he had been in search of, for no animal but a mountain-sheep could scale the almost perpendicular side of the cliff as these animals were doing. To intercept their course and obtain a position from which he would have a chance to bring his bow and arrows into play it was necessary to cross a huge expanse of exposed, snow-covered mountain side. Then all at once he threw himself flat, burrowing under the snow like a frightened rabbit. When he emerged, he was coated from head to foot with the feathery crystals, and at a distance he

appeared to be merely another of the numberless snow-capped boulders which protruded from the surface.

Immediately he began to worm himself along the slope, half crawling, half dragging his extended limbs, working gradually higher and higher.

After almost an hour of this labor the Indian found himself in position some fifty yards below the narrow animal trail the two mountain-sheep were pursuing. Above him reached the sheer face of the cliff; craggy but yet insurmountable. It was still entirely too far for a successful shot with his bow, and unless some whim should cause the sheep to lower level the chances were that his painstaking stalking would prove to have availed him nothing. As he gazed at his quarry his eyes discerned two animals still higher up the mountain. Two tawny mountain-lions were creeping stealthily, yet with considerable speed, along a ridge that intercepted the trail at a point not far from where the Indian crouched.

As he discovered that these lions also were intent on making a meal off the carcass of a sheep, the Indian's heart gave a leap, for it was quite possible, in fleeing from the great cats, one of the animals might approach close enough for him to venture a shot.

So they waited, the two lions above the trail, the Indian below, while their quarry approached with no knowledge of the danger that lay ahead of them. As the sheep rounded an elbow of the cliff, the mountain-lions started from their concealment, covered the space intervening between themselves and their prey in half a dozen low, gliding leaps and were upon them. Surprised as they were, and with no chance whatever of escaping by flight along the path by which they had approached, the sheep halted, then, without turning, seemed to deliberately leap into space. Their keen eyes, however, had discovered several projecting rocks thirty feet below. Inadequate though they seemed, they yet afforded a sufficient foothold for the clinging hoofs of the fleeing animals. In this way, bounding from rock to rock with incredible speed, the two sheep safely made their way down the precipitous face of the cliff.

With a snarl of baffled rage one of the cats had halted on the very brink of the precipice. Her mate, more eager to make a kill or unable to stay his rapid charge, shot over the edge and, whirling over and over, clawing at the wall of rock in a futile endeavor to halt his descent, fell at last at the very feet of the red man, where he was transfixed with two feathered shafts.

It did not take the Indian many seconds to loop his sash over the animal's head and set off down the mountain, dragging the carcass behind him. It was a long journey and a perilous one, but it wasn't many hours ere he reached the wigwam. You may be sure his squaw and children were made happy by his return, and they soon had the pot over the fire in preparation for a big pot-luck, which, in Indian language, means a feast.



Neurasthenia

THIS is the fancy name which scientists give to the disease commonly known as nervous prostration or nervous exhaustion. It is an ailment peculiar to this age and this continent.

The placid, contented life of our ancestors has been left behind, and everywhere there is rush and strain, whether on business or pleasure bent. Sometimes it is the cares and worries of business, but oftener the strain of attending the round of society and amusement, which brings on collapse of the nervous system. It may be the lady in high society who is the victim of it, or it may be the girl in the factory.

You lose interest in life, feel tired and languid, find your daily duties a burden, cannot get proper rest and sleep, have headaches and indigestion, are nervous and irritable over little things, some of the vital organs fail in their functions, and you become down-hearted and discouraged.

Any treatment to afford you more than mere temporary relief must increase the nerve force in the human system. The food you eat has failed to do this, so Nature must receive help from outside, just such help as is supplied

by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because this food cure is composed of the ingredients which go to form new, rich blood and new nerve force.

This idea of nourishing the nerves back to health and vigor is comparatively new. It has proved to be the only means of rebuilding and revitalizing wasted nerve cells.

While Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is put up in pill form, you should look upon it as a food rather than as a medicine, because of its building-up influence on the system. Natural and gentle in action and yet wonderfully potent in its reconstructive influence, this treatment is admirably suited to the needs of women who are pale, weak and run-down.

It fills the body with rich, red blood, restores the appetite and improves the digestion, thus enabling the body to get the benefit of the food you eat. It rekindles the vitality of the nervous system, and through the nerve fibres carries vigor and energy to every organ in the body. You soon feel better and look better. Hope and confidence are restored. The organs assume their natural functions and you find yourself well on the way to health and happiness.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Fifty cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

A One-runner Toboggan

In certain districts of the United States—especially in the north-east—where the snow comes early and goes late, and where coasting is almost as much a part of winter as the snow-covered hills themselves, there is to be found a curious sort of toboggan, almost unheard of elsewhere. Vermont and eastern New York are the home of the "jumper," as it is called, which is quite too good an implement of winter sport to be thus closely restricted.

The "jumper" is peculiar for two things besides this lack of general recognition; firstly, that it goes upon one runner instead of the customary two; secondly, that it cannot be purchased in any store. Every "jumper" rider must make his own, or, failing that, have it made for him. Probably no two were ever made exactly alike, but in the experience of the writer, the specifications given below have been found very satisfactory.

The simplest form of the "jumper" can be made in two minutes in any woodshed by nailing together a barrel-stave, a solid piece of sixteen inch wood,

and a short piece of board in the form shown in the picture. But something more workmanlike and substantial, as well as more fleet, can be obtained this way:

For the runner use a sound, clear piece of maple, birch or ash, not less than one and one-half inches nor more than two and one-half inches broad, and from two and one-half to three and one-half feet in length on the running surface, with a "generous" curl at the end. The shorter the runner the more easily it will steer; but the longer one is likely to prove more speedy.

Make the bottom as smooth as possible with plane and sandpaper, or, better still, have a blacksmith or wheelwright provide it with a steel shoe.

The post should be of the same width as the runner, and at least two inches thick. The height may vary from ten to sixteen inches, according to the size of the user, but should never exceed the latter figure, or the rider will find it too hard to keep his balance. The post should be mortised very securely to the runner at a point about two inches behind the centre. Braces either of wood or iron are sometimes added.

The seat, made best from a three-quarter inch hardwood board should be seven inches in width for a length of sixteen inches, and should be securely fastened at its centre to the top of the post.

When the "jumper" stands completed, it may seem like a very clumsy sort of vehicle. But it is the bicycle of the snow, and once used, its charm is powerful. Grasp the ends of the seat firmly, keep the feet off the ground as much as possible, learn to steer by the balance of the body, and do not mind falls; these are the "jumper" rider's maxims. Follow them, and they will lead to many a pleasant hour on the snow.

House Furnishing. A Tale in Two Chapters

Two little maids I've heard of, each with a pretty taste,
Who had two little rooms to fix and not an hour to waste.
Eight thousand miles apart they lived, yet on the selfsame day
The one in Nikao's narrow streets, the other on Broadway,
They started out, each happy maid her heart's desire to find,
And her own dear room to furnish just according to her mind.

Chapter I

When Alice went a-shopping, she bought a bed of brass,
A bureau and some chairs and things, and such a lovely glass
To reflect her little figure—with two candle-brackets near—
And a little dressing-table that she said was simply dear!
A book shelf low to hold her books, a little china rack,
And then, of course, a bureau set and lots of bric-a-brac;
A dainty little escritoire, with fixings all her own,
And just for her convenience, too, a little telephone.
Some Oriental rugs she got, and curtains of madras,
With "cunning" ones of lace inside, to go against the glass;
And then a couch, a lovely one, with cushions soft to crush,
And forty pillows, more or less, of linen, silk, and plush;
Of all the ornaments besides I couldn't tell the half,
But wherever there was nothing else, she stuck a photograph,
And then, when all was finished, she sighed a little sigh,
And looked about with just a shade of sadness in her eye;
"For it needs a statuette or so—a fern—a silver stork—
Oh, something, just to fill it up!" said Alice of New York.
(My rhyme is getting longish, but I'm really nearly done)
For Chapter Two is shorter, you will see, than Chapter One).

Chapter II

When little Oumi of Japan went shopping, pitapat,

She bought a fan of paper and a little sleeping-mat;
She set beside the window a lily in a vase,
And looked about with more than doubt upon her pretty face;
"For, really,—don't you think so?—with the lily and the fan,
It's a little overcrowded!" said Oumi of Japan.

Margaret Johnson.

Some Strange Weather Devices and How to Make Them

By S. Leonard Bastin

The Chameleon Barometer is a very singular weather teller and gives a great amount of pleasure. It is formed on the following lines. A piece of rather absorbent paper is selected which at the same time will take per marks without smudging. On this draw the outline of a chameleon. The figure should be boldly sketched with strong outlines rather than with a great deal of detail. Now prepare a piece of cardboard, and it is best to cut this in circular shape. It should perhaps have been mentioned that the chameleon ought to be cut so as to fit nicely into a circle, as shown in the illustration. This circle should occupy much less than half the area of the cardboard round, and to give the proper effect it is well to paint it black. The remaining space on the circle is marked off into four divisions, and these are lettered "Wet," "Dry," and "Variable," as indicated. The bottom one is marked "Chameleon Barometer."

The next step is to treat the paper chameleon with the chemical solution which will make it of value as a weather teller. The mixture is composed of a strong solution of chloride of cobalt, chloride of sodium and gum arabic. Any chemist will make up a small quantity of this compound at a slight cost. The paper chameleon should be soaked in the solution until it has absorbed as much as possible, and then it may be hung up to dry. As applied in a wet condition the mixture will be bright pink, but, if the paper is being kept in a warm dry place, the colour will gradually change to bright blue.

From this we may gather that, when the atmosphere is in a moist condition and rain is likely, our chameleon will be pink, whilst during the fine dry weather it will be blue. Moreover, during an unsettled state the color will be a fine purple. To indicate the meaning of the different changes in the color of the chameleon the divisions which have been previously mentioned should be tinted in a permanent fashion with water colors. Thus the "Wet" will be pink, the "Variable" purple, and the "Dry" blue. To secure the most perfect working of the chameleon barometer it should be hung in a fireless apartment or in a porch.

The Weather Flower is perhaps a more attractive device than the Chameleon Barometer, but it is formed on similar lines. The "flower" is made in the form of any blossom which may be selected, but must be constructed of something more absorbent than the tissue paper usually employed. Blotting paper is not bad for the purpose. The stalk is made of stout wire and real dried leaves may be added to complete the article. In the same way as the chameleon, the flower indicates coming weather changes by the alteration in the color after the petals have been soaked with the cobalt solution already described.

Jimmie's Last Gift

Tottenham Court is a thoroughfare for everybody and everything that belongs to the working world.

Jimmie's mother lived in Tottenham Court. She was a washerwoman and went out every morning to work, and it was most always five o'clock before she returned. Jimmie meanwhile looked after himself. When noontime came he would eat the crust of bread or cold potato, if his mother had left it for



Buy an Engine with Reserve Power

FARM power needs are seldom the same for any two days together. You never can tell when extra power will be needed. For this reason it is best to buy an engine a little larger than you ordinarily need. The engine with ten to twenty per cent of reserve power will often save enough to pay for itself just by its capacity for carrying you through emergencies.

I H C Oil and Gas Engines

are large for their rated capacity. They are designed to run at the lowest possible speed to develop their power because that increases the durability of the engine. A speed changing mechanism enables you to vary the speed at will. Any I H C engine will develop from ten to twenty per cent more than its rated horse power. You can use it to run your feed grinder, pump, grindstone, repair shop tools, cream separator or any farm machine to which power can be applied.

I H C engines are built vertical, horizontal, stationary, portable, skidded, air cooled—in 1 to 50-horse power sizes. They operate on gas, gasoline, kerosene, naphtha, distillate or alcohol. I H C tractors in sizes from 12 to 60-horse power. See the I H C local agent. Get catalogues from him, or, address the nearest branch house.

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employing thousands of men—handling millions of money—undertaking vast enterprises, with unlimited credit—still finds it desirable to carry an ample RESERVE FUND, as an anchor to leeway.

As to your own private plant—your skill and earning-capacity.

Is it protected by an adequate RESERVE fund?

In Other Words--Is Your Life Insured?

If great concerns find it desirable to guard against remote contingencies surely there is cause why the individual should provide for the (sooner or later) certain contingency—death.

Take Life Insurance, and take it where the COST is least and the PROFIT RETURNS highest, that is to say, in

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Special Rates in combination with other papers

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE SUFFER UNTOLD AGONY FROM Dyspepsia.

It is one of the most prevalent troubles of civilized life, and the poor dyspeptic cannot even enjoy a meal without distressing after effects, for nearly everything that enters a weak dyspeptic stomach acts as an irritant. Burdock Blood Bitters will regulate the stomach, stimulate secretion of the saliva, and gastric juice to facilitate digestion, remove acidity, and tone up the entire system.

Mrs. Dennis Hebert, St. Boniface, Man., writes:—"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters, with great success, for dyspepsia, indigestion and sour stomach. I was terribly troubled with my stomach for months, and spent a lot of money without getting any relief, until I happened to see about a woman using it, and her trouble seemed the same as mine. I tried one bottle, and was so much relieved, I bought five more, and have taken them, and I now can eat anything I wish."

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BUST AND HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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Cut out and mail coupon and your name and address with \$1.50 to Dominion Utilities Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 482½ Main Street, Winnipeg, Man., and you will receive One I.X.L. VACUUM WASHER. All charges prepaid anywhere in Canada on condition that your money is to be refunded if the Washer does not do all that is claimed.

SHOW-CARD WRITING. The Modern Money Making Profession. We teach this very profitable art right at your home in spare hours under an experienced and expert show card writer and tutor. Experts earn from \$15 to \$20 per week. Demand greater than supply. Every young man in business should take this course. Free particulars upon request. Shaw Correspondence School, 391 Yonge St., Toronto.



Send us \$1

Receive by return mail three play suits for boys, age 1 to 6, of strong print, all different patterns.

Standard Garment Co.
London, Canada

him, or go without, as the case might be.

One day Jimmie's mother went to her work as usual, and when she returned Jimmie was not to be found. The neighbors told her to what hospital they had taken him, and how it all happened.

Jimmie was playing in the street and a great truck waggon had come thundering along, drawn by two big horses. The driver shouted to the boy to get out of the way, and Jimmie tried to do so; but his little six-year-old legs could not travel as fast as the big horses, and he was knocked down and the heavy wheels passed over him. Kind hands lifted the child, and he was taken to the hospital. The little limbs were terribly crushed, and it was feared that amputation would be necessary. It was almost certain that he would not survive the operation, but it was the only chance. When Jimmie's mother had heard it all, she hurried to the hospital to weep over her child. But the poor have little time to mourn. Bread must be got by hard toil, and the poor woman had to leave her suffering boy and go back to her daily labor.

Jimmie was unconscious for a time, but at length his senses returned, and looking about him he wondered at the little white bed in which he was lying, and the big clean room and the pretty pictures on the walls.

He tried to move his legs, but could not. If they had not hurt him so he would have thought that he had none. He cried out with the pain, and a nice-looking woman with a white cap and apron came to the bedside and spoke kindly to him, asking him how he felt.

He asked for his mother, and was told that she had been there and gone again. He was too used to being without her to mind it very much, and he felt so strangely weak and ill that he didn't care much about anything.

The nurse gave him some nourishing broth and it tasted delicious. Probably it was the best meal he had ever had, poor little fellow!

He was so tired he went to sleep. When he awoke he saw a sweet-faced lady sitting by his bed. She smiled and tenderly stroked his hand, while she said, softly: "What is your name, little boy?"

"Jimmie," was the prompt reply. He knew no other name.

The lady smiled and questioned no further, but talked to him very kindly and told him such a lovely story about a boy that wanted something very badly, and a good fairy brought it to him. After a time she arose to go, and bending over the little prostrate form, said: "Dear little Jimmie, what would you like the good fairy to bring to you?"

There was a boy in Tottenham Court who was the happy owner of a tricycle, an old dilapidated affair that his father had picked up among the rubbish and patched up so that it would go after a fashion. This boy and his tricycle had been the envy of Tottenham Court, and Jimmie had followed him about many a time, gazing with admiring eyes at the tumble-down old machine. So when the sweet-faced lady asked him this question, he spoke out instantly: "Oh, a tricycle, please, ma'am."

The lady's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing, only kissed him and went away.

That day there came such a great parcel for Jimmie, all tied in heavy brown paper, with so many stout strings about it that it took the nurses some time to get all the wrappers undone, but at last they were all off and a fine tricycle was displayed before Jimmie's delighted eyes, and it was such a beauty.

They lifted it on the bed so that he could examine every bit of it, and then it was placed by the bedside so that he could touch it every now and then. All day long he laid there, bravely bearing the severe twinges of pain in the poor legs, often turning his eyes on his beautiful new treasure and lovingly touching it with his fingers. That day a new boy was brought in and placed on a bed next Jimmie's. He was just about Jimmie's age, and had been very severely scalded by a pail of boiling water falling on him. His injuries were

not dangerous, and with care he would be about in a few days.

Jimmie was much interested in him and immediately showed him the tricycle, which Dick, the new boy, duly examined. He was a poor boy, also, and his eyes glistened as he looked at the bright new machine. It does not take long for children to become acquainted, and Dick and Jimmie were soon chatting like old friends.

The next morning they lifted Jimmie very carefully, and bore him to the operating room, and closed the door. In about an hour the door was opened, and the boy was carried tenderly back to his little white bed.

He lay quietly awhile, his eyes closed; then, as the little face grew whiter and whiter, and the big brown eyes larger and larger, he turned toward the nurse, who sat beside the bed, and said, very faintly: "Do you think the kind lady would be angry if I gave my tricycle to Dick?"

"No, dear boy," the nurse replied, "I know that she would not."

Jimmie looked at the other little fellow, who was fast asleep.

"Then, please, ma'am, put it by his bed, and when he wakes tell him I gave it to him, because you know a boy without legs can't ride a tricycle." He smiled faintly.

The nurse did as he requested and re-seated herself by his side. He was quiet again. Then he said, with an effort, almost in a whisper: "I am so tired. Please don't forget to tell him, for I may be asleep when he awakes."

When the sweet-faced lady came, a little later, Jimmie was indeed asleep with the sleep that knows no awakening in this world, and little Dick was bestrewn the bright little tricycle with his tears.

The Secret of Our Happy Homes

(Continued from Page 3)

show you that if you take off the tax on food you undermine our prosperity. He will prove to you that if the tariff is tinkered with we shall all dine in public soup kitchens and work for a dollar a day. Let him be, master, for no one may hope to contend with him. What is the use?"

"I will walk up to him, said the Don, and, approaching the Tariff Man, he called out in a loud voice:

"Fellow, you will immediately remove all burdensome duties on the people's necessities; immediately, I say."

The Tariff Man stared at him. "Do you know what you are asking?" he said.

"I do," said the Don. "And is your mind absolutely made up?" he asked.

"It is," said the Don. "Oh, if that is the case," said the Tariff Man, "I will. Fortunately you come at a time when business is so prosperous that no tariff reduction can hurt it. And between you and me, we don't need Protection any more. The fact is, I was just going to suggest tariff reduction to these people when you came round."

Unprogressive Communities

Some towns and country districts wonder why the wave of progress does not overflow their locality. Generally they assign any cause but the right one. Bad luck, competition of neighboring districts, lack of shipping facilities—in short, all the items in the list of handicaps—are mentioned. But in nine cases out of ten, the main cause is lack of community spirit. Enthusiasm, energy and an atmosphere of success cannot exist if one hand is raised against another, if there is mutual jealousy and suspicion. When one man determines that no action of his shall help another man in the same village to become well to do, it is reasonably certain that such a community is doomed to inertia and gradual disintegration.

When a town's leading citizens discourage the proposed entrance of new enterprises it is generally because they fear new blood. Unable to see three feet before their faces, they determine that if possible they will remain the "leading citizens." Of the qualities of such leadership it is necessary to speak. Such men are the worm in the apple. No town which contains them and al-

lows them to dominate can thrive. Hospitality to new enterprises and new ideas is the first requirement for a community's success. What is expressly called "boosting," if not carried to excess, does much for any town. It promotes co-operation and democracy. The splendid unity of spirit which is generated by enthusiasm over athletic contests in our schools and colleges may well serve as a timely hint to those who wish to make their communities progressive. Frequently all that is needed is a get-together club which will take in every person who is willing not only to hurrah for progressiveness, but to contribute thereto his own elbow-grease.

An Error

Owing to an error in the disposal of matter, a story that was set apart for rejection found its way into these columns last month. An apology is due to our readers.

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Temperance Talk

It Is Well

Yes, it is well! the evening shadows
lengthen
Home's golden gates shine on our
ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we try to
strengthen
Break one by one—at evening time 'tis
light.

'Tis well! The way was often dull and
weary;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load;
No sunshine came from skies all gray
and dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread
that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts shall
shiver
Beneath old sorrows once so hard to
bear;
That not again beside death's dark-
some river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved,
the fair.

No more with tears wrought from deep
inner anguish,
Shall we bewail the dear hopes crush-
ed and gone;
No more need we in doubt or fear to
languish,
So far the day is past, the journey
done.

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and
broken.
Come into port beneath the calmer sky;
So we, still bearing on our brows the
token
Of tempest, past, draw to our haven
nigh.

As sweeter air comes from the shores
immortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's de-
cline;
Almost we see where from the open
portal
Fair forms stand beckoning with their
smiles divine.

'Tis well! The earth, with all her my-
riad voices,
Has lost the power our senses to en-
thrall,
We hear above the tumult and the
noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends! We should not
turn—retracing
The long vain years, nor call our best
youth back;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future
facing,
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn
track.

—Selected.

Alcohol Enemy of Progress

By Arch Ireland.

"But what, after all, is the country? The country is men and women of the country. Individual citizens make the country. Alcohol deteriorates, in its victims, manhood and womanhood. Give us a drunken people and what of all our boasted liberty? Yet it is right that we should boast of our liberty. Not on the globe is there another country giving such opportunities for progress to all its people. Yet we have poverty, jails and poorhouses. And why? We have not the courage to grapple with the cause of all that misery—and the cause is intemperance. In ninety out of one hundred cases drink is the cause.

"No one in America need be poor who practices economy, who puts away as his means will permit a few dimes and dollars in the savings bank, who is economical, industrious and persevering. We hear to-day of the high cost of living. Thousands of dollars are being spent for drink. We throw out theories that will dispense progress; let us dispense the theory of sobriety. Your laws may help. I am not opposed to the dreams of those who would make

laws to help out in our economic conditions. Laws, if they allow the continual waste occasioned by intemperance to go on, are doing nothing for us. Let us have sobriety, and many of the so-called industrial evils will cease to exist.

"I am delighted as a Catholic and as an American citizen that the C.T.A.U. is at work, and when I compliment this union would compliment also all temperance organizations of every kind in America who are working sincerely and conscientiously in the great cause. You Catholics are coming forth as patriotic, valiant citizens of America. You know best how to put your religion to honor in America. The American people have their faults, but they have many virtues, and are quick to recognize merit and patriotism where it is seen. Do away with intemperance. With public opinion and moral suasion, bring about the day when it will be a rare thing to find a Catholic dealing out liquor to his fellow men."

The Father who Drinks

The man of family who uses intoxicating liquors every day and who sometimes gets drunk has a great deal to answer for.

First of all, he offends God. Next he grieves his wife. Then he scandalizes his children and sets a bad example for his sons. He shames his friends. He exerts an evil influence among his acquaintances. He breaks down his own health. He wastes his money.

If he spends only 25 cents a day, see what a heavy tax liquor lays on him. It costs him \$1.75 a week \$7.00 a month, \$84.00 a year. For that expenditure he gets sin, sorrow, shame, sickness and suffering.

The trouble for such a man when he thinks of reforming is that the craving for stimulants grows stronger and stronger. He becomes more and more difficult to resist. It fights to drag him down, down, down to the very depths of degradation.

A firm purpose of amendment, persistent prayer, the sacraments, a tonic, recreation, plenty of nourishing food and an abundance of pure water will aid him throw off the yoke of the demon of drink. Then he must avoid the occasions of intoxication—the saloon, the treat of friends, the bottle at home. There are other ways of enjoyment—books, music, athletic sports, an innocent game of cards, or chess, or checkers, an evening at his society's meeting hall, a visit to an acquaintance, a good play at a theatre, etc. There are a hundred and one ways of harmless diversion.

What a different home he would have if he would "brace up" and become temperate! The tears of his wife would give place to smiles. The anguish of his children at seeing him come staggering in would be forgotten in the joyful welcome they would give him when restored to his own best self. Peace would come to his soul. Hope and ambition would revive. A new man, with a new life would appear.—Catholic Columbian.

The Awakening of Ritson

By Durbin W. Rowland in "Munsey's Magazine."

Ritson awoke a little after three o'clock in the morning. The fumes of drink were still upon him, and his brain throbbed heavily. With eyes half closed, he began to feel around, poking his twitching fingers about upon the cot, and then raising them into the air.

His hands struck something flat and hard and cold. The sudden contact made Ritson open his eyes a little wider. All was darkness, save for one faint streak of light which filtered in from nowhere in particular.

He sat up, but immediately the blood began to pound at the base of his brain and surge up through his head with even mightier force. A great clod passed

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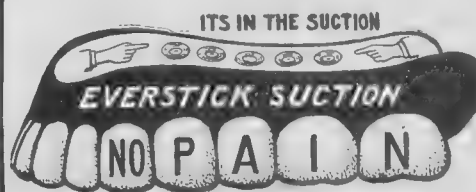
They can be used for temporary houses while building, for open air sleeping, or as recruiting places for the convalescent. The constant changing of the air within both day and night specially adapts them to the latter purpose.

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Perth, N.B.

For two years I was an invalid, incapable of work of any kind, sixteen months of this time I was unable to move without the assistance of a crutch and cane. During this time I was treated by all our local doctors as well as taking treatment from a specialist in Chicago, but did not improve any, and had about given up hope of ever being of any use again, when a friend advised me to try GIN PILLS. This I did, and with a two months treatment was as well as ever I was. This was four years ago, and I have had no return of my trouble since.

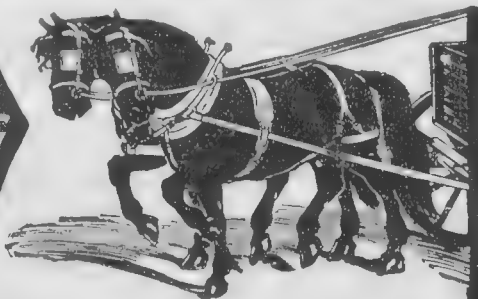
I still use a box or two a year as a preventative and am enabled to go fishing and shooting in the Spring and Fall, and lay out on the ground at night without any inconvenience. It is a wonderful medicine and I take great pleasure in recommending it to all sufferers from Rheumatism.

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back and forth before his eyes, and he fell back upon the pillow.

After the throbbing had quieted down a bit, Ritson tried to think. He could not recall where he had been. Though he clutched and pulled at the blanket until he thought his head would burst, he could not remember.

Again Ritson sat up. He was more careful this time, opening his eyes but slightly, and closing them every little while to relieve the pain. He reached out and touched the wall, and slowly followed it along, feeling as he went. Soon he came to a turn, and then another, and as his eager hands stretched on they clutched something round and smooth and metallic. It was a steel bar, and there were many more beyond. The man swore. He was in a cage—a cell in a prison!

Ritson's knees began to weaken. He reeled about until he found the cot and toppled over upon it. For a long time he lay in a half stupor, now whispering to himself, now dozing a little.

When he revived, it was light. The pain in his head was more bearable; he could think more clearly, and felt stronger. But the stone wall still cribbed him in at the back and sides, and the tall barrier of ribbed steel rose up in front of him.

There were sounds of movement beyond, but the prisoner gave them little heed. He was thirsty, but he did not call out. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to think about himself. He had done it again. His wife—poor, happy little wife—what would she say?

Four times during those seven months he had been drunk. She had wept a little each time, and then she had forgiven him with a kiss. And then she was happy—for he had promised her he would promise her once again now, as soon as he was free from this little difficulty; and he would keep his promise this time. He could, and he would. She was too happy, too precious a thing to be made to sorrow.

And what a scene they had been. Once before he had been arrested—that time for smashing a window. Ritson wondered what he could be in for now. Perhaps another broken glass, or somebody's head rapped during a little argument.

But that didn't matter. He was going to do better now. He felt within himself a conviction he had never experienced before. He was really going to do better. If he attended strictly to business he knew that he would succeed. And how happy it would make his little wife.

As Ritson was thinking about these things a man in uniform came down the corridor, bringing a pitcher of water and a little tray of food. The prisoner accepted the former, and drank deep and long. When he lowered the pitcher to get his breath, the guard addressed him.

"Your lawyer," he said, "will be down to see you at nine o'clock."

"I didn't have a lawyer the other time I was jailed," Ritson responded quickly. "They just took me up before the police judge in the morning."

"What was the charge against you?"

"The guard smiled a grim little smile. "Well, I guess it'll take more than one lawyer to pull you through this time," he observed.

"Why? What's the charge?"

"Murder."

"Murder? Murder?"

Ritson repeated the ugly word several times, like a foreigner crooning over some new-learned phrase. Then the pitcher fell crashing from his hands; he clutched the bars and raised his voice till the whole building echoed.

"Murder?" he screamed. "Murder? Great Heavens, don't tell my wife!"

The guard shuddered; a strange look came over his face, and he drew back. When he could make himself heard, he came up close to the bars again and almost whispered the words:

"Why, man, it was your wife that you killed!"

How the Maine Law Originated

There was a certain Portland citizen who was addicted to periodical intemperance. One evening his wife came to young Neal Dow, and told him that

her husband was at a certain saloon, and that if he was absent from his duty on the morrow he would surely lose his position. Would Mr. Dow go after him and try to induce the rum-seller not to sell him any more liquor?

Mr. Dow found him in the drinking saloon, and said to the proprietor, "I wish you would sell no more liquor to Mr. B."

"Why, Mr. Dow," said he. "I must supply my customers."

"But," was the reply, "this gentleman has a large family to support. If he goes to his office drunk he will lose his place."

The liquor-seller became angry at this, and said he, too, had a family to support, that he had a licence to sell liquor, and that he proposed to do it, and that when he wanted advice he would ask for it.

"So you have a licence to sell liquor," said Mr. Dow, "and you support your family by impoverishing others! With God's help I'll change all this!"

Thus the "Maine Law" originated.

Reckoning With Rum

A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes. I've been figuring my accounts with old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he made me go staggering around, and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had and left me 'sick as a dog.'"

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

A Japanese View of Liquor License

An officer from Japan, visiting America, one day, while looking about a big city, saw a man stop a milk wagon.

"Is he going to arrest the man?" he asked.

"No," was the answer, "he must see that the milk sold by this man is pure, with no water or chalk mixed with it."

"Would chalk or water poison the milk?"

"No; but people want pure milk if they pay for it."

Passing a whisky saloon a man staggered out, struck his head against a lamp post, and fell to the sidewalk.

"What is the matter with that man?"

"He is full of bad whisky."

"Is it poison?"

"Yes; a deadly poison," was the answer.

"Do you watch the selling of whisky as you do the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No."

At the markets they found a man looking at the meat to see if it was healthy.

"I can't understand your country," said the Japanese. "You watch the meat and the milk, and let men sell whisky as much as they please."—Missionary Review.

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About the Farm

Sunday at the Farm

On Sunday mornin's years ago, when
but a little lad,
I used to come to salt the sheep in this
same field with dad.
The little clouds that floated 'round I
thought were bits of wool;
The sky was blue as 'tis to-day, and
calm and beautiful.

Now dad is gone, and mother, too; they
lie up on the hill,
Just by that clump of popple-trees be-
yond the old red mill;
For Time has kept a-creepin' on, and
you and I are men,
And little Robbie thinks the thoughts
that I was thinkin' then.

There's a brown thrasher in the tree
that stands there on the knoll;
Just hear the little tyke a-spillin' his
immortal soul!
Our preacher says that man alone has
got a soul, but yet
What pretty critters God has made,
and loves 'em, too, I'll bet!

I know the city pretty well; I lived
there once a while,
But I was the homesickest boy you'd
meet in many a mile.
The very horses on the street looked
sad, it seemed to me.
There wa'n't no colts a-friskin' 'round,
nor lambs, as I could see.

So when in June the breezes blow across
the prairie West,
I packed my grip an' told 'em I had
got enough, I guessed!
Of course, there's city folks who keep
their faith in God and man,
Though if they stayed there all the
while I don't see how they can!

We've had our troubles, wife and I, we
buried little Dot;
Upon that slope we made her grave—
green and sunny spot;
And Death will never more to me seem
terrible and grim,
Since I have seen my little girl a-smil-
ing up at Him.

And often now I come out here and
set me down a spell,
Where rustling leaves and wavin' grain
seem whisperin' "All is well."
I wish that all who'd like to feel their
dead are safe from harm
Could come out here and spend with me
a Sunday on the farm.
F. L. Rose.

For Fistula or Poll Evil

In the Veterinary laboratory of the
Colorado Agricultural College, a vac-
cine has been made which effects a cure
in cases of poll evil and fistula of the
withers in horses and all other suppu-
rative conditions, due to the common sup-
purative germs. The vaccine is made
from the germs that cause suppuration.
One cubic centimeter of the vaccine is
injected under the skin every five days,
with a hypodermic syringe. Six doses
are all that have been required so far
to effect a cure. This vaccine contains
the dead bodies of the germs that cause
fistula, poll evil, and other common
suppurative conditions. These bodies
contain a chemie substance within them
which is set free as soon as they are
broken up. This chemie substance is
called endotoxin. This endotoxin stimu-
lates the cells of the body to produce
a substance which so weakens the germs
existing in the diseased process, that
the white blood cells readily destroy
large numbers of them. Finally, a con-
dition is produced in the body so that
the germs can no longer live there and
healing goes on uninterruptedly.

Spring Treatment of Winter Grains

Rolling winter wheat in the spring
has not failed in any of the four years
to give an increased yield, the average
increase being 5.1 bushels per acre. The
rolling was given early in the spring,

soon after frost was out and about the
time growth started. Harrowing after
rolling was not as good as rolling alone,
probably due to loosening up the plants
again after the roller had pressed them
firmly into the soil. Early spring roll-
ing of winter grain, pressing the earth
as it does firmly about the plant roots,
produces good results. When frost
comes out in the spring it is very apt
to leave the soil filled with small
cracks or checks, especially around the
plants. If these checks are examined
closely, it will be seen that a large num-
ber of roots are thus exposed, and if
the weather continues dry they are
killed or at least injured. We have
taken up plants in the spring where
half of the roots were injured in this
manner. If the soil is not wet at the
time of rolling—and it should never be
rolled when wet—rolling aids in no
small degree to form a surface mulch.
It does this rather than compact the
surface.—Nebraska Station.

He's Had no Show

Joe Beall 'ud set upon a keg,
Down to the grocery store, an' throw
One leg right over t'other leg
An' swear he'd never had no show.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."
Then shift his quid t'other jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't get no money from his dad,
The washin' look in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."
An' then he'd look up at the clock
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty years—let's see—
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,
(Altho' I've sot roun' patiently)
The fust larnation streak of luck.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down reg'ler every day
For twenty years to Piper's store.
I've sot here in a patient way,
Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore.
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer ain't no show:
Yer too dorned patient"—ther hull raft
Jest luffed, an' luffed, an' luffed, an'
luffed.

The Ox Warble

About this season of the year we are
in receipt of frequent enquiries about
the cause and cure of warbles or grubs
in the backs of cattle. We, therefore,
reproduce for the information of our
readers the following press bulletin re-
cently issued by the veterinarian of the
Kansas Agricultural College:

Warbles or grubs are the larval form
of the ox bot-fly or heel-fly (*Hypoderma
lineata*). The grubs or warbles are no-
ticed as little lumps or bunches just
beneath the skin of the back. Directly
over each warble there is a small pore
or opening in the skin through which
the grub breathes.

Life History—The adult heel-fly or
warble-fly is a little larger than the
common house-fly. In the latter part of
the summer she deposits her eggs upon
the hair of cattle in the region of the
heel. The presence of the flies among
cattle causes much annoyance. The
animal licks the part and the larvae
are taken into the mouth. From the
throat or gullet the small larvae bore
their way through the tissues until they
locate beneath the skin of the back,
where they increase in size quite rap-
idly so that the lumps are large enough
to be noticed by the latter part of De-
cember or early in January. In Febru-
ary or March these larvae or grubs
work their way through the small hole
in the skin, fall to the ground, burrow
into dirt or litter, pupate, and some
weeks later transform into adult flies.

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the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

In 1895 it was estimated that 60 per cent. of the cattle in Kansas were affected with warbles, and the financial loss by damaged hides was estimated for the United States at from fifty to sixty million dollars. Grubby hides are usually "docked" about one-third.

Warbles are more prevalent in the western part of the State and attack young animals more severely than older cattle.

As the adult flies do not travel far, a cattle owner can free his herd pretty well from these pests by treating them at this season of the year. If other cattle in the immediate vicinity are affected, the adult flies will travel far enough to infest neighboring cattle. All cattle owners should unite to destroy this pest.

Treatment—Treatment should begin as soon as the warbles are noticed upon

the animals' backs. Most of the warbles or grubs can be destroyed by putting turpentine, kerosene, crude petroleum or mercurial ointment in or on the opening through the skin directly over the warble. If the opening is very small, it should be enlarged by using a smooth, pointed stick. A machinist's oil can having a slender nozzle furnishes an excellent method of applying the medicine. They should be examined in

ten days, and any that escape the first treatment should be destroyed by a second; or better, squeezed out and crushed; or they can be crushed beneath the skin by pinching the lump, or killed by inserting a pointed wire or large blunt-pointed needle. It is important that any grubs squeezed out or escaping naturally should be destroyed or they will transform into adult flies.

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ROOFING

Household Hints

Coffee or cream stains may be removed from delicate silk or woollen fabrics by first of all brushing the stains with glycerine, and then well rinsing them in lukewarm water. But the stain should not be allowed to dry in. Later, press the material on the wrong side with a warm iron.

Before jam-making soak half a cake of pipe-clay and rub the paste over the outside of pan, giving the bottom an extra thick coat. Dry on the fire. This will save the jam and the pan.

Apple Christmas Pudding

Pare, core and quarter six tart apples; add a cupful of water, cover and boil quickly for five minutes. Press them through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of butter and half a cupful of sugar. Beat three eggs until light, add a pint of milk and a cupful of hot boiled rice. Add the apples and bake for half an hour; serve cold. Lemon or orange rind may be added.

Raising Calves on Skim Milk

There are not many farmers who will be raising calves by hand, excepting those who are supplying milk to creameries or who are delivering cream to the city trade. Sometimes the skim-milk calf is not worth having about the place and at other times it is as profitable as the youngster that nurses its dam until the ordinary weaning time.

It is hard to improve on the natural milk as a diet for the young of all animals. It is the food intended by nature for them and when analysed is found to be a perfectly balanced ration not only in composition but in palatability as well. There are a great many things, however, which man, in his efforts to best nature, has endeavored to change. He has succeeded in wonderfully changing the form of the dairy cow—and who will say not for the better—and he has also tried to change the milk which she gives as nourishment for her young, not for the lone sake of changing the milk but in order to make use of a valuable fat contained in it. In doing this he has had to substitute some other form of fat to take its place.

One very important element of any food is fat, as it is necessary for producing heat and energy and for adding to the fatty tissue stored up in the body. In milk, this fat, in the form of butter fat, comprises from three to five per cent. by weight of the constituents of which it is composed. In skim-milk the only ingredient removed is fat and this must be replaced in some form before being fed to calves, or it must be supplemented by some feed high in fat content. The cheapest way to do this is to feed grain. Ground oats and barley with some bran and a little flax seed will almost replace the fat taken out of the whole milk and not greatly change the value of the ration.

There is a difference in the way in which this grain is fed. Whole milk should be given at first, reducing it in richness until skim milk constitutes the entire milk ration. Ground flax is often added to the milk, but as a general rule we would prefer to feed the grain separately, especially the starchy grains for the reason that when they are ground and mixed with the milk an indigestible mass is formed. In order for starch to be digested it must be acted upon by the saliva of the mouth while the calf is chewing. When the ground grain is put in the milk the calf swallows it without mastication and the

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mass goes into the stomach and is digested at an expense of energy above what is natural, because of the absence of the action of the ptyalin of the saliva in ordinary mastication. For this reason we like to feed grain separately, preferably after feeding the milk. The proportion of grain to skim milk to feed will be about six to seven parts skim milk to one part grain. These amounts will vary and a greater proportion of milk should be fed in the ration while the calf is young. During the first three months one pound of grain to ten pounds of milk daily would be about right. From three months of age more grain and slightly less milk could be given. In the spring and summer these calves will also eat considerable grass which will help greatly in developing their digestive system. If fall calves, they should be encouraged to eat hay and especially if they are dairy calves. Hay will have a tendency to increase their digestive capacity. It is scarcely necessary to mention that regularity in feeding is a prime essential as well as cleanliness of the pails in which the milk is fed.

An Ideal Seed Bed

In order to secure the ideal conditions for seed germination, a seed bed for wheat or other small grains or grasses should not be too deep and mellow, rather the soil should be mellow and yet finely pulverized only about as deep as the seed is planted. Below the depth at which the seed is planted the soil should be firm (not hard), making a good connection with the subsoil so that the soil wasted may be drawn up into the surface soil. The firm soil be-

Part of the same seed was sown on otherwise similar plots that had not had the smut spores scattered on them. With good Red Fife treated with 1 lb. formaldehyde to 30 gallons water, sown on clean land, only 3 smut heads were produced in the plot. The same seed sown on smutted soil produced 52 smutty heads. In every instance the crop was much more smutty on the infected land than on the smut free plots.

How a Homesteader's Wife Can Make Her Own Pocket Money

By Annie Snyder, Hardisty, Alta.

I have heard homesteaders' wives say they would like so much to raise a flock of ducks and geese, but could not afford to build houses for them, and they were quite surprised when told that these birds were not at all particular about their sleeping quarters being made of expensive material. They are quite satisfied with a good large drygoods box, which can be purchased for 50c or 75c. It should be covered with tar paper, and they should have nice clean bedding of straw or hay. They only use this house for their sleeping quarters, for they scorn the idea of being closed up during the day, no matter how cold it is. When the thermometer registers 40 below zero, they will sit around on the snow and will gladly take a bath, though the water may freeze to their feathers.

Geese are great feeders, but the main portion of their diet is grass. When the little goslings are only two days old they will eat grass quite greedily, and at 12 weeks old they will weigh



Vegetables Grown in Saskatchewan.

neath the seed, being well connected with the subsoil, supplies the moisture to the seed, while the mellow soil above the seed allows sufficient circulation of air to supply oxygen during the day and acting as a blanket to conserve the soil heat and maintaining a more uniform temperature in the soil during the night. Meanwhile also the mellow soil conserves the soil moisture, acting as a soil mulch to keep the water from reaching the surface where it would be rapidly lost by evaporation, and the same condition favors the growth of the young shoot upward into the air and sunshine, where in the presence of oxygen, light and a favorable degree of heat, the green leaves quickly begin the work of assimilation and the soluble plant food elements absorbed by the roots are rapidly transformed into protoplasm and starch and the various cells and tissues which build up the plant structure, and the young plant grows and is soon independent of the seed established upon its own roots.—Prof. A. M. Ten Eyck.

Smut Will Live in the Soil

It has been proven at the Indian Head Experimental Farm that grain will be infected to a certain extent from smut spores in the soil of fields upon which these have fallen. Several plots had smut spores scattered over them, as would be the case if a very smutty crop had grown there. Seed treated with formaldehyde and bluestone was sown; also seed untreated.

from 12 to 18 pounds. Geese and ducks are not subject to lice and mites and all varieties of poultry diseases. If you have a creek or slough they will keep their plumage beautifully clean. The chief objection I have to geese is their music. When a large flock of geese begin to exercise their lungs in the middle of the night it sounds as if the judgment day had come.

I shall gladly answer any letters from homesteaders' wives who desire information as to the care and feeding of young water fowl, as there are no doubt, many who have had no experience along this line.

Chickpea Raising

I put in my setting of eggs about the first of February, so as to have my broilers ready for the early New York market. Chicago and Philadelphia also pay a high market price. I then remove the chicks to the brooder. The heat of the brooder should be about the same as that of the incubator. Then in a day or two I gradually decrease the heat as the chicks grow older. I do not feed the chickens until they are twenty-four hours old, as there is enough nourishment stored away in the yolk of the eggs which they take up. Their first meal should be bread soaked in milk and wrung out dry, then in a few days I give them mixed rations of corn bread, cracked wheat, cracked corn, and chicken food. At ten weeks old they are ready for market, weighing two pounds and over. Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes are

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the best for broilers. They can be shipped dressed or alive. I realize the best profit from the dressed ones, packing them in ice when the weather becomes warm. As soon as the hatch is completed I set the incubator, and this continues the whole summer through to November. It costs thirty cents for the oil during one hatch, and that amount or more to warm the chickens in the brooder, and ten cents apiece for their food to raise them to a two-pound broiler.

My first ones bring me sixty cents apiece, the next hatch a little less, and so on down the months.

Keep Pigs Healthy

Pigs are animals that, as a class, are subject to rheumatism and similar troubles, and if you are going to be a successful pig-keeper you must guard against dampness from the very start, especially with the bedding arrangements.

Straw—barley straw in particular—makes capital bedding; and dry bracken, dried grass from the hedges, and similar material may be used. I will assume, of course, that the floor of the sleeping apartment of your sty is of brick, sloped for drainage, and that a warm bed of some kind is provided for the animals. From time to time as it is dirtied this bedding must be changed, and it is a good plan to place it in the forecourt of the sty—if any—till it has become part of the muck, which you will remove for manurial purposes as necessary.

And, if dry quarters are necessary with adult sows and pigs, how much

more so is this the case with the youngsters! At birth they should have clean, sweet straw provided, not in great quantities, or they may be unwittingly lain upon by their mother, or else smothered, but sufficient for dryness and warmth. Then, during their infancy, the quantity may be gradually increased till the usual allowance is arrived at. Needless to say, the straw bedding should be changed almost daily at first, and this is especially the case with a large litter in a somewhat cramped sty.

Prefers Buying Fowls to Eggs

Mrs. J. G. Osborne, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

Frequent inquiries are made by those about to embark in the poultry business whether it is better to buy fowls or eggs. My answer invariably is to purchase a pen or even a trio of some favorite breed and the results will be much better than to expend the same amount in eggs. One can usually buy a trio of fowls at a cost varying from \$10 to \$25, according to the quality of the stock. The two hens will lay enough eggs to permit of raising 75 to 100 chicks and half may be pullets, so if the purchaser after disposing of the culls and surplus cockerels should have 25 or 35 pullets it will be a very fair return from the trio besides having the original birds left.

In order to get as good results from eggs he would have to purchase eight or ten dozen. There are many difficulties in procuring eggs shipped safely so as to hatch well. Eggs from the home yards would be absolutely fresh, and therefore surer to hatch. The fall is

the best time to buy fowls of the pure breeds. Prices are much lower than in spring, for the majority of breeders are glad to dispose of many from their breeding yards to make room for the young stock, besides they have more on hand to select from, so can better please and satisfy their customers.

The Stingless Bee

Science is able to take the thorn from the blackberry bush, and now it has learned to take the sting out of the bee. Mr. Burrows, of Essex, England, after two years of experiments, claims to have obtained a species of bee which can be handled by a child in perfect safety. He mated the Cyprian drones and the Italian queens, the result being the production of harmless insects. They are splendid workers, and are said to be less liable to disease than the ordinary honey gatherer.

It appears that the new product has a sting, but it does not hurt, and is useless as a weapon of offence. Yet the bees die when they lose it. As civilization advances the sting will be taken out of men's disposition and lives, and many of the pains that come to men by the stings of misfortune will have been prevented.—The Christian Herald.

Lime as a Limited

L. W. Arny, Bucks County, Pa.

How often does our land cry out for lime! And how often do we mistake that cry for one of nitrogen, potash or phosphoric acid! Here on our Bucks county soils with stiff clay and often impervious subsoils that cry is ignored and neglected year after year with oftentimes serious results. I am asked many times what benefit lime is to the plant. It is not taken up directly as food and yet is much talked about and widely advocated. Why? Just as we cannot live in an atmosphere filled with poisonous gases, so a plant cannot live in a soil sour with acids; just as we cannot thrive in crowded conditions, restricted as to air and congenial surroundings, just so a plant cannot thrive under similar conditions. Many soils are rich in plant foods, yet they have so many harmful acids as to make good crops impossible. This condition can be corrected only in the intelligent use of lime.

Often the owners of these lands mistake the real limiting factor of their soil and apply other forms of fertilizers. But let us test our soils. Get a piece of litmus paper and allow it to soak in a soil solution for some time. If you notice the red color coming take it as a danger signal, for to ignore it is to reduce the crop-producing power of the land. There is no other thing which will so improve the mechanical structure of heavy soils as lime, and nothing that will so thoroughly aerate it unless it be good cultivation.

Preliminary to Hatching

During the winter it may be necessary to have undesirable birds in the pens with the breeding stock, but on the approach of the breeding season the flock should be separated, discarding all but those having the requirements it is desired to perpetuate in the flock.

Male birds, should never be allowed to run with the hens at any time other than the time necessary to secure eggs for hatching, writes A. W. Foley, in a Canadian bulletin on poultry keeping. The cockerels should be separated from the pullets during the early fall, and those selected to head the pens should have separate winter quarters and be given special attention to keep them in good condition.

Special attention should be given to the housing of the male birds. Having larger combs than the females, they require warmer quarters. While a bird whose comb has been frozen during the winter may be a good breeder, the chances of securing good stock from such birds are greater when he has not had to suffer the experience of a frozen comb.

I want to talk to those who have aches and pains, who feel run-down physically, who realize that the old "fire" and energy which was so evident in youth is absent now; men who can't stand the amount of exertion they could years ago.

If it were not for the prejudice due to the great number of fakes in the land, I would not be able to handle the business that would come to me. The "Free Belt" fraud and the "Free Drug" scheme, which are not free at all, have made everyone skeptical, but I know that I have a good thing, and I'll hammer away until you know it.

Dear Sir—I received your Belt and have found great benefit from its use. I used it as you directed and found it perfectly satisfactory. I have some more customers for you, but it is the money that sticks them, but if they had the Belt for a while, and experienced its benefits, they would soon get the money. It is everything you say, and more, for it is a sure cure. Yours very truly, WM. E. GOOD, Indian Head, Sask.

Dear Sir.—I wish to state that I am fully satisfied with your Belt, which has thoroughly cured me. I may also state that the Belt still retains its current and I bought it just two years ago. I use it now and again when feeling out of sorts. I find it is a splendid spring tonic.—JAMES WOODLEY, Birtle, Man.

Dear Sir—I have been perfectly satisfied in every way with your treatment, and it is every bit as good as it is said to be. I just wore the Belt for about six weeks straight after I got it, almost three years ago, and I have never worn it since, nor have I felt any pains about me any where whatever. My back is perfectly well and strong and I am as healthy as any person could be, and wishing you every success, I remain,—A. H. JOY, Haunted Lake, via Alix, Alta.

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It will make you strong. It will send the life blood dancing through your veins; you will feel the exhilarating spark warm your frame, the bright flash will come to your eye, and a firm grip to your hand, and you will be able to grasp your neighbor and feel that what others are capable of doing is not impossible to you. This grand appliance has brought strength, ambition and happiness to thousands in the past year.

My arguments are good, my system is good, but I know you haven't time to study these. You want proof, and I give you that, and lots of it. When your own neighbors tell you I cured them, you will know I did it. The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt cures Indigestion, Constipation, Weakness of the Liver and Kidneys, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica; overcomes the effects of exhaustive habits—every sign of weakness in men and women. It puts new life and energy into the Nervous System. Ginger up! Use this Belt and become a Man!

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237 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Gentlemen,—Please send me, prepaid, your Free Book.

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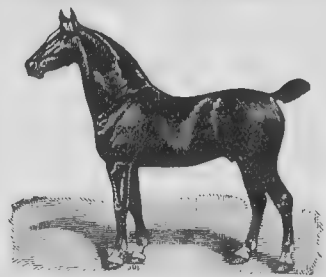
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Warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50
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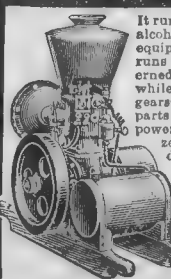
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equipment—starts without cranking—
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Send a postal today for free catalog,
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to you. Our special advertising propo-
sition saves you one-half cost of first
engine sold in your county. (167)
Detroit Motor Car Supply Co.
82 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

While the poultry keeper should ex-
ercise the greatest care over his flock
in the matter of housing and feeding
during the breeding season the same
should apply to birds intended for
breeders from the time they are hatched
until they are a year old. At this age
they should be fully matured and cap-
able of producing eggs suitable for
hatching purposes if cared for properly.

The pens should not be mated until
10 days or two weeks before the eggs
are required for hatching. It is strongly
recommended by some breeders that
two male birds be kept for each pen,
and placed in the pens on alternate
days, a suitable coop being constructed
in the pen in which to keep the bird
not in use. It is further contended by
many breeders that a greater percent-
age of fertile eggs can be secured when
a comparatively few females are mated
with a male.

The eggs should be gathered as often
as necessary, to insure them from being
chilled in the early season and later
against undesirable odors and heat. It
has been found that 70 degrees will
start the germ to incubate. This more
or less seriously affects the eggs for
hatching.

The better way is to gather the eggs
while still warm and place them in a
dry and well-ventilated room, where the
temperature stands at about 60 de-
grees. The operator will find that he
will have a more uniform hatch if the
eggs saved are not more than five days
old, preferably fresher. In this connec-
tion it is well to remember that after
an egg is completed it remains in the
hen's body 12 to 18 hours before being

"Yes, sir," replied the spokeswoman,
"we think it a very worthy object. It
is to build a home for aged and indig-
ent widows."

"Excellent! Excellent! I shall take
pleasure in making you out a check."

"Oh, how lovely of you!" exclaimed
the spokeswoman when she received the
bit of paper and read the amount—one
hundred pounds. "Oh, we didn't expect
to get that much from you. We are
ever so much obliged."

"So good of him!" and similar ex-
clamations were heard as the check was
passed around for the admiration of the
party.

"But," said the lady who handled the
check last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my
benefactions known to the world," said
the manager modestly. "I wish to give
the check anonymously." And he bow-
ed the ladies out with great dignity.—
Weekly Telegraph.

Victoria Day

Is there a man who will not pay
His homage to Victoria's Day,

Revering the greatest Queen?
The one who through a splendid reign
Lived without a slur or stain.

Ruling the highways of the main,
Britain's greatest Queen!

Never thought she of aught but good,
Her eyes were fixed on the golden road,
Flowers of love bloomed where she
stood.

Victoria, the Empress-Queen.



Going Into Camp, G. T. P., Canadian Rockies

laid, and during this period incubation
is in progress. Incubation is, therefore,
retarded from the time the egg is laid
until it again comes under incubation
heat, the germ gradually becoming
weaker.

In securing eggs for incubation, care
should be taken to select only those of
the color characteristic of the breed to
which they belong. Double-yolked, mis-
shaped and generally deformed eggs
should be discarded. Thin-shelled eggs,
or those with a mottled appearance,
should also be discarded.

Machinery Farmers Use

"The character of the machinery
which farmers have built for the educa-
tion of the children in comparison with
the machinery which the people of the
towns have built for the education of
town children, is as a hand sickle to a
header-binder."—John Fields.

Generosity

Four or five ladies hustled into a pri-
vate office the other day.

What can I do for you, ladies?" asked
the manager pleasantly.

"Why, began one of the visitors, "we
are taking up a subscription, and we
knew you wouldn't like it if we didn't
give you an opportunity to subscribe."

The manager bowed graciously and
asked: "And the object? Of course it is
a worthy one, or you would not be in-
terested in it."

Flies there a flag that one can say
Is finer than this of Victoria's Day,

Splendor of Britain's Queen?

The one that marks the jewels rare
Of Canada and lands that pair

To form an empire without compare—
Of Britain's greatest Queen!

O'er this land of the freeborn soul
Who takes from the earth its willing
toll

Everywhere on this day will roll

The name of the Empress-Queen.

Through the thousand miles of spring-
ing lands

That our fair Snow Lady scans,
Voices will praise the Queen.

In farm and school and city hall
Will rise the people's loyal call,

At the gates of God it will droop and
fall—

The homage to the Queen.
Babes will learn to lisp the name,
Weave it into a fairy game,

Till later they learn the splendid fame
Of Victoria, the Empress-Queen.

So send the flag up the swaying mast,
Let it swell in the sounding blast

Of wind, and make it taut and fast

On our Victoria Day.

So that those strangers within our
gates

May know the flag that defies the
fates

Of tyranny and its mates—
The flag of the Queen's high day

—Lionel Kingsley.

It's A Pleasure To Do The Churning

with Maxwell's "Favourite". The
roller bearings—and easy Foot and
Lever Drive enable you to bring the
butter without an effort.

Maxwell's is the finest butter maker
in the world—and the best made, the
strongest, the most satisfac-
tory churn on the market.
The proof is in the fact that
more of these churns are sold
in Canada than all other kinds
combined.

Ask your dealer
or write
for cata-
logue.



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\$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have it Free and Be
Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervo-
us debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing
memory and lame back, brought on by excesses
unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has
cured so many worn and nervous men, right in
their own homes—without any additional help or
medicine—that I think every man who wishes to
regain his manly power and virility, quickly and
quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined
to send a copy of the prescription free of charge,
in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man
who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who
has made a special study of men, and I am con-
vinced it is the surest-acting combination for the
cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put
together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them
a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere
who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures
may stop drugging himself with harmful patent
medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest
acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING
remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home
quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this:
Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit,
Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid
recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge.
A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00
for merely writing out a prescription like this
but I send it entirely free.



PLAYTIME

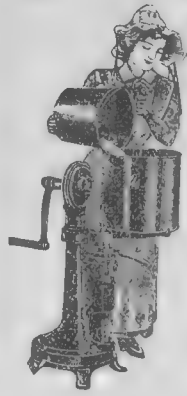
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To lessen household drudgery and
make life easier for housewives is the
basis on which our establishment is
founded, and the growth of our busi-
ness is due entirely to the fact that
we have accomplished that object.

The patented and exclusive features that
make the "Playtime" superior didn't "just
happen." They are the results of years of
experience and study. In OUR opinion it is
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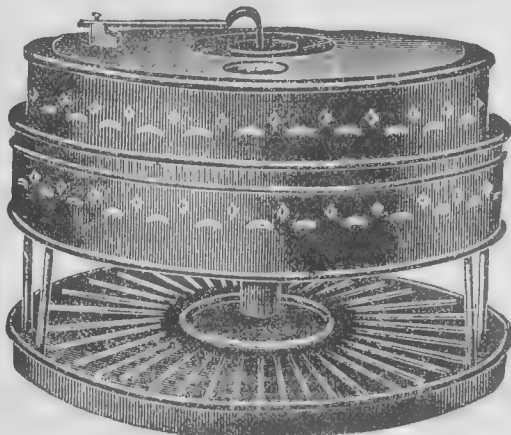
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60 days' free trial to test it alongside any separator made. Write today for full particulars and Catalogue. Sold only direct to user, no agents or middlemen.

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Holds 50 Eggs

A Twentieth Century wonder hatches every hatchable egg. Easily operated, fire-proof. Glass window so that Thermometer is in sight without touching machine.

Made entirely of metal, weight 20 lbs. Securely Boxed. **Price \$7.00.**

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The Model Incubator Company Limited

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We will help everyone who wants to beautify the home by giving decorative advice to suit each individual user's house FREE. This help is worth \$50 to \$150 as a high-class decorator's fee, which you would otherwise have to pay. Send the coupon and participate.

Made in 20 beautiful flat-finish colors, without brush marks or 'spotty' mottlings. The easiest way to decorate a home in artistic modern style, at low cost.

A DAINTY ROOM

Always appeals to the home-lover, more so when it can be kept up so easily and tastefully with Maple Leaf Flat Wall Colors. They lessen care and expense more than any other kind of wall covering. Colors are beautifully soft and easily blend with draperies and furnishings. Further they are **Sanitary**, requiring only a little soap and water to remove any dirt or stains without any injury to the appearance. After any sickness an antiseptic wash is all that is needed to render them perfectly hygienic.

Change of color scheme or renewal does not mean their removal. Just the application of another coat or two and presto!—a new scheme of decoration with the very least trouble and expense. Thus they are most **economical**. Again, they are so durable they outlast all other forms of wall covering two or three times over. **M. L. stencil designs** applied over Maple Leaf Flat Wall Colors greatly assist artistic effects.

FREE

Our booklet "The Wall Beautiful and Hygienic" with particulars how to obtain free advice for decorating your home in the coziest, daintiest and most attractive manner. Fill in this coupon to-day and send to our **Decorative Aid Department**, at Toronto.

The IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO., Limited

Please send me your free book "The Wall Beautiful and Hygienic" and particulars how to obtain your free decorative advice.

Name.....

Town.....



The Home Doctor

In Passing

It isn't the thinking how grateful we are,
For the kindness of friends come to bless,
Our sorrow or loss 'neath the weight of the cross—
It is telling our gratefulness.

It isn't the love that they have in their hearts,
And neglect or forget to reveal,
That brightens the lives of husbands and wives—
It is telling the love that they feel.

It isn't the thinking of good to mankind,
That comes as a cooling drink
To the famishing ones of earth's daughters and sons—
It is telling the good that we think.

It isn't the music asleep in the strings
Of the lute that entrances the ear,
And brings to the breast the spirit of rest—
It is only the music we hear.

It isn't the lilies we hide from the world,
Nor the roses we keep as our own,
That are strewn at our feet by the angels we meet
On our way to the great White Throne.

It isn't the silence of hope unexpressed
That heartens and strengthens the weak.
To triumph through strife for the great things of life—
It's the words of good cheer that we speak.

—W. J. Lampton, in N. Y. Times.

Better News about Insanity

One of the spectres with which Eugenists have been wont to alarm us is the rapid increase of insanity. Sir Edward Brabrook, who presided at the meeting of the Sociological Society which Dr. Mott addressed on the subject recently in Manchester, told a story of some prophet of gloom who said that if the increase continued at its present rate the end would be that half the population would be lunatics and the other half their keepers. That was to turn off dark thoughts with a jest. But in fact Dr. Mott's careful figures show us that all these gloomy anticipations are vastly exaggerated. The apparent increase in lunacy is a statistical increase. It is traceable, first, to the improvement of institutions, which led to a constant increase in the number of admissions for many years, and, secondly, to the lowered death-rate and also the lower rate of discharge, which has caused an accumulation of inmates in the asylums. The actual new admissions have ceased to increase and have even, for some years, declined in proportion to population. Dr. Mott would not commit himself to the positive assertion that insanity is stationary, but he showed conclusively that the reasons for supposing it to be on the increase are quite inadequate. The point is the more important because insanity has, with the exception of cancer, been the one city of refuge for the prophet of evil. In all other respects vital statistics indicate a general and substantial improvement in national health. But there was always this apparently dark spot to mar the picture. Dr. Mott, if he has not erased the spot, has shown that it is by no means so large and black as it was imagined to be.

On another point also his address went far to allay the worst fears about heredity. It is generally supposed that insanity now appearing in a stock will perpetuate itself indefinitely, and it is for this reason in particular that the prohibition of parentage to tainted stocks is urged as of overwhelming importance. Dr. Mott's researches go to show that, though there is an undoubted tendency to the inheritance of

mental defect, the history of a tainted stock normally presents one of two alternatives. The descendants may get worse, and in that case the disease tends to fall earlier and earlier in life and to be more and more severe. The result then is that the stock is eliminated altogether. Or by suitable intermarriages the descendants may get better and in a few generations be, in fact, normal. This is a very remarkable result, and goes to show the extreme complexity of the conditions determining heredity and the great difficulty of making any practical application of theories of heredity to law until a much more complete apprehension of the whole problem has been attained.

Business Men's Exercise

(By Dr. C. W. Saleeby.)

The earth turns on her axis once in twenty-four hours. We are the latest results of millions of years of adaptation, by evolution, to the conditions of this twisting world; and therefore the natural, normal, predestined, and only safe rhythm of our lives is diurnal. The recurrent and unalterable need for sleep, after say sixteen hours of wakefulness, proves that our nervous systems are built in adaptation to the rhythm of the earth, which has thus become the natural rhythm of our lives. As regards sleep and waking, the need is so imperative that we do not attempt to ignore the mandates of the light and the darkness, with their diurnal rhythm, but we fondly suppose that we can ignore that rhythm as regards the alternation of work and play, mental strain and physical exercise.

Thus we try to establish a weekly rhythm, defiant of our nervous system's adaptation to the diurnal rhythm of the light and the dark. We suppose that we can sit at a desk for five days, and then take physical exercise for two and begin afresh. We succeed, in a sense, but that sense involves a trifling change in spelling. The weakly rhythm we effect disappoints us. As Dr. Farquhar Buzzard pointed out at the Guildhall conference recently, the business man finds that he is not refreshed by his week-end as he should be; and in order to relieve the weakly rhythm of his life he very often seeks the fallacious support of things like whisky, which narcotize the brain's consciousness of fatigue and send their bill in later.

Useless Holidays

I have long contended and taught that, as we began by saying, the rhythm which our Mother Earth has imposed upon our lives is diurnal. Bearing us little lordlings on her bosom, she "scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away." If the study of the weekly-weakly rhythm has caused Dr. Farquhar Buzzard to condemn it, so the study of the annual rhythm—eleven months overwork and one month overplay—long ago satisfied me that it must be condemned similarly. Medical friends of mine who are in practice tell me how men come to them, after their annual holiday, out of sorts, with fluttering pulse and all the symptoms of what has indeed been called "holiday heart." For eleven months the heart's owner has adapted it to the modest requirements involved in sitting in a chair and perhaps occasional "strap-hanging"—and then he expects it to be ready for a month's strenuous exercise which shall make him fit for the winter. Of course, he gets "stale" and weary, tries to help himself with alcohol and too much tobacco, and then he brings his dilated and nervous heart home for the doctor to patch up.

The evidence accumulates, therefore, that the daily rhythm, the profound origin of which we have defined, is the necessary and natural rhythm for man, as the nightly recurrence of the need for sleep demonstrates. Ever since I remember I have, both deliberately and instinctively, followed the natural indication, and I envy no man his health.

happiness, or working powers. I never "take a holiday," but I take a holiday every day, and my advice, not only for physical but notably for mental health and happiness, is accordingly that we should not try to better or over-ride the rhythm which has been imposed upon our constitution by the diurnal rotation of the earth, but that, as we wake and sleep, so we should work and play, in a daily rhythm.

The business man may very truly reply that, for various reasons, he cannot follow the advice of the student who can arrange his time as he will. No doubt that is partly true, but the fact does not alter the needs of the nervous system nor the tempo of its natural rhythm. We must, therefore, do the best we can in the circumstances, and most of us could do better than we do.

The Value of Sleep

For instance, we might have the sense to see that the supposed recreation which leaves us so very far from recreated that we need artificial means to "pull us together" is worse than useless. The proof of the exercise is in its results. There is no magic in exercise "as such." If we ask what is that thing which, incomparably, restores, recreates, refreshes, rejuvenates, the answer is "sleep"—the very negation of exercise; sleep, in which all the voluntary muscles are at rest, and the muscles of respiration and even the heart-muscle all contract more slowly and gently.

Once we get down to sound physiological foundations we can begin to build up a system of personal hygiene that will stand. If sleep—not at week-ends, but every night, of course—be so fundamental, then the value of exercise or of anything else will depend upon, and must be appraised by, the quality (far more than the quantity) of the sleep which follows it.

Thus, if we want to sleep every night we should work and play every day. But the play must be play in its essence—that is, we must enjoy it. To play is a state of the mind, not of the body. If the solemn discipline of golf amuses you, then it is play for you, and valuable accordingly, just as solving chess problems may be play and therefore valuable for your neighbor. The old view that anything we enjoy is bad for us was false. Nature is not so diabolically contrived as that.

Does Coffee Drinking Prevent Sleep

Few persons would answer this query in the negative, so well grounded is the idea held by our grandmothers that sleeplessness is invariably produced by indulgence in the cup that stimulates.

Recent experiments by Dr. H. L. Hollingsworth on sixteen individuals to ascertain the action of caffeine, the chief active principle of coffee, on the nerves and mind, demonstrate that the popular idea that coffee stimulates mental processes and counteracts the depressing effects of fatigue is correct, but that the induction of wakefulness by coffee is not proved. The individuals experimented upon were students ranging between the ages of 19 and 39, to whom were administered measured doses of caffeine mixed with sugar of milk in capsules. These individuals were carefully watched to avoid error. It was demonstrated that the effect was produced more readily in the evening than in the morning, and that it always began to be noted within ninety minutes after administration, and it persisted from one to four hours. Small doses (one to three grains, the contents of a good cup of coffee) stimulated a typewriter to rapid execution, double doses retarded it, but the quality of the work with regard to error was improved by the coffee.

The effect on sleep was striking by the absence of confirmation of the common idea that wakefulness is induced by coffee. Even doses reaching four grains, an estimated equivalent of a pint of strong coffee, had no appreciable effect except in a few individual cases. And this result is in accord with ordinary observation by unbiased observers. Many persons who drink coffee several hours before retiring to bed insist that their wakefulness is due to coffee, without realizing that caffeine, like other drugs, is absorbed within two

hours and that its effect passes off within four hours, so that when it is taken at 8 p. m. its effect must disappear by midnight. If this were not, true coffee would differ from all other stimulants, the characteristic of which is the brief duration of their effects when the dose is not renewed.

The result of these and other observations is that coffee stimulates the system to bring out its reserve supply of energy, which always lies dormant until called upon in an emergency, that its moderate use is absolutely harmless in health, and its immoderate use (in repeated or large quantities) may produce overstimulation, resulting in exhaustion. From the experiments here cited half a pint of coffee does not contain enough caffeine to damage a healthy person. This would be equivalent to two large cups a day.

The Ideal Clothing

The skin should never be absolutely dry nor appreciably wet. Of course, a bank clerk must work in a warmer room than a butcher, and must have less clothing, but either would be over-clothed were he to exercise violently and would be underclothed if he were to sit outdoors in a snow-storm. The athlete when exercising is sufficiently clothed in "running pants," and likewise those who must work in warm rooms need astonishingly little clothing. Horsemen know that a heavy coat of hair keeps a stabled horse too hot and also is too hot for exercising. So the animal is clipped in winter and clothed only when at rest to prevent the "colds" due to cooling off a sweat-soaked coat. American physicians have called attention to the few colds among the scantily clad women living in our overheated houses, while the English think the women underclothed in their cooler houses are injured by it. There is no question, then, that it is solely a matter of the environment, and those

whose daily life submits them to rapid changes must have outer garments to don or doff as occasion demands. Even those who stay indoors or outdoors must vary the amount worn to avoid visible perspiration, which soaks the undergarments and causes chilling.

The use of wool next the skin seems to be disappearing, and the use of vegetable fibers becoming more common. Cotton absorbs extra perspiration like a towel, and evaporates it to the outer layers much more quickly than wool, which becomes sodden. The woollen garments, then, seem to keep the skin too wet and subject to "colds" from chilling, while the skin under cotton is dry. Wool seems to be designed by nature to keep outer dampness from reaching the skin, and no wool-clothed animal has sweat-glands. So the ideal cold-weather clothing seems to be cotton underneath and woollen outer garments, but all varying in weight and number of layers sufficient to retain warmth but keep the skin dry. The man who dances in a hot ball-room, wearing heavy woollens under his dress-suit, is sure to be overheated and so drenched with perspiration that chilling is sure to occur on the way home when he is fatigued and specially susceptible to infections. There is some sense, then, in the fad for wearing cotton summer undergarments in such a tropical environment. The skin is dry, and a heavy ulster on the way home prevents chilling. There is also a great deal we can do in regulating the absurd clothing of business men.

Precautions for the Nurse

The nurse should take precautions to avoid contracting the disease. She should sleep near an open window, never with the patient between her and the window. She should be out of doors as much as possible when off duty. She should bathe and change her clothing frequently and spray her

mouth, throat and nose with an anti-septic solution. Her dishes should be separate from those used by the patient. After the patient is well she should bathe, wash her hair and put on clean clothing.

Artificial Limbs

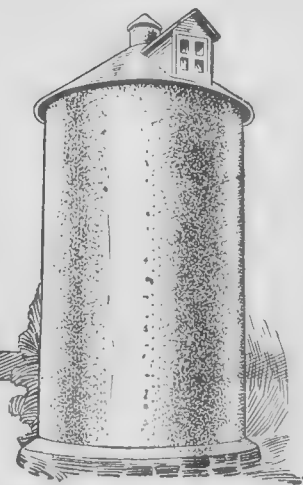
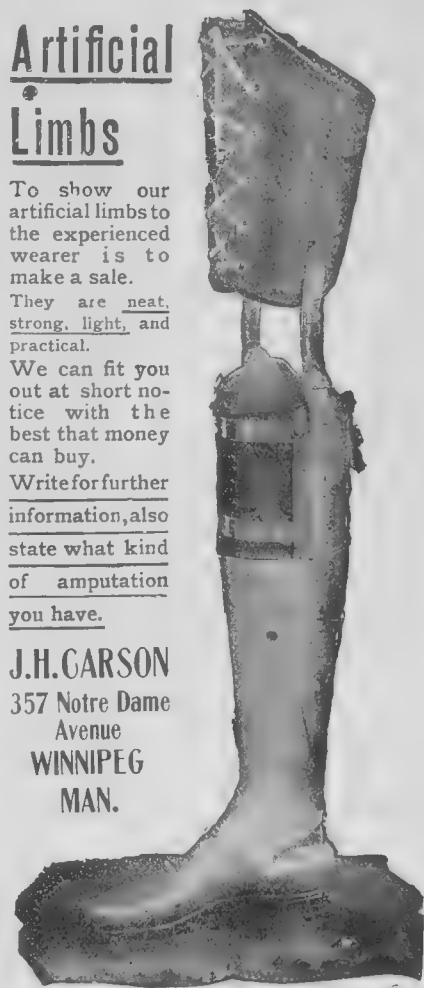
To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

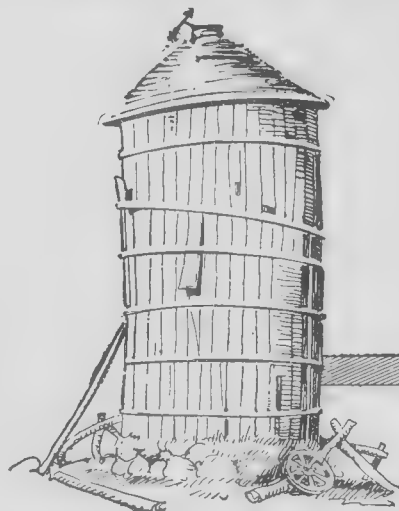
Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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IF you were to build two silos—one of wood, the other of concrete—side by side, and then could see them as they will look after five years of service, you wouldn't have to think twice to decide which is the best material. In a few years more there wouldn't be much of the original wooden silo left—the repairing you'd have to do would be as troublesome and cost as much as the building of an entirely new one. But the passage of five, ten, fifteen or even twenty years will make no difference to the hard-as-rock wall of the concrete silo.

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NO matter whether you have ever used concrete or not, you can build a concrete silo. Our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," gives all the information you will need, not only about silos, but about scores of other uses for concrete on the farm. It isn't a catalogue, nor an advertising circular. A handsome book of 160 pages, well illustrated, and written for farmers. It is free. Just send your name and address on a postcard or in a letter and the book will be sent free by return mail.

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Were Tried and Stood the Test

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Saskatchewan Man Tells How They Cured Him, After Four Months' Suffering from Backache and Other Forms of Kidney Disease.

St. Phillips, Sask., (Special)—In a new country, where changes of climate and impure water are among the difficulties to be surmounted, kidney trouble is prevalent. It is the kidneys, the organs that strain the impurities out of the blood, that first feel any undue strain on the body. Consequently, Dodd's Kidney Pills have been well tried and tested in this neighborhood.

They have stood the test. Many settlers tell of backache, rheumatism and urinary troubles cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Otto Olszewski is one of these. In speaking of his cure he says:

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"I consulted a doctor, but, as I did not appear to improve, I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used six boxes, and now I am all right."

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A safe, reliable and effectual monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

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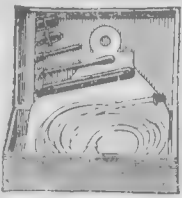
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If it's made of RUBBER

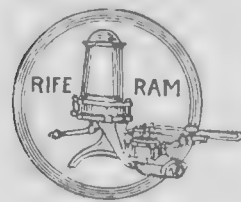
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is such that every man can have running water night and day. It operates with any fall from 2 to 50 feet, and will pump to a height 3 to 25 times that all.

If you have a flow of 3 or more gallons per minute from a spring, artesian well, brook or river write for our free Catalogue and information.

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Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5 a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

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Shiloh 25¢

The family remedy for Coughs and Colds. "Shiloh costs so little and does so much!"

Safe That Time.

Sportsman (in auto, calling to boy plowing in field by roadside)—"Hi, there, sonny! See anything to shoot around here?"

Boy—"Yep; but ye needn't be scart, mister. It's jest my luck always not to have my gun along with me."

Quite a Difference.

The big, red touring car struck a pedestrian, rolling him in the mud and maltreating him in general. The owner ran back, greatly excited, after stopping his car.

"Is he dead?" he asked anxiously of the physician who was working over the victim.

"Oh, no!" replied the physician cheerfully. "He's not dead! he's merely run down."

Crying Potatoes.

One evening I had put the potatoes on the stove to boil, and as I had turned the gas rather high they were soon boiling so rapidly that they boiled over, and my son, age 3, came running into the dining room and said, "O, mamma, your potatoes are crying to you to come and tend to them. You better hurry up, or they will cry their eyes out."

Too Particular

"In your advertisement," said the man with the suave manner, as he entered the office of the ice company, "you say that there are no microbes on the ice that you furnish to your customers." "Yes, sir," replied the treasurer, as he placed a blotter in front of his diamond stud, so that the caller would not have to blink, "and we stand by our assertion." "I stand by it, too," said the man with the suave manner, "and I have called to say that, as I have no fear of microbes, believing they are harmless, I wish you would direct your delivery man to leave at my residence, in the future, ice of such dimensions that two or three microbes, if they felt so inclined, could occupy it without crowding each other."

A Quiet Way

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back, and come down the stairs like a lady." Frances retired and, after the lapse of a few minutes, reentered the parlor. "Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?" "No, dear, I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come down quietly, if you will. Now, tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise." "The last time, I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

The Way of Success.

The art of satisfying customers that the article they have been sold is precisely what is best for them is a great and valuable gift.

John Dubbs has made a big fortune out of it, and while he continues in his present methods it will become larger. A word as to these methods may be useful to those who want to get on.

One day a woman came into his shop. "Look here," she said, angrily, "that rocking chair you sold me yesterday was no good."

"How so, madam?" Dubbs asked. "Why," said the woman, "the rockers aren't even. As you rock, the good-for-nothing chair keeps sliding sideways all over the place!"

Dubbs threw up his hands. "What!" he said. "I'll discharge the stupid assistant! If he hasn't gone and sent you one of our new patent rockers, warranted not to wear the carpet out in one place. That style costs four dollars extra."

But the woman had turned and was already out of the store.

"Mistake or no mistake," she cried. "I won't pay the extra four dollars, and I won't return the chair either, so there."



SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT.

Science has at last accomplished what was deemed to be impossible. Brown-Séguar has conquered! His name is for ever inscribed in the temple of fame.

His inspiration, which conceived the possibility of the transfusion of life, has materialised. Science has produced us "Sequarine"—distilled strength taken direct from organic matter. This wonderful liquid restores the harmony between the physiological functions and gives new vitality to every organ of the mind and body. It is the Tonic pre-eminent.

One trial of "Sequarine" will prove beyond doubt its phenomenal regenerative powers. Take a few drops daily. Its effect upon every organ that is unduly weak, through overwork, old age, or disease, is truly wonderful.

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PUBLIC FORM (For Swallowing)

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The Daily TONIC FOOD

Never in the history of the World has there been a scientific discovery of such moment to mankind as that which gave us "Sequarine." This wonderfully powerful fluid is the organic essence which revitalises and rejuvenates as no "inorganic drug" can possibly do. It literally accomplishes the absolute transfusion of life. Thus is Science Triumphant.

FREE! FREE! TO LADIES

A Bottle of Blush of Roses



The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin, and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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Blush of Roses is Also For Sale by the

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To submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 124





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His friend Fluxite
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SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

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CURE that BUNION

Why bear the pain of enlarged toe joints when it is so easy to cure them permanently with Dr. Scholl's BUNION RIGHT.

Simply place one between your toes and get INSTANT RELIEF. It is comfortable, light, and sanitary. Does not interfere with walking. Guaranteed or money back. 50c each or \$1.00 pair at all good shoe or drug stores. Write for Dr. Scholl's free book on "Bunions."

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Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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"The Family Friend for 40 years." A never failing relief for Croup and Whooping Cough.

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print and, in future letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

Girls and Homesteading

Sask., March 3rd, 1913.

Dear Editor: Having been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for some time, I have at last decided to write a few lines. I have never yet read any paper that I like as well as the W.H.M. Nothing in it escapes my eye. As for your new topic "Should marriage wait for prosperity, or should love laugh at poverty," I think it is a good one. I would like very much to say a few words on the subject, but scarcely know how to begin. I think it absolute folly for some girls to marry a poor man. Take for instance a young homesteader just "beginning to make a beginning," he falls in love with and marries a girl, who has only heard the bright and cheerful side of homesteading. She is fascinated with the life at first, it is new and fascinating; but the novelty of the undertaking soon wears off. She tires of the daily routine, she does not like to be all alone so much, perhaps some miles from neighbors. The nights are especially lonesome. Perhaps some of your readers think that it isn't necessary for a woman to stay alone at night, but I have had to do so. I kept house for my brother last summer. He was homesteading. He didn't like to leave me alone, but when anything happened that he couldn't get home, I stayed alone. Although I think there are some girls who could not stand homesteading for long, girls who would long for more pleasure, (for a homesteader has very little time for pleasure,) they would become discontented. I think it would be better for such a girl to remain single until the man was financially able to supply her with all the necessities, and some of the luxuries of life. But still, there is the other kind of girl, the girl who can be perfectly happy on a homestead year in and year out, helping her husband in little ways, ways that seem very little to her, but still they help, for she does it out of love, and the husband loves her all the better for it. Now, don't think that I mean the drudgery of the barn work because I don't approve of a woman doing that at all, unless it's necessary. I have done it when it was necessary. The girl that looks on and talks of only the bright side of life and gets through the dark side with a laugh and without a complaint, and has a cheery word and bright smile morning, noon and night whether it be cloudy or fair, I think that a girl like that could marry a poor man and be perfectly happy, and make the man happy too. So you see that a life that would suit some girls would not suit others. I think that the lovers know best, or ought to know best, how long to wait, or whether to wait at all. I guess I better not say any more on the subject or I am sure to be landed in the w.p.b. Only a Girl.

Room for All

Medicine Hat, March 31st, 1913.

Dear Editor: I am afraid you will have to put another extra page in the W.H.M. for I notice the Correspondence columns keep pretty well filled up, and the dates are away back too, so goodness only knows what you have on hand. Several of the correspondents seem to

think that the dancing question is getting threadbare. Well possibly it gets on old readers' nerves a little with so much of it, but they must bear in mind that some of those letters are written by new subscribers, and so of course, they wish to give their decision on the matter accordingly. "Mutt and Jeff," I am glad to see approve of it, the same as myself. "Blue and Brown Eyes" also agree with me, as does "Fudge," and a few more, but the old proverb, "A place for everything, and everything in its right place" comes in here. I will write a few lines to these correspondents within a week or so. Now, on the marriage question, I have a word or two to say. No doubt "Plato" is giving good and sound advice under certain conditions. Loveless marriages are certainly of no value. As regards contentment, I should think if a woman is contented, she has got practically everything she requires or she could not be contented. Quite a number of these loveless marriages are based on the inexperience of the parties. Marrying too young is one instance. Neither party know their own mind, until they are on the 25 mark, but there are people under that age who think themselves smart, and know it all, but they find out their mistake. Another instance, is marriage without courtship. There are hundreds of marriages contracted within six months of their introduction, and neither one or the other know each other's affections or ways. Of course, a wife should be her husband's pride, and I fail to see where she is regarded as a necessary evil, although many a home is wrecked by a woman of evil habits, through no fault of the man. "True Blue," I see, can give a little advice on that subject too. Please Mr. Editor don't be too long in printing this letter.

Dido.

All Should Read It

Sask., March 12th, 1913.

Dear Editor: Will you kindly allow another homesteader a small space in your Correspondence column. I am an old reader, but a new subscriber. I think every homesteader should be a reader of the W.H.M. I am sure they would find it both enjoyable and profitable. I enjoy reading the numerous short stories, "The Young Man and His Problem," and especially the Correspondence. I notice some of your correspondents are much against dancing and card parties, surely they would not be too hard on a lone-some homesteader for attending one or two parties during the long winter nights to help pass away his weary hours. I am very fond of both, but dance or play cards very little. I am fond of playing the violin at parties, and play a good deal. Am very fond of all out-door sport, such as hunting, fishing, baseball etc. I also like music and singing. I never use tobacco in any form, or touch any intoxicating liquor, and besides my homestead, I have a first-class half section of land not incumbered in any way. Well, dear Editor, I hope I have not exhausted your patience. Wishing the W.H.M. the success it deserves, I will close.

Black Knight.

An Interesting Family

Ladstock, Sask., March 12th, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers: Seeing an item in your paper inviting subscribers to write to your Correspondence page, I now take the opportunity of sending a few lines, as we have just lately become subscribers. We think it a very nice paper, and it certainly has some very useful and interesting things in it, and I always look forward to its coming every month. "The Crank"; I read your letter in the February number, and I quite agree with you from beginning to end. The old proverb, "Marry in haste and repent in leisure," perhaps in many cases has become true. I think all the letters are good, but some are extra good and sensible. Now, I have never noticed any letter from this point of Saskatchewan in your columns, so I will describe it a little, as some of the

COULD NOT LET ANYONE TALK TO HER

SHE WAS SO NERVOUS.

Diseases of the nervous system are very common. All the organs of the body may be sound while the nervous system is all upset, on account of the troubles and worry which fall to the lot of one who has to look after the troubles incident to housekeeping, and when the nerves become unstrung the heart is also effected.

In Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is combined a treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorder as well as act on the heart itself, and for this reason we would highly recommend them to all run down women.

Mrs. Wm. Smith, Terra Nova, Ont., writes:—"I wish to tell you that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was so nervous I could hardly let anyone talk to me until a neighbour told me to try your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I got three boxes, and did not have to get any more as they completely cured my nervous system."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are for sale at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

How to Conquer Rheumatism at Your Own Home

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pains; stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to send for a generous **Free Trial Treatment** of my well-known, reliable **Chronicure**, with references and full particulars by mail. (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. **Chronicure** succeeds where all else fails. **Chronicure** cleanses the Blood and removes the cause. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find **Chronicure** a most satisfactory general tonic that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send today for large free package, to **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box E. 86—Windsor, Ont**

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered, as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 306 Alhambra Bldg. Syracuse, N. Y.
Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

GRAY HAIR

Dr. Tremain's Natural Hair Restorative will positively restore gray hair to natural color and keep it so. **IT IS NOT A DYE** and will not injure the scalp. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **Price one dollar.** Sent post paid. Address **THE TREMAIN SUPPLY CO., Dept. M TORONTO, ONT.**

RUPTURE CURED

by **STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS** means that you can throw away the painful truss altogether, as the Plapao-Pads are made to cure rupture and not simply to hold it; but being self-adhesive, and when adhering closely to the body slipping is impossible, therefore, they are also an important factor in retaining rupture that cannot be held by a truss. **NO STRAPS, BUCKLES OR SPRINGS.** Soft as Velvet—Easy to Apply. Inexpensive. No delay from work. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending **FREE**. Write trial of Plapao absolutely **FREE**. Today, Plapao Laboratories, Block 860 St. Louis, Mo.

DANGER PERIOD OF WOMAN'S LIFE FROM 45 to 50

Interesting Experience of Two Women—Their Statements Worth Reading.

White Oak, Ont.—“At Change of Life when doctors could do no more and I was



given up by my friends, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to the front and did wonders for me. I had been having female troubles for years, my head troubled me severely at times, I had bearing down pains and backache and I was very

anaemic from excessive flowing. I recommend your Compound highly and do all I can to advertise it as a genuine woman's medicine.”—Mrs. SYLVESTER MANNING, White Oak, Ontario.

The Case of Mrs. Kirlin.

Circleville, Ohio.—“I can truthfully say that I never had anything do me so much good during Change of Life as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

“Before I had taken one half a bottle of it I began to feel better, and I have continued taking it. My health is better than it has been for several years. If all women would take it they would escape untold pain and misery at this time of life.”—Mrs. ALICE KIRLIN, 358 W. Mill St., Circleville, Ohio.

The Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. At such times women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

\$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or aches; let cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. F. Robinson, K2045 Luok Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

LEARN WRESTLING

“Farmer” Burns, the greatest of all wrestlers, the trainer and manager of the mighty world's champion, FRANK GOTCH will teach you by mail, all the wonderful holds and defenses known to the art. Greatest opportunity ever offered for those who want to be expert wrestlers, or to be great athletes. Two significant facts: NOW for full particulars—sent FREE. BURNS SCHOOL OF WRESTLING, 7515 Range Bldg., Omaha

readers may be interested in it. We came here from Rapid City, Manitoba, nine years this June, quite in the early days and all we could see, were two tents two miles away. The railroad only came up then as far as Sheho, and we had to travel twenty miles, with oxen, which was very slow work as it was so wet and we kept getting stuck. There is certainly a great change here now. The railroad has been extended, and Leslie is our nearest town, just ten miles north of us. Ladstock is the district post office, and we can now see sixteen houses. This settlement is largely composed of Scotch and English people, and a few Galicians. As I see many discussing dancing, I would like to say a few words too. Well, I don't see any harm in it. This is a great district for this, and for a month there has been one every Friday night, and they were very well attended considering there is so much snow and the roads not very good. Last Friday night there was a masquerade ball. We had one last year too. It was very interesting. Prizes, of course, were given to the best dressed. Card playing, I know very little about, but I like playing games better. There is just mother, father and a brother in our family. We have ten head of cattle. My brother has five head of horses, thirty-five hens, one dog, and two cats. I might say that the soil here is said to be very good, not much wood, only small scrub. We get our wood five miles south. We had two men here last week with a gasoline engine and they saved the wood in three and a half hours. I am great at doing silk crazy work and I have two quilts and twenty sofa cushions. Any one wishing to write to me will find my address with the Editor. Wishing the club all prosperity, I will now close.

Ethel Cecilia Priscilla.

News of the West

Alberta, February 18th, 1913.

Dear Editor: Here comes another Western bachelor looking for admittance into your happy circle. I have been a reader of your valuable magazine for two years. The correspondence columns are the first place I open it at. I just cannot refrain from writing a letter to the column any longer, so I hope the ever-hungry waste paper basket has not got its mouth wide open. I must say your magazine is full of good reading from start to finish. Well, Mr. Editor, to be brief, I do not chew tobacco, or drink anything stronger than tea, a lover of all sports, and living on 320 acres in a good part of the country. Any of the Eastern boys or girls who would like to hear of the West just write to me, I will answer any letters or exchange postcards. Girls, I am also right there when it comes to drying the dishes or cutting the wood. I would like to correspond with farmers' daughters. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success.

Broncho Tame

The Power of Influence

Alberta, March 18th, 1913.

Dear Editor: Have you room for a few words from another devoted subscriber? I can easily imagine how much the Western Home Monthly must mean to the lonely “Homesteading Bachelors,” of whom there are so many. I like to read their letters. Do you bachelors all have dogs? I think a dog is very good company, especially when one cannot have human society. “Bashful Sandy,” I liked your letter and the verse you gave. Poetry is a great comfort, isn't it? I am glad you went to that “really true New Year's dinner.” I suppose some good hearted housewife in your neighborhood opened her doors to the bachelors in honor of the holiday. Of whom is the photograph, I wonder? It is a woman I am sure. I am glad you did not go to that dance. Being a wall-flower is no fun. May I introduce a new subject for discussion? It is one I have thought about a good deal, because I am a woman. It is this “just how much influence a woman has in a man's life.” How closely must she come in contact with him in order to influence him? When a man is down how far will a good woman's influence go to

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Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer!

Don't let it destroy your happiness—your health—your very life welfare itself.

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Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble—more than an unclean disease—more than a brief ailment. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and may open the door to the most dreaded of diseases. Take it in hand now—before it's too late.

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Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—today they are free from Catarrh. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. I am a graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service, and just for the asking you'll receive the benefit of my 25 years experience—my years of study—my wide knowledge of the disease.

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail them to me as soon as possible. “It will cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information.”

Address: Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston.

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Read these questions carefully, answer them yes or no and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon, Specialist Sproule will study them thoroughly and write you in regard to your case, without its costing you a cent.

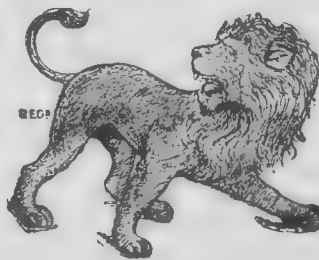
Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

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ADDRESS.....

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It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

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long before the average period. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be “worth its weight in gold.”

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness. Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

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Proving by Actual Experiment



This experiment will always interest the children, and will provoke a good deal of thinking. The explanation, of course, is, that the lighted piece of paper which is inserted into the inverted glass drives out most of the air, so that, when the mouth of the glass is quickly put down into the water there is very little air, and, consequently, very little pressure above the water within the glass. Hence, the weight or pressure of the air on the water outside the glass drives the water up into the glass to occupy the space from whence the air was driven by the burning paper.

A practical demonstration of this kind is always more convincing than any mere statement. This is particularly true of medical remedies.

The effect of the anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria is noticeable within a few hours, so that everyone must believe in its virtue. In a similar way, the women's disorders, and that, too, within a few days after commencing its use. All authorities agree that in every case of women's disorders there exists a congested condition of the womanly organs. The circulation in these parts is sluggish or stagnant, and the result is that the broken-down tissue or waste matter which should be carried off if the blood was circulating freely, remains in these parts, causing inflammation, irritation, oppression of the nerves, etc. ORANGE LILY is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering organs. It is absorbed into the circulation, and its antiseptic properties at once act on the waste matter referred to above. The consequence is that this waste matter, which is causing the inflammation, ulcers, nervous troubles, etc., begins to be discharged, and it continues to be discharged until all the foreign matter is removed from the circulation. At the same time the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, the nervous trouble disappears, the circulation is restored and good health follows.

Toronto, Ont., June 2, 1909.
Dear Mrs. Currah.—I wish to tell you that Orange Lily is doing me a great deal of good. Those ulcers come away one or two every week, and I have less pain and fewer headaches. I feel sure I will be perfectly cured in a little longer time.

MRS. D. S. T.

The explanation of the wonderful cures performed by ORANGE LILY is very simple. It is a scientific remedy, based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. The conditions existing in all female troubles are alike in character, differing in degree and development only, so that a positive remedy, as ORANGE LILY is, acts with all the certainty of a chemical experiment. In order to convince every suffering woman that ORANGE LILY will cure her, I make the following:

Free Trial Offer



I will send to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her 10 days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer, and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

Enclose 3 stamps, and address, **MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.**

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS

I am a woman.

I know woman's sufferings.

I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure — you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Felling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the

treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

● Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 WINDSOR, Ont.**

Ask your neighbor to take the The Western Home Monthly
Special Rates in combination with other papers

wards raising him to a higher moral level? Do you think a young man who has a good mother, sister, wife or girl friend has more chance of keeping straight than a man who is alone in the world, and has no one to care whether he goes "to the dogs" or not? Come, boys, give us your opinions. You probably have known girls of different kinds and I really want to know very badly. Patient Editor, I hope I have not asked too many questions. With best wishes to all, I will sign myself

Fern.

Farmer and Hired Help

Sask., March 16th, 1913.

Dear Editor: I will try my luck once more. I have read with great interest for a number of years the many pages of excellent reading in your valuable magazine. My opinion is that it is the best paper to be had in Canada to-day at any price, and I would not be without it for a good deal. I read in your March number a letter from "Brightside," and I think he struck a good subject for lots of debate. It is true that there are many marriages, and married men and women of to-day, who marry for nothing but the business part of it. The man looks at it from his standpoint of view. He is tired of batching and living alone, and looks for a wife, and often the one he marries is one who is willing to take the first chance that comes along, and sell her life to the man merely for a home. It would be far better for a woman like this to go through life single than to live a life full of drudgery, and not enjoying her-

to nine hours a day are given the usual holidays, and have Sundays to themselves. After the day's work is over there are not half a dozen cows to milk, pigs to feed, and a dozen of other odd chores. Then the farmer wonders what is the matter with his hired help. It is quite true that the farmer must have some one to do the chores, but let him turn out and help and give his man a holiday, and a horse and rig, once in a while. Do not treat him like a slave and work him from ten to twelve hours a day in the field, from four to five more hours choring, and then expect an ideal man, willing to help in everything that comes along. Hoping, Dear Editor, that I have not taken up too much of your valuable space and time. Now, girls, don't be shy. I will leave my address with the editor, and will gladly answer all letters coming my way.

A Western Guy.

The Ideal Wife

Lewis Creek, B.C., March, 1913.

Dear Editor and Reader: I have been long an interested reader of your correspondence column, and have enjoyed some of the letters very much. A subject has been under discussion very often in my presence, and I wonder just what views our Western Home Monthly readers have on the subject. We find so very many men who seem to judge their wives and women in general on just how many cows they can milk, or how many rows of potatoes they can hoe, and, in



Evening Shadows, Yellow Head Lake, B.C. G.T.P. Ry.

self in any way. But then there is the other side of marriage to look at, where people marry who love each other, and are both willing to sacrifice anything for each other's sake. They will live a happy life, and those are the people who go to prove that marriage is in the greater part a success.

In regard to the hired man question I think that most of the farmers in this western country are to blame. They hire a man, expect him to be up between four and five o'clock, chore till breakfast, and work in the fields all day, and after supper chore till eight or nine and in many cases later. The farmer says he has an easy time riding an implement all day and can do lots of chores. The man is often more tired after being in the field all day riding over stones and rough land, than if he was at some other job with twice as much manual labor. When a holiday comes the farmer expects him to work on, and if he does take a day off he is either docked in his wages or has the time to put in when he is through. On Sunday he has to do chores a big part of the time, and if he asks for a horse and rig the farmer is never willing to give him one. I do not say that this is the way with every farmer. Sometimes you will find one just the opposite, and who can always get along with his men; while the others are looking for men half the time. If the farmers would change their ways and treat their hired men as they should, there would be very little trouble between the two. Now in the city most of the hired help who put in from eight

fact, how good a hired man she can make of herself. Now, it has been my experience to find that the more a woman works outside the more the home is neglected, and she cannot both work outdoors and indoors and do both justice, one or other must suffer. Now, do not think for a minute that I am too nice to work out, for I have done so many times, and expect to again, when necessity demands it, and in fact am always willing to help a little. But what I am most emphatically against is woman neglecting the home duties, year in and year out, rushing in to prepare a half cooked meal, only cleaning the house when one can no longer wade through the debris, etc., etc. Does man consider that an ideal wife, and home life? And yet we hear men say that's the kind of wife to have, one that will help you. Certainly you want one that will help you, every one of you; but tell me readers of the Western Home Monthly, what are your views in how she can help you. By keeping home a place to look forward to coming to, a truly haven of rest, a wife willing to help outdoors when occasion demands it; or is your ideal wife the one willing to work shoulder to shoulder with the hired man, and home certainly not a place to be proud of, for its neatness or attractiveness? Let us hear from you men every one of you; dancing, card playing, etc., have been very well threshed out. Let me change the subject to the one very much nearer our hearts. I will sign myself

"Maple Leaf."

FELL AWAY TO A SHADOW.

All Her People Thought She Had
CONSUMPTION.

Mrs. Wm. Martin, Lower Ship Harbor East, N.S., writes:—"I am sending you a testimonial of my cure by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Last May I took a cold, and it settled on my lungs. I got so bad I could not rest at night. I had two doctors to treat me but got no relief. "All of my people thought I had Consumption. I had fallen away to a shadow. I had given up all hopes of ever getting better again until my daughter went to a store one day and bought me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. After taking half of it I felt better, so I got two more, and thanks to them I am well to-day, and able to do my house work. I cannot say too much in its praise, and I shall always keep it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the lung healing virtues of the famous Norway Pine tree which makes it the very best preparation for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

See that you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. There are many imitations on the market.

Price, 25 and 50 cents.

See that the name, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, is on the yellow wrapper.

"SOME HA'E MEAT AND CANNA EAT"

So Bobby Burns tersely describes the rich, but still poor, dyspeptics. But their case is not now so desperate as when Burns wrote. For the man who has the food now can eat without suffering for it, if he just follows the meal with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet.

These remarkable tablets banish the troubles of the chronic dyspeptic—the man who is bilious—the sufferer from heartburn, gas on the stomach or occasional indigestion. You can eat hearty meals of wholesome food—and digest them, too—if you take Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets.

Compounded by expert chemists, after probably the best formula known to medical science, they are quick and certain in their action, giving prompt relief from all forms of stomach trouble, toning up and strengthening the digestive organs and bringing about permanent cures.

A man is no stronger than his stomach. Fit yourself for your best work by taking Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. 50c. at your druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 146

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The Gambling Spirit

Irvine, February, 1913.

Dear Editor: As it is a long time since I have invaded the precincts of the correspondence column, I think I may venture to intrude again. How, now, my worthy friends, have we nothing more to discuss than the threadbare subjects of the evils of dancing, and country versus city life. Let us "forget it" for a while, and consider something new. In one or two of the late numbers of the Western Home Monthly I have noticed articles on "The Gambling Spirit of the West." It is very desirable to do away with reckless plunging in real estate or on the stock market, but how is it to be done? As some one has pointed out the crop of suckers is perennial and never failing, and no doubt will continue to be a source of profit to the watchful shark for a long time to come. Man is born with the gambling spirit. We may see this exemplified in the average small boy, who carries in his pocket his stock of marbles with which he intends to "clean out" another lad, or if his luck is poor he may get "cleaned out" himself. It is human nature to play with fortune, and like many other traits of humanity would take a good deal of uprooting before it could be finally eradicated. However, do you think it would be advisable to stamp out the gambling spirit completely? I think not myself. Is it not the gambling spirit which prompts the Prospector and Pioneer to brave the perils of the wilderness, and pit his strength against the forces of nature, in order to wrench wealth from her grasp, or hew out for himself a new home amidst the primeval surroundings? This applies to the business and industrial world as well. Is it not something of the gambling spirit which prompts men to pin their faith to a new enterprise or launch forth into new fields of industrial activity? In this great commercial age we see as successful men, not those who waited all their lives for a sure thing, but the men who were willing to take a reasonable chance on an idea and did not neglect to boost their idea at every opportunity. By all means let us have the gambling spirit remain with us; but let us temper it with good judgment, so that we will not be led to put our faith in enterprises or investments which a little cool thought convinces us are merely "wildcatting" schemes of the individual with which we are all more or less familiar, namely the "shark." Well, I think I have taken up enough space in these columns, so will bring this epistle to a close.

Onlooker.

Girls Like Homesteading

Sask., March 17, 1913.

Dear Editor: Will you allow two sisters to write to your page? We wanted to get the Western Home Monthly to see how to address our letter, but mother is so interested in the poor bachelor's letters and their troubles, that we couldn't get it away from her. We've taken the paper for about two years, and like it fine. We live on a homestead in the woolly west, and like it fine, and if women could have homesteads we would take up one sure. What do you say girls? We think we could do as good as any bachelors? Yes, perhaps three times better than some of them. We like dancing, and do not object to a quiet game of cards at home. Wishing the Editor and members success, we will sign ourselves

Geneva and Genevieve.

In Closer Touch

Ontario, March 9th, 1913.

Dear Editor: I would like to say a word about your valuable and interesting paper. I have been a reader (but not a subscriber until now) for some little time, and I must say the more I read the Western Home Monthly the more interested I become in it. Each page is interesting and instructive, and brings one in closer touch with Western Canada than any other paper I know. There are some good ideas exchanged through the correspondence columns. Some have suggested a name for the club. I think a very fitting one would

Personal Influence a Marvelous Power in Business and Society

The Rev. James Stanley Wentz writes eulogistic letter to discoverer of new and remarkable system for developing the mental powers, controlling thoughts and actions of others, curing disease without drugs and reading the secret desires of people though thousands of miles away

**British and American Physicians Unite
in Endorsing Extraordinary Method**

**WONDERFUL BOOK DESCRIBING THIS STRANGE FORCE
AND A CHARACTER DELINEATION POST FREE TO ALL
WHO WRITE AT ONCE**

The National Institute of Sciences of London, England, has appropriated \$25,000 toward a fund for the free distribution of Prof. Knowles' new book, "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of Eastern Yogis, and explains a wonderfully simple system for the development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, and the curing of diseases and habits without drugs. The subject of practical character reading is also extensively dealt with, and the author describes a simple method of accurately reading the secret thoughts and desires of others though thousands of miles away. The almost endless stream of letters requesting copies of the book and character delineations indicate clearly the universal interest in Psychological and Occult Sciences.

That Prof. Knowles' system is exciting the interest of the brightest intellect of the present day is clearly shown by the scores of recommendations, among which the following, from representative British publications, the clergy and the medical profession are striking examples:

The Christian Age.—"Professor Knowles' System has cured disease, corrected bad habits, strengthened memory, and proved highly beneficial in the cultivation of personality and Personal Influence."

The London Weekly Times.—"Professor Elmer E. Knowles' Complete System of Personal Influence and Healing provides the embryo enthusiast with just such knowledge as could be adapted to his own personal circumstances and inclinations."

The London Mail.—"Professor Knowles' System embraces a great deal of erudition in a form which can be readily grasped by all who have the ability to read and understand simple prose. No better help towards success in life could be desired."

Modern Society.—"No modern investigator along psychological lines has received so large an amount of praise as that accorded to Professor Elmer E. Knowles for his marvelous System of Personal Influence and Healing. Here at last is a man who is at once a great scholar, a born teacher and a practical helper—for the instruction papers reveal a nature which is sympathetic and of good fellowship for an ambitious, yet largely misguided population."

The Rev. James Stanley Wentz says:—"No one can give the system a careful perusal without becoming satisfied that in giving this knowledge to the world Prof. Knowles is actuated by the earnest desire to uplift and benefit mankind. I heartily recommend this course to all who desire to develop and cultivate their inner forces."

A leading London physician, Dr. R. N. Pickering, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.S.A., in a letter to Professor Knowles, says:—"I consider your system the most complete and accurate literature upon the subject. You have treated the science with much ability."

A prominent American physician, A. W. Fisher, M.D., Ph.D., M.E., Principal of the Douglas Institute, writes:—"Your system is very useful to me in my practice."

"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system," says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to apply the simple rules laid down." That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is no the slightest doubt, but the great mass of people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena. The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard for class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few. In addition to supplying the books free, each person who writes at once will also receive a character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles.

If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look.
Please read my character
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), write plainly, and address your letter to:—

National Institute of Sciences, Dept. 838A,
No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London,
S.E., England. If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc.



Professor Elmer E. Knowles, author of the book "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces."



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Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only **PRESERVES THE SKIN** but beautifies the complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY. The daily use of La-rola effectively prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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All men suffering from Varicocele, Weakening Drains, Nervous Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Neurasthenia, Bladder Weakness, and all forms of Seminal Weakness or Premature Decline of the Vital Powers, etc., should test the unique Restorative properties of

VARICOLIUM ELIXIR,

the great Scientific Specific for these ailments. Varicolum will cure you quickly; it will cure you completely; it will cure you permanently. You do not have to wait for months, but experience improvement in a few days. Weakening drains gradually cease; the relaxed veins return to their normal healthy state, a restoration of the whole Nervous System takes place, a return of the Vital Powers with full capacity and fitness is assured. Send 5 cents in stamps for Advice Form and Booklet on "Creative Vital Force," which explains fully all about Varicolum Elixir. It is a work of special interest to men on Seminal Weakness, Varicocele, Loss of Energy, Kidney Disease, Bladder Weakness, Gleet, Discharge, Urinary Troubles, Debility, and Premature Decline of the Vital Powers. (Read Booklet for cases cured similar to yours.) **ADVICE FREE.**

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be the L.U.B.A. club (Let Us Be Acquainted), as there are many acquaintances made through this column. I have made a few myself, and hope to make more. It is not only a jolly pastime, but one learns of places they otherwise would know nothing of. It is a good plan to discuss different topics. As to Poverty v. Prosperity, I think it is better to make the home first, then marry. If true love exists on both sides, the waiting will be blissful, and there will be no danger of either one being captured by another. I would like to shake hands with "Crank," "A Scotch Lassie," "Jack," and several others. Should this appear in print I would be pleased to hear from any of the Western Home Monthly readers.

Arabella.

Is Marriage a Failure?

Alberta, March 17, 1913.

Dear Editor: If you could spare me a few lines in your interesting column I would like to take up the affirmative side of the debate, viz., "Is Marriage a Failure," introduced by "Brightside" in the March issue. From his letter I take it, the point at issue is "Is the legal binding for life by marriage a success or a failure?" Right here I may say, a contract such as marriage usually formed after an acquaintance of, say, two years, must invariably lead to disappointment or discontent later. Let us look at it in the cold light, as a business transaction. If one party is energetic, the other draws his or her inspiration from that party, but they can never mount higher than the inspirations of the energetic party, consequently nothing is gained.

ship, are they not liable to forget their friends in need, their duty to others, charities, etc., also does not this same sense of contentment lead to the abandonment of aims that would have benefited others? Let us consider the quotation our friend makes in his letter, that is about the view of the "lords of creation." With his remark after it I heartily agree, nor is the reason hard to find. In all the civilized countries we find that women are gradually filling men's places; this tends to increase freedom of action and thought. They are no longer forced to look to men for their means of living in their mature years. While this is undoubtedly a blessing in many ways, especially to those unlucky ones who would be doomed to a single existence, is it not apt to lead to loveless marriages, and consequently failures, by the crowding out of sentiment by commercialism? The little incident of the chum bachelors is amusing, and might be convincing if it were not that Jack in these advanced days might have had the same work done cheaper by mechanism, and he would not have to put up with sauce or a cuff across the ear if he grumbled. Before I close I would like to say there are a great many points I would like to have touched upon. However, I would advise all young people to seriously consider the matter before taking the final plunge, unless you have a few thousand to buy a divorce with.

A Confirmed Bachelor.

Wants Correspondents

Winnipeg, March, 1913.

Dear Editor: I have only just had your paper brought under my notice, and I think it is just splendid. I like the



Pyramid Lake, Alberta.

On the other hand, if one party is a drag on the other, then it holds the other back, which must eventually mean partial or total failure. Take, for instance, the city bred school teacher who marries the young farmer. This young lady might some day have been a light in her profession, but as a farmer's wife she is a failure, unless she understands farm life, and the task before her is apt to sour both her and her husband's life. Take the young professional or business man from the city who marries the country girl. True, she makes a good housekeeper, but what he needs is somebody who will help, not hinder him, climb the social ladder. Even if these young men marry among their own class, is it not often too true that their wives, instead of being helpmates through social aspirations or jealousy, lead them to live beyond their means; which eventually results in failure, or, worse, the wrecking of their character? Do we not also see young energetic women married to men who are little better than beasts, and these same young women having become disgusted with their husbands obtain separation or sink into the lowest depths of degradation? These cases might be called exceptions, but is it not true that there are a great many of them? How then can marriage be called a success when it leads to such results? But let us look at the mutually happy couple, these form probably the largest percentage. Do they draw any mutual benefit? May be they do, but does not the world lose by it? These two people who are contented in their own companion-

correspondence column. I think it is a good idea. I am an English girl. I have been in this country seventeen months, and I simply love Canadian life. I am very musical, indeed I belong to that profession. I am supposed to be a great cook, and I am fond of outdoor life. Now, do hurry up and write to me, and I will answer promptly.

Girlie.

Fond of Sports

Kinistino, Sask., March, 1913

Dear Editor: I have been a silent reader of your paper for a short time only, and take much interest out of the correspondence columns. I also take a good deal of interest in the card and dancing arguments. I don't see any harm in either habits. Well, may be that is because I indulge in both myself. But up in this little burg the skating has done away with dancing for the last two winters; as for myself I would rather skate than dance. I get out with the boys and play a little hockey, baseball, football and tennis. When the shooting season opens I go out with my gun and have a good time. There is not very much fishing done here, because we have to go so far before we can get any. Well, I guess I will bring my letter to a close. I am eighteen years old, I smoke, but would rather die than chew, or drink intoxicating liquor. Will be glad to hear from any Western Home Monthly correspondents. My address is with the editor. Thanking you in advance, I will sign myself

Johnny on the Spot.

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A Real Farming Country

Alberta, March, 1913

Dear Editor: Being a new subscriber to the Western Home Monthly I wish to say that I quite agree with "Fudge" (in the March issue) that it would be impossible to start a better paper. I would not be without it for twice the price of the subscription. The correspondence column too is very interesting and helpful to us bachelors, since some of the fair ladies go to the trouble to include recipes for cooking, and so make life a more agreeable one for us fellows out here in the west. I like all kinds of outdoor sports, and will welcome all correspondence. Leaving my address with the editor I will close with a short description of sunny Southern Alberta, for the benefit of those who have never been in the west. When I came here from Yankee Land four years ago, one could see droves of cattle and horses ranging all over this part of Alberta, but now it looks like a different place altogether. The rancher has to make way for the homesteader, and it is now a real farming country. One can see for miles around, and count houses by the dozen. It is all prairie, and the buffalo grass grows everywhere. Trees there are none, except those we plant. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, I will sign myself

Blondy.

Prefers Ontario

Rouleau, Sask., Jan. 20th, 1913.

Dear Sir: I have been in the West since April, 1912. I think this is a wonderful country, but I long for the trees and the brooks and lakes, and even the hills and rocks of Old Ontario. I have derived a great deal of both pleasure and profit in reading your paper. It is like the face of a friend, yet I find the Westerners by no means unfriendly. They are with few exceptions, both kind and courteous. I



"Dolly, Sit Up."

agree with "Plato" in his beliefs, although there have been many exceptions to his rule. Love is such a fickle quantity, but still the majority of mortals have a desire to love and to be loved sincerely in return. Sometimes a girl has married contrary to the wishes of parents or guardians, and lived to rue it, while life lasted. Again, one might discard the most beloved and hark to the dictates of those older and more experienced, and live to realize that they have done wisely. However, the day is approaching when women may be happy though unmarried. Thanking you in advance for your kindness,

Sour Dough.

The Premier Paper

Southern Sask., Jan. 16th, 1913.

Dear Editor: You deserve thanks for your efforts in making the W.H.M. what it undoubtedly is, "The premier paper of Canada." In my opinion it is the healthful atmosphere of every page which makes it so. I like "Helen's" letter, especially where she upholds religion, which is undoubtedly very badly needed in Western Canada today. I admire the W.H.M. so much that I subscribe not only for myself, but have two copies sent to friends in the Old Country, where it is also appreciated. My occupation necessitates my being out in all weather on horseback, and I find the winter very trying, especially as I have been partly frozen a few times. I am a moderate user of the "fragrant weed" though I neither dance nor drink, and wouldn't care to uphold either of these, the latter especially, under any consideration. I find smoking a consolation, as I have to go out riding sometimes irrespective of the weather. I'll be glad to receive letters from any readers and I'll answer promptly. I remain,

Rider.

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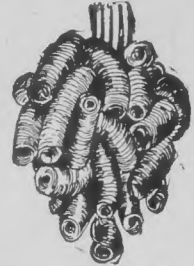
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Camp in Mount Robson Park. G.T.P. Ry.

The Woods of Rock Lake

Written for the Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans.

The beauty places of Manitoba are numerous. They comprise various forms of nature, which may be justly considered as fitting recipients of such title, hence admirably adapted to the many inclinations of the people.

The areas of provincial waterways afford a feature or such to multitudinous residents. Lake Winnipeg, isle scattered inland sea, furnishes recreation and delight to the crowds who patronise its resorts, or tour upon its waters away into the northland.

To many Manitobans, the woodlands in days of summer are paradisiacal. The size of the forest monarchs within these glades, for it is erroneous to characterise this province as deficient in tree growth but of size miniature alone. To the contrary, there can be located the wooded places in which the oak, elm, maple are of prodigious dimensions. As corroborative of this assertion, Rock Lake in Southern Manitoba, scattered amongst the ferns, amidst the bushes, even in the shade of the huge boulders upon the hillsides, a wealth of gay blossom can be discovered.

The banks of little streamlets winding their circuitous route lakeward are the favored places of the hartstongue, with other members of the fern family; there are mossy hollows wherein these lovely growths attain perfection in height and foliage. The fungi of many species are

noticeable, of which the edible variety, the mushroom, abundantly thrive.

The feathered architects of every variety indigenous to Manitoba clime abound in Rock Lake's woods. In early morning hours the sweet thrills of tree vocalists vibrate through the groves, flitting denizens of the forest piping their joyous lays, and continue in such strain until snows of winter cover the scene—then silence is in possession of the woodlands until halcyon days of spring appear, when the voices of the bird will resound once again. In close proximity to the tree covered banks of the lake the weir is a fitting example.

Upon the hillsides surrounding this lagoon of the pembina water chainlet, the trio of tree varieties alluded to attain huge proportions. The stumps of many victims to decay or woodman's axe are proof positive, and may be noticed in profusion; by no means is it a rarity to find specimens excessive of three feet in diametrical measurement, whilst living examples of these monarchs of equivalent dimension are numerically large.

A walk through the woods is otherwise a ramble amidst nature in undisturbed raiment. Soaring skyward, a tree veteran in radiant coloring is a creation beatific to the visitor as he gazes upward at its towering height, or views amongst the grassy carpet at its base the wild flower world with its wealth of representatives. Amidst the woods of

Rock Lake the growth of nature's floral world is amazing; he of botanical inclination would reap rich harvest of his interesting study. It would be difficult to enumerate a tithe of the many varieties peeping forth in shady dells, grassy patches, cry of the bittern may be heard, the flap of the mallard's wing upon the water, with the squeaking voice of the sandpiper as he scans the lakeside for his prey.

What a glorious assemblage within Rock Lake's woods and upon her waters in days of summer! A rest for weary eyes to gaze upon, recuperative moments for the toiler.

And, as we stroll through these sylvan scenes, perhaps 'tis little we realize that beneath the sod of Rock Lake's hillsides are many interred, who when the smoke of the Indians' teepees in the long ago curled over the ground upon which the great city of Winnipeg stands to-day, hunted the huge game within the thickets of Pembina Valley, for there are many Indian graves upon its wooded banks; whilst upon the slope of a hill not far away a blood-thirsty battle was fought in the early years of the sixties, and as resultant issue nearly one hundred of its participants are buried in the vicinity of this place.

MONTH'S BRIGHT SAYINGS

W. W. Buchanan: Outside of merely material considerations, many parents seem to think their responsibility ends in bringing children into the world. They seem to have no idea that there is a responsibility in training and character forming.

Prof. Brander Matthews: Alfred Russel Wallace says that man has made no gain in mind or morals in 7,000 years. It is too bad to live 90 years and still come to such a crazy conclusion.

Rev. Dr. Hillis: Men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

Hall Caine: Every man should have some avocation, some hobby. He should never neglect it, for some day it may mean life and happiness to him. To develop a hobby is not an instantaneous accomplishment. It takes years—filched from the daily grind. One may love his work, indeed, to be successful one must love it; but the moment the work begins to own us, to command every waking hour, that moment we are miserable slaves, turning ambition into a taskmaster and baring our backs for the whip.

A neighbor of mine has a boy 4 years old who remained in the room where I was visiting his mother recently. We were discussing diseases of children, especially whooping cough, which was epidemic just then. This little fellow manifested much interest in the conversation.

Noticing his deep interest I said to him: "Albert, did you ever have whooping cough?"

To which he replied: "I've had every kind of disease but sickness."



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